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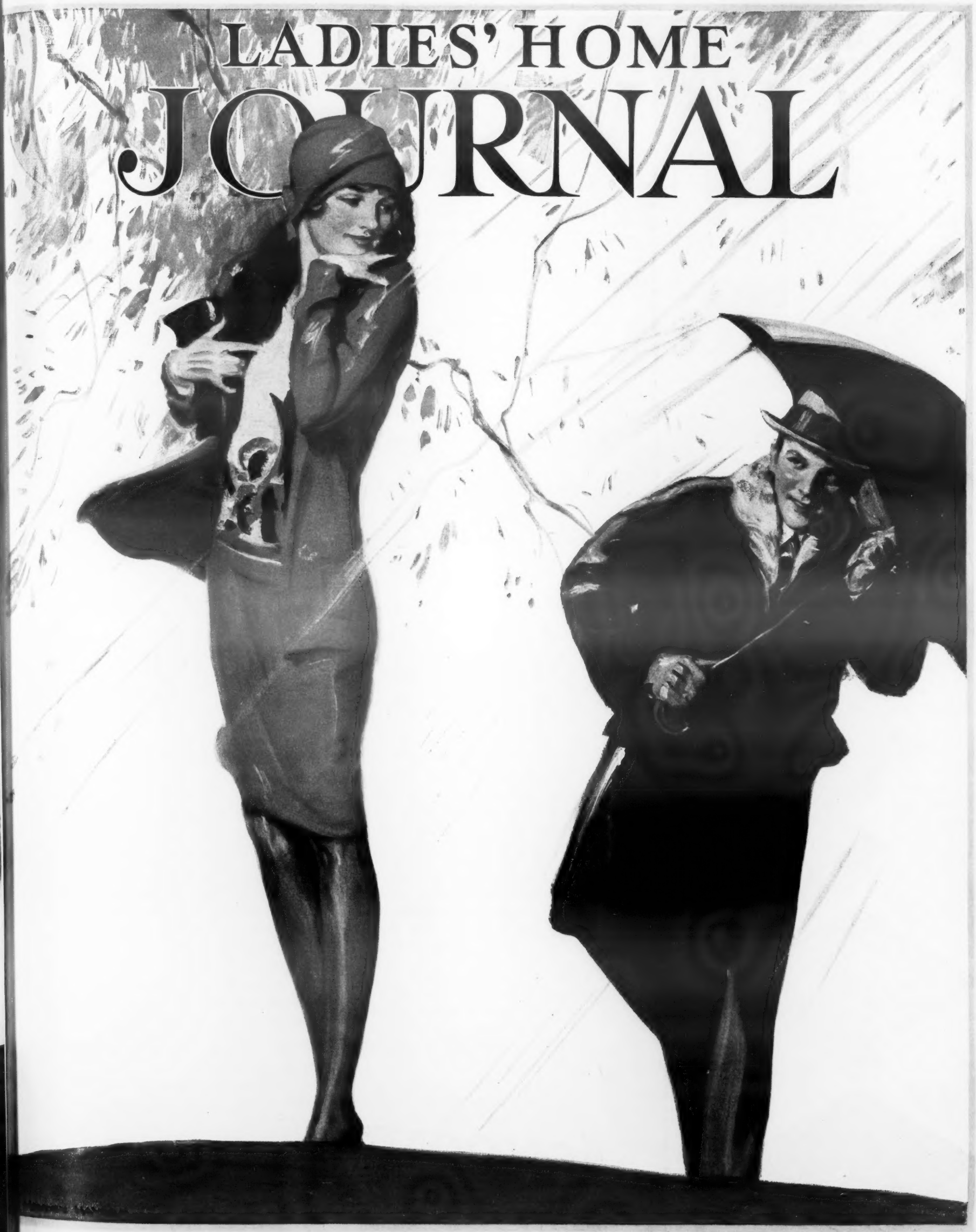
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



CALVIN COOLIDGE: Promoting Peace

"CONCORD"

NOW ON DISPLAY IN THOUSANDS OF STORES!

Don't fail to see this lovely design at your earliest opportunity. It is being featured now by floor-covering dealers throughout the country. Look for the special window displays!

"CONCORD," *Congoleum Rug 603*

"CONCORD" an *Early American* hooked rug design in a modern, easy-to-clean Congoleum Rug!

"POPPY" *Congoleum Rug 609*

"PALMETTO" *Congoleum Rug 604*

"DU BARRY" *Congoleum Rug 326*

"PERSAN" *Congoleum Rug 612*

IN Colonial days, some Puritan maiden worked a hooked rug of just such a lovely design as "*Concord*," shown above. It is one of the very newest patterns in Congoleum Rugs. Here in a modern, easily-cleaned floor-covering, the genius of a master designer has captured all the subtle charm of a maiden's handiwork.

This delightfully quaint pattern is a natural setting for early American furniture now so much in favor. Yet the softness and harmony of its colorings make "*Concord*" perfectly suitable for use with almost any type of furnishings.

We urge you particularly to see the five patterns shown here. The many new designs in *genuine* Congoleum Rugs offer you untold opportunities to secure beautiful new floor-coverings for every room . . . at very small expense.

Wonderfully practical, too. Congoleum Rugs have a smooth, sanitary surface that is cleaned with a few easy strokes of a damp mop—dusty beating and sweeping is banished forever.

As for durability—the *Multicote Process*, by which only Congoleum Rugs are made, assures years of satisfactory service.

Why take chances with inferior substitutes? Genuine Congoleum Rugs carrying the famous Gold Seal Guarantee have behind them a 16-year record of satisfactory service. What better proof can there be of their quality than the fact that more Congoleum Rugs have been sold than all other brands combined?

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., *General Office:* KEARNY, N. J.
New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Pittsburgh San Francisco Minneapolis Kansas City New Orleans Dallas Atlanta Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal

This GOLD SEAL *identifies the genuine!*

CONGOLEUM RUGS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Free*—"COLOR . . WHERE AND WHY" .... by *Harriette Lea

THIS handbook contains a wealth of information and suggestions on home-decoration—also a scientific chart of color harmony. Write us or mail this coupon to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J. *Please print name and address clearly.*

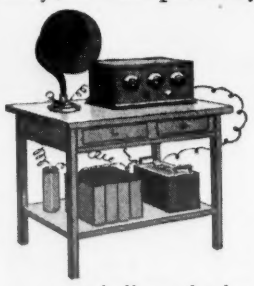
Name .....

Address ..... LHJ. 16

SOMETHING *Had to be Done!*

Our Musical Equipment
was sadly out of date

WHENEVER I speak disparagingly of our old talking-machine, I feel a little guilty. I mean, it brought us many happy hours and I don't like to knock it. But, really, it was pitifully mid-Victrolian, as someone has said. It didn't *begin* to do justice to the wonderful new Victor Records.



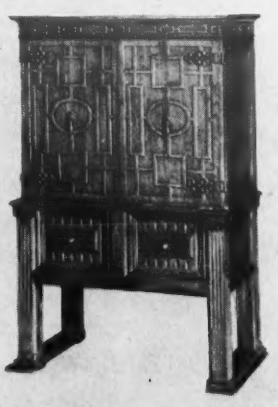
. . . spread all over the place like the dog's breakfast.

And, then, there was our radio, spread all over the place "like the dog's breakfast," as Jimmy used to say. Wires and batteries and an unsightly horn, and acid eating holes in the rug every time Jimmy spilled it, which he often did. Besides, it sounded pretty terrible.

There was no argument about it. We wanted an Orthophonic Victrola and we wanted a new electric radio. But we didn't feel we could afford *two* new instruments at the same time. It wasn't a choice *between* them, either. We always say you need *both* types of entertainment. Well, here's what happened:

We went around to our neighborhood Victor dealer and looked at what he called his combination sets—Victrola and Radiola in the same cabinet. There were several styles and prices, and I suppose we could have made up our minds then and there. But this dealer is pretty smart. He said: "Don't decide tonight. Let me send this instrument to your home, where you can play it over the week-end. See how nicely it furnishes with the rest of the room."

What a week-end *that* turned out to be! Never have we heard such tone, either from records or radio. Victor is not exaggerating a bit when they say it puts the singer or player right in the room. No imagination is needed to put you in the fourth row at an actual concert. Needless to say, we bought. We're all fixed for entertainment now. As Jimmy says, "And how!"



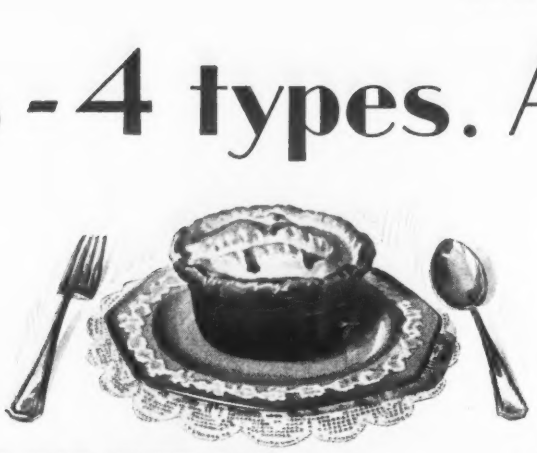
Model Nine-fifty-four. Victor Automatic Electrola Radiola—$1350, list, with Radiotrons.

List prices on the new Victor instruments start at $25 and most Victor dealers are willing to arrange convenient payments. So there is no reason in the world to deny yourself the joy of Orthophonic music any longer. A demonstration in your home will be very delightful and it will tell you much. Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J.

The New Orthophonic Victrola

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Pies - 4 types. And a pastry short-cut



DEEP-DISH PRUNE TART

A Middle Western novelist is so fond of deep-dish pie that he eats it with a soup spoon! Mothers may disapprove of the soup spoon, but no member of the family will disagree with his choice of dessert. Bake it in a transparent dish and you can almost *see* the flavor before you *taste* it. Cover it with a Crisco crust and it becomes pie that *is* pie.

1¼ lbs. dried prunes
about 3 cups water
½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons shredded orange peeling

Wash prunes and just cover them with water and soak until puffed. Stew gently in same water with sugar and orange peeling, until swollen and plump. Remove pits. Place in Criscoed deep pie dish (or individual deep dish). Pour in enough juice to fill the spaces between prunes. Place Crisco crust on top. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) for 15 minutes. (To serve a large pie, cut crust and spoon out the fruit as you would a pudding.)

FLAKIER PIE CRUST

with a time-saving suggestion

Crisco pie crust is flakier, more tender—sweet-tasting, too, because Crisco itself tastes so sweet and fresh.

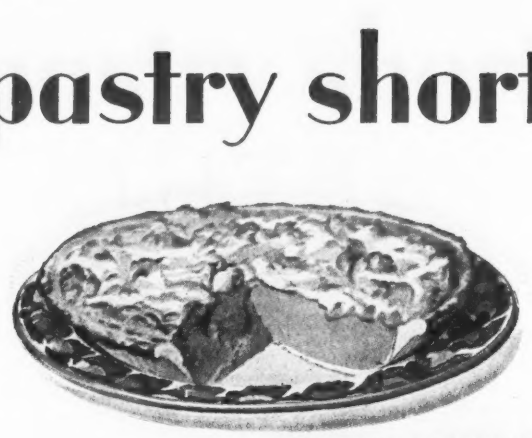
And because Crisco *stays* sweet, you can keep this pastry-dough, already mixed, in the ice-box for a week and bake a crust just when you need it. The thorough chilling will make the crust even flakier than usual.

2 cups pastry flour
⅔ cup Crisco
¾ teaspoon salt
6 to 8 tablespoons cold water

Sift flour and salt together. Cut Crisco in well with two knives until consistency of small peas. Add only enough water to hold mixture together. Roll ⅛ inch thick on floured board.

For baked shell, take half of recipe and cover inverted pie plate. Leave enough dough to fold back to make a firm edge. Prick well with fork to prevent bubbles. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 15 minutes.

For two-crust pie, bake 10 minutes at 450° F., then reduce heat to moderate (350° F.); bake until filling is done.



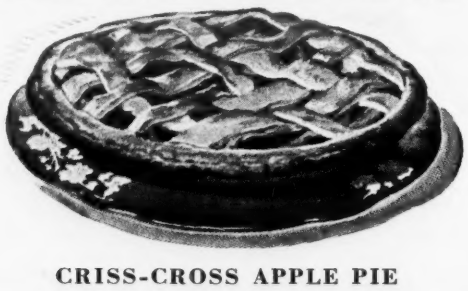
MATTY'S LEMON PIE

I call this Matty's lemon pie because a man from Missouri told me it was as good as that made by an old colored cook named Matty—and he once rode 10 miles on horseback and rowed a mile across the Missouri River just to eat her lemon pie. It's just sweet enough—with an overtone of fresh, piquant fruit, crowned with a pert meringue browned to a golden glow and served in a Crisco pastry shell, as crisp on the bottom as it is around the edge.

1 lemon, juice and grated rind
1 orange, juice and pulp
2 egg yolks, beaten light
3 tablespoons cornstarch
1 cup granulated sugar
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons Crisco
1½ cups water

Beat egg yolks light and stir in mixed dry ingredients. Add liquids, lemon rind and Crisco. Cook in double boiler until thick. Cool. Pour into baked shell. Cover with meringue (2 egg whites beaten stiff, blended with 4 tablespoons granulated sugar and 1 teaspoon lemon juice). Brown in moderate oven (350° F.) for 15 minutes.

You taste milk. You test eggs. Now, taste Crisco-then any other shortening. Then you'll understand why Crisco's own sweet, fresh flavor so improves the flavor of your



CRISS-CROSS APPLE PIE

Up in the Kentucky hills is an old hotel famous for its pies. Every day the menu lists three kinds: "open, criss-cross and covered—all apple."

The criss-cross pie was so different and so good that I brought the recipe home. The pie crust, of course, was Crisco crust. For while their ice supply was uncertain, their pie crusts couldn't be. They knew that Crisco always stood for sweetness and freshness in shortening (and in pie crust) no matter where the thermometer stood.

6 large apples sliced thin
⅓ cup granulated sugar
⅓ cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 tablespoon flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons Crisco

Line pie-plate with pastry. Brush with melted Crisco to prevent soaking. Place a layer of apples in crust, sprinkle with part of mixture of dry ingredients. Dot with bits of Crisco. Proceed with similar layers until crust is filled, ending with sugar mixture and Crisco on top. Cover with narrow pastry strips to form lattice work. Moisten ends of latticed pastry first so they'll stick to lower crust. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake until filling is done.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL: Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

CANADIAN PINEAPPLE PIE

Between the crusts of this pie is a story that dates back to olden days when sailing vessels plied the seas from England to the Indies and brought home silks, spices and the rare, exotic fruit—pineapple.

"So expensive it was," says the originator of this recipe, "that it was served only to guests one wished to honor. And thus it became the symbol of hospitality; beds in the guest rooms had pineapples carved on the posts and some houses bore the symbol above their doorways. That is why, centuries later, pineapple pie is our company pie." And how good it is in a crust made with Crisco—a shortening that actually tastes sweet and fresh itself!

1¼ cups grated canned pineapple
¾ cup pineapple juice
¼ cup orange juice
1 teaspoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons Crisco
2 egg yolks beaten light
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour

Mix flour, salt and sugar. Add to beaten egg yolks. Add fruit juices to this mixture and cook until thick in double boiler. Remove from fire and add grated pineapple and Crisco. Line pie-plate with Crisco pastry. Brush with melted Crisco to prevent soaking. Pour in the filling. Moisten edges of crust with water. Cover with pastry; bake 10 minutes in hot oven (450° F.). Reduce heat to moderate (350° F.); bake 25 minutes.

Free! 12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes

Here are 144 recipes for dishes that are simple and easy to prepare—recipes with ingenious little wrinkles that cut time in the kitchen and save labor. In no case has the deliciousness of the food been sacrificed in the cause of easy preparation. Busy mothers and business housewives will find these recipes invaluable. Free: simply fill in and mail the coupon at right.

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Winifred S. Carter (Dept. XJ-49), P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.

Please send me, free, the cook book, "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes."

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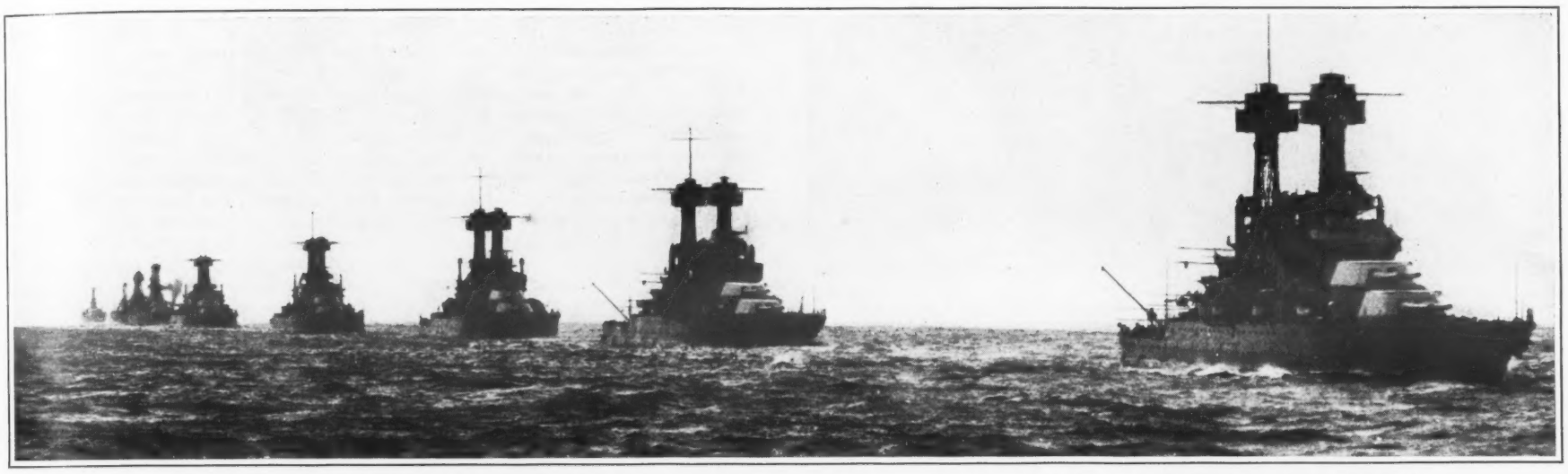

THE ENTIRE FLEET FROM BOTH COASTS UNITES EACH YEAR FOR ABOUT SIX WEEKS OF COMBINED TRAINING AND EXERCISES

Promoting Peace Through Preparation for Defense

By CALVIN COOLIDGE

THE first duty of a government is order. We are told that it is heaven's first law. In our day we have come to take order for granted as something almost self-existent. But it is not. In fact, it is very difficult to maintain, as we are constantly reminded by recurring waves of crime and the outbreak of warfare. Order is of the first importance, because without it we could have no liberty and no progress. Property would be of little value, every home would be insecure and all life in danger.

When the test comes the people will give up almost any other human right to secure safety and protection. Whenever anarchy imperils a state a military dictator always appears, because the people prefer him to the lawlessness of the mob.

We can see what would happen in time of disorder. Religious assemblages would cease; schools would close; manufacturing plants would be idle; transportation could not be operated; bank payments would be suspended; all of the evidences of indebtedness, even the paper money and bonds of the government, would be of doubtful value; gold, silver and the precious stones would go into hiding; every city would face starvation; and existence would be reduced to the first principles of personal strength and cunning. Civilization would be giving place to barbarism. The loss of life would be enormous. This picture is not overdrawn. Every mature person knows that within his own lifetime appalling tragedies of this nature have been experienced in Europe and in Asia. The same catastrophe would overwhelm us if the orderly enforcement of the law were suspended for thirty days.

Sometimes these conditions arise as a result of external warfare and invasion, sometimes as the result of internal conflict and revolution. At other times they have come from a combination of all these. Whenever they occur the inhabitants of a country find themselves in peril. The government, losing the power to keep order, loses the power to protect them. Under those circumstances the citizens desert their government and resort to someone who they think is able to restore order. This is the case in those regions which have been subject to frequent revolutions. The government being too weak to provide security, the people have no motive for defending it and welcome the opportunity to destroy it in the hope that a change will bring them something better.

The protection of the citizen while he is abroad and duly observing the law of his domicile is a duty which every

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OUR LAND FORCE IS OLDER IN POINT OF SERVICE, AND SO IS CONSIDERED TO OUTRANK OUR NAVAL FORCE

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HOISTING AN AMPHIBIAN PLANE ABOARD A BATTLESHIP

citizen has a right to demand of his own government. On the other hand, the government has an interest in the citizen and his property, wherever they may be. They are a part of the resources of the nation. To injure them is to injure the nation. In protecting its citizens abroad as well as at home the government, in reality, is only protecting itself. To refuse and neglect to do this is nothing short of national suicide.

This principle is so well understood and so long established that nations accord to a foreign country, whenever the rights of its citizens are threatened or violated, the privilege of sending its naval and marine forces to protect them without considering such intervention an act of war.

One of the methods by which each government undertakes to preserve order so that it may protect its people from domestic violence and foreign hostilities is known as preparation for national defense. The great object that it all seeks to accomplish is peace, peace for the citizen at home and peace for the citizen abroad. Preparation runs all the way from the policeman on the corner, who is our first line of defense, to the Army and Navy, with their supporting fortifications and bases. We do not have these for the purpose of making war, but for the purpose of preserving peace. The ability to protect the people within its borders and to insure to them the security which can only come from the orderly administration of law is so much and so peculiarly the first requisite of every government that under international usage civilized nations do not recognize a government which can not or does not meet these obligations.

Our Military Establishment

THESE duties are so necessary and so fundamental that they are recognized in the preamble of the Constitution of the United States, which declares that our Government is formed to insure domestic tranquillity and provide for the common defense. For these purposes the nation maintains its military establishment, usually referred to as the Army and Navy. Our land force is older in point of service, and so is considered to outrank our naval force. At the outset the Secretary of War also had charge of the Navy, but for a great many years these services have been divided and each given a place in the Cabinet. They have both been subject to many reorganizations. The last bill in relation to the Army, setting up the present General Staff, was passed since the outbreak of the war. We have limited the size of our Regular Army to the minimum required for those duties which can be performed only by highly trained professional soldiers, and supplemented it by citizen forces sufficiently organized and trained so that they may be used to reënforce the Regulars in much less time than would suffice for the training of raw troops. Otherwise it would be necessary to maintain at great expense a very large force of professional soldiers.

Our land force consists of the Regular Army, the National Guard and the Organized Reserves. These several components are so interrelated as to be interdependent. Contributory agencies are the Reserve Officers' Training Corps and the Citizens' Military Training Camps.

The Regular Army provides a highly trained force equipped to meet a foreign or domestic emergency. From it are drawn competent instructors for training the National Guard and other military organizations. Some of its officers and men are detailed to perform the necessary permanent office duties of administration and others are sent as garrisons to posts overseas.

Our Regular Army is made up of about 12,000 officers and about 118,000 enlisted men, exclusive of 6400 Philippine Scouts. Of this force, about 30,000 are in distant posts, like the Philippines, Hawaii and Panama, and about 100,000 are in the United States. Nearly 23,000 are engaged in administration, which would form the framework for mobilizing, training and supplying our forces in time of war. About 3500 are permanently employed in training the National Guard and Reserves. This leaves our standing army available for field duty at about 3700 officers and 67,000 men.

Next to the Regulars comes the National Guard, which was formerly the State Militia, of about 12,000 officers and 166,000 men. This is a regularly trained and equipped force, primarily under the pay and jurisdiction of the states, but supported in part by the National Government and subject to its call in time of need. Besides these, there are the Organized Reserves, of about 112,000 officers and 5500 men, most of whom are veterans of the World War, while others are experts and specialists. The Reserve Officers' Training Corps is made up of college students who attend summer camps of military instruction. It numbers about 112,000. There are also Citizens' Military Training Camps for the instruction of other young men, which were attended by more than 35,000 in the summer of 1928.

In addition to these we have the West Point Military Academy, devoted entirely to military training, and the land-grant colleges, where certain military training is also given. For the purposes of equipment, there are various government arsenals located over the country, which make rifles and cannon. The War Department also keeps contacts with many units of private industry which could at once be turned to the manufacture of munitions and supplies. Under the law, equipment is kept on hand sufficient for an army of 1,000,000 men.

Preparation for national defense by the Navy involves the building and repair of its ships and aircraft; maintaining yards and docks capable of such work; providing naval supplies at shore stations for the fleet; developing and improving guns, torpedoes, mines, armor, engines, electric drive, sound device and visual signals; establishing radio communication with the fleet; and means of locating an approaching enemy.

The question of fuel for the Navy is a vital one, as the operation of the ships, of their guns, and their water supply, and of airplanes and airships is absolutely dependent upon it. Our ships are being built as oil burners, our aircraft depend upon oil for their power, and both must have it for lubrication.

THE CELEBRATED PLANE "QUESTION MARK" RE-FUELING IN MID-AIR

© P. & A. PHOTOS

Our Naval Resources

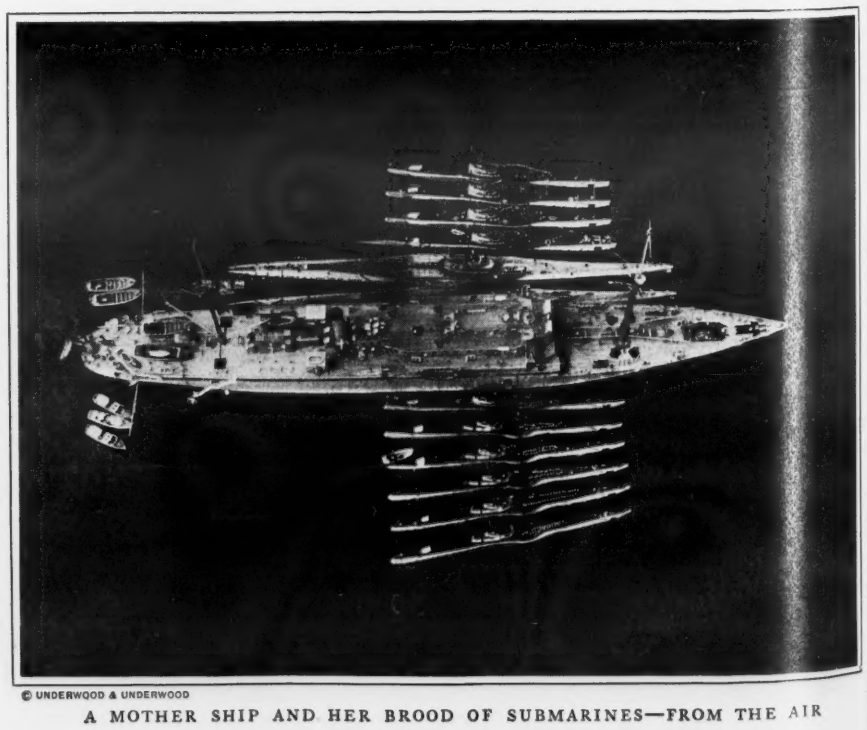
THE problem of the Navy is to train officers and men for the operation of its ships, guns and planes, and for their improvement and construction. The Navy has 403 vessels in commission and 334 out of commission—in all, 737, with a total tonnage of 2,323,721; also 552 aircraft in service, and in addition 14 experimental, 165 obsolescent, 138 obsoletes, and 39 assigned to the Navy Reserve, a total of 908. It has twenty-six lighter-than-air craft, fourteen free balloons, nine kite balloons, the rigid airship, the Los Angeles, and two nonrigid airships. It has building eight ten-thousand-ton eight-inch-gun cruisers. The Navy Department maintains a Naval Laboratory at Bellevue, D. C., where radio, sound, and chemical and physical problems are constantly studied. An engineering experimental plant studies problems of strength and corrosion of metals, and another studies to develop the submarine torpedo. It engages in general research to secure greater efficiency in boilers and fuel. The Navy has four oil reserves, estimated to contain over 725,000,000 barrels, besides coal and oil properties in Alaska, and over 155,000 acres of oil-producing shale. A large tract of land has been reserved for the production of helium gas, valuable for use in airships because it does not explode. Large oil-storage facilities are located on the mainland and at Pearl Harbor. For construction and repair work the Government has nine Navy Yards and twelve Stations and Bases, with a less number of Magazines.

The Navy has 8,773 officers and 84,000 men, 18,000 marines and 1020 marine officers, and 45,000 civilian employes at shore stations. In the Naval Reserve are 1048 officers and 8412 men. There is also a Volunteer Naval Reserve of about 3017 officers and 8774 men, a Merchant Marine Naval Reserve of about 1500 officers, and a Fleet Naval Reserve, and a Reserve Officers' Training Camp of 815 cadets located in six universities. There are 1783 midshipmen at the United States Naval Academy.

The figures given differ from time to time. They are from the last reports made to me.

Our four Naval Training Stations train about 17,000 recruits annually. Twenty-eight special schools supply technical experts of all sorts. The Naval War College furnishes advanced education for officers. The entire fleet from both coasts unites each year for about six weeks of combined training and exercises. Target practice is carried on under competitive conditions between the ships of the fleet. The

(Continued on Page 65)



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A MOTHER SHIP AND HER BROOD OF SUBMARINES—FROM THE AIR

I REMEMBERED CORTEZ'S DETERMINATION TO "CLIMB ON"... AND VOWED THAT BY THE UNHOLY GHOST OF THE CONQUEROR I WAS GOING TO THE TOP

New Worlds to Conquer

The Trail of Cortez—First of a New Series of Romantic Travel Adventures

By RICHARD HALLIBURTON

Author of The Royal Road to Romance and The Glorious Adventure

WITH what is perhaps the most audacious gesture in history, Hernando Cortez, with his four hundred adventurers, landing in 1519 on the shores of a country as unfamiliar as the moon, 3000 miles from home, faced by enemies in overwhelming numbers, threatened by his own riffraff of an army, burned his ships, his only bridge to safety, behind him, and defying all hell's devils to stop his rapacious quest for gold, plunged blindly and recklessly into the conquest of Mexico.

The record of this conquest is one of the world's immortal stories—this plunder of a great and proud empire by a handful of Spanish buccaneers, this wanton destruction, with the assistance of eight blunderbusses, sixteen horses, and a few superstitions, of a civilization that was in some respects higher than that of Spain itself. From every moral viewpoint Cortez's conquest was one colossal outrage, and yet such courage, such resolution, such superhuman endurance these demon men displayed, one's prejudice against them must surrender to whole-hearted admiration. With all their villainies, the story of their audacity gives a lift to our spirit; with all the desolation that followed in their wake, their incredible deeds set fire to the adventurous elements in our nature. They plowed through rivers of Aztec blood and agony, but their ultimate triumph was undoubtedly the greatest achievement in the military annals of Spain.

And it was the genius and character of one man, Hernando Cortez, that brought this amazing exploit to pass.

THE PÈRE AND I

CORTEZ, as a youth, was the last person on earth for whom his sober and pious associates would have predicted a career as a conqueror. If they predicted at all it was the noose or a prison cell. From boyhood, though his family was painfully devout, the son, however fanatically he may have clung all his life to the outward formalities of his parents' faith, both despised and defied its spirit of unyielding virtue. His one great god was independence. Passionate and spirited, fearless and generous, even as a boy he possessed a fiery perversity that was the despair of his slow-spirited tutors. In short, he had personality—a personality of such power and such charm that it subjected every man and woman upon whom he turned his impudent eyes and smile, a personality that in its full stride was to rule an army and wreck an empire.

Before Cortez was eighteen years old he had involved himself in so many scandalous escapades that his parents thought best to send him off to America with one of the numerous expeditions of exploration then leaving Spain. From then until 1519, when he was thirty-four years old, we have little record of his life other than that, in the Indies, he continued his stormy dissipated career. Such a career, however, did not seem to have retarded in him the development of extraordinary gifts for military leadership; in fact, so marked had his ability as a fighter become, that when the governor of Cuba was casting about for a capable officer to put at the head of a buccaneering fleet being sent out to subdue the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, he chose Cortez as the commander.

The fleet sailed, and two months later after endless fighting along the coast of the mainland, great hardships and numerous fatalities, landed on the beach where Vera Cruz now stands. Then it was that Montezuma, the great emperor of the Aztecs, living in Mexico City—or Tenochtitlán, as it was then called—300 miles away, first communicated with the Spaniards. He sent messengers with gifts warning the strangers not to approach nearer the capital. But the gifts were of pure gold and so dazzled Cortez's gold-greedy eyes that he resolved to ignore Montezuma's threats and march upon El Dorado, which, judging from the samples of its wealth he had seen, must be the treasure house of the world.

Against this indiscreet adventure his four hundred remaining men, already weary, half starved and desperately homesick, rebelled. The Aztecs, who would naturally contest any rapacious invasion of their country, were rumored to be admirable fighters and to be numbered by the hundred thousand. The Spaniards, on the other hand, had no supplies, little idea where they were and less where they were going. Obviously it was deliberate suicide. No, by every saint in Christendom, they would not embark on any such insane project for all the gold on earth.

But for Cortez the lure of Montezuma's capital, the rumors of its inexhaustible riches, its beauty, its great size and cultivation, overpowered all arguments in favor of retreat. Better die in conquest of this strange and treasure-filled land than go back to tranquil Cuba and live to see some other bolder conqueror reap all the benefits of this discovery. One man's mad will against four hundred! And yet this one man's will triumphed, for he burned the fleet before their very eyes, and pointing with his hand toward the sinking ships, and with his sword toward the wilderness, he commanded the stranded army to follow him to the city of gold, and to fight for their lives and the glory of Spain.

LATER, by four hundred years and more, on the shores at Vera Cruz, a new invasion of Mexico was about to take place, and a new march to Montezuma's capital, in the exact footsteps of the great Cortez. The invader was not an all-conquering Spanish knight this time, but only an earnest and harmless American—myself—who had been spellbound by the reading of Prescott's Conquest of Mexico and had gone to Vera Cruz in order to follow reverentially the heroic captain's march to Tenochtitlán, and see again in imagination the Spaniard's spectacular exploits on the spot where they came to pass. Three hundred miles of wild and difficult country lay before me—hot sun, heavy rains, deserts, mountains—and so, lest my courage fail and my interest flag, lest the hardships and unknown dangers of the way break down my resolution, in imitation of Cortez I burned my ships behind me.

True, they were not literally ships, but I pretended they were. I gathered bits of driftwood from the sand and set a match to them. They were the "ships"—ships that meant subjection to the old familiar life of safety and monotony. Through the spiral of smoke I could look out upon the sea beyond the northern horizon where lay America, put away in favor of new worlds. Behind me loomed the mountains of Mexico, with snowy Orizaba, a white far-off cloud in the sky, brooding over the deeds it had seen in this land of blood, and beckoning me, as it beckoned Cortez, toward the fascinations of a land unknown. I was burning my ships behind me—cutting myself off from all contact with Spain, and thus forcing my destiny along an utterly new and unfamiliar road over which there could be no retreating back to safety.

In further imitation of Cortez, I was going in quest of gold—the gold I'd thrown away, like all young men, when I was twenty-one. If I were to regain it, if once more I were to feel an enthusiasm for a romantic enterprise and find excitement in following Cortez's phantom banner, I must be able to dream again, to tell myself stories, to turn back clearly in

POPOCATEPETL, MOST GLAMOROUS OF PEAKS

my mind's eye to that golden, glorious century when almighty Spain ruled the world.

Away went every bond that might hamper this fanciful spirit and make my search for gold on the trail of the conquest tedious and practical. Away went my wardrobe—folding bathtubs, canned lobster, money. One can't do much dreaming when there's a baggage train to look after. I'd exchange all my hot-and-cold-running equipment for a pistol and cartridges. I would wear a flannel shirt and stout breeches. I would depend on my boots to transport me. I would try to lead the simple life, to be a vagabond again, to follow Cortez, with a staff for my sword, a sombrero for my helmet, a burro for my prancing steed and my own father for the conquering army.

Thus light-laden and light-hearted I struck the path of the conqueror, and tramped away from our sunken ships.

It had been with some difficulty that I had persuaded the *père* to accompany me. He insisted he didn't enjoy hardships, that Mexicans were all bandits, that *tortillas* and *frijoles* gave him indigestion, that I would expect him to climb a lot of silly mountains, that he would look ridiculous riding on a burro, that I was the world's most unreasonable traveling companion, and that Cortez was a pirate and blackguard anyway who shouldn't be encouraged. But after I had bought two tickets, packed his bags and dragged him away, he gave up struggling, and assuming the expression of a Christian martyr being fed to the lions, resigned himself to the worst.

At Vera Cruz I outfitted him like a true conqueror. He had the biggest sombrero in Mexico, with bullfight scenes painted on the brim, and a short leather jacket with huge silver buttons. I tried to array him in spurs, mandolin and a Mexican sash, but he absolutely rebelled and would wear commonplace corduroys unromantically held up by suspenders.

Our first disagreement arose over baptizing our baggage burro. I insisted Cortez with fanatical zeal converted everything and everybody—he sped up their acceptance of salvation by cutting off their infidel heads if the stubborn fools resisted—as he marched along, and that we were not acting in the true conquest spirit if we allowed our own burro to remain a heathen, which, judging from her early obstinate behavior, she certainly was. And so I named her "Virgie," and throughout the miles we were accompanied by the animal, I called her Virgie, and the *père* called her various names—all uncomplimentary.

OUR disagreement over the mule's baptism, however, was really not of a serious nature; in fact, once my father had allowed himself to be inveigled into the Cortez expedition, he turned philosopher, put all irresolution behind him and entered into the spirit of our conquest with a whole and happy heart. Our first day, guided by José, Virgie's Indian driver, we plodded up the barren, uninhabited coast nearly twenty-five miles to the point where the Spaniards turned inland, cursing the same sand and scorched by the same sun as they, ignoring all modern roads and following only the route, no matter how rough, indicated by an authentic conquest map.

The Spanish invasion had a great advantage over our own in that Cortez bore a striking physical resemblance, with his white skin and flowing beard, to the white-skinned and flowing-bearded Mexican divinity, Quetzalcoatl, who, having lived in human form among the people, had departed, according to the old tradition, over the eastern ocean a few centuries before, promising, however, that he would some day return. Cortez, hearing of the legend, insisted he was the returning Quetzalcoatl, and exhibited his terrifying cannon and his equally terrifying horses—hitherto unknown in the Americas—to prove it.

The *père* and I had no legends of godlike Americans to help us along, even though we let our beards grow. *We* had to pay cash. The Indians did stare at us in all the aboriginal little villages where we stopped each night, but that was only because of my father's suspenders and the way I spoke Spanish.

CORTEZ on departing from the seashore seemed to choose the route of most resistance. He led us straight up the slopes of a high mountain range that parallels the coast, and into a desolate region that is probably wilder now—certainly less inhabited—than it was four hundred years ago. The last two days before reaching the 9000-foot pass we had to fight our way through endless obstacles—deluges of rain, almost impassable trails, flooded streams, hours in wet clothing, no shelter, no food, no rest. The bullfight scenes all melted from my father's sombrero and the sunshine from his countenance. It is no discredit to his good sportsmanship if I admit that I overheard him once or twice muttering winged words at Cortez (who, if we are to believe his chroniclers, had an even worse time of it in this wilderness than we did). Poor Cortez! Poor papa! But there was no retreating. The hulks of the sunken ships lay rotting on the beach at Vera Cruz.

Once over the pass, the 8000-foot plateau of Mexico stretched endlessly before us. For two more days we tramped across a barren, waterless waste, sleeping at haciendas where native hospitality made us forget the hardships of the mountains. We thought of the Spanish soldiers in this desert country, and read how they grew sick as the invasion advanced, and hungry, and desperate, and how their commander, impervious to these terrible hardships, grimly drove his men on into fighting their way again and again through hostile Indian armies one hundred times as numerous as his own.

Reaching at length the city of Tlaxcala, two hundred miles from Vera Cruz, Cortez came face to face with the most gruesome native custom in all the history of aboriginal America—the hideous religious ceremony of human sacrifice.

In ancient Mexico the gods of the Aztecs were bloody gods indeed, for they were moved by nothing but the gift of human hearts. In each city of the land, on top a towering moundlike temple called a *teocalli*, before the blood-splashed images, living victims by the thousand were stretched, their breasts carved open by reeking priests, and their hearts—still beating, torn out to be cast with supplications at the feet of the insatiable deity. Having witnessed this fearful butchery, Cortez seized upon the suppression of it as a moral argument to justify henceforth his rapacious conquest.

CHOLULA HAS ALWAYS BEEN A SHRINE

With a new crusadic ardor added to his old passion for gold, the commander now moved on toward Montezuma's capital with ever-increasing spirits, encouraged by the rumors of innumerable heathen *teocallis* ahead for him to cast down and untold heathen riches for him to appropriate.

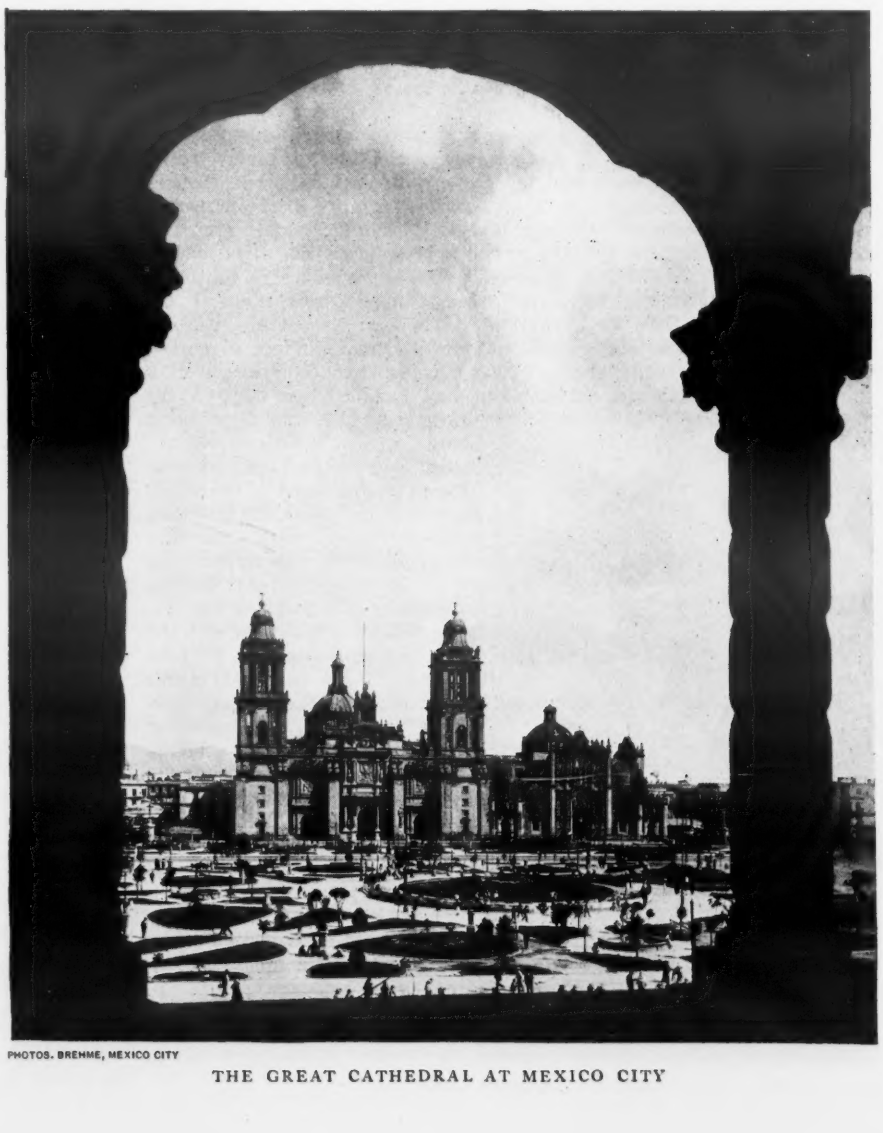
The route lay by way of the city of Cholula, twenty-five miles to the south, and then westward again over the great pass between the giant volcanoes of Ixtaccihuatl (Ish-tash-she-wattle) and Popocatepetl (Popo-ca-tep-etl), which stand guard over Mexico City. This route was especially chosen by Cortez not only because Cholula was the second city of the Aztec empire (it contained 150,000 people—only 5000 now), but also the city most sacred to the god Quetzalcoatl. In his honor a stupendous pyramid, the most colossal monument in the Americas, had been reared. On the flat top of this great mound the holiest temple of Mexico stood, an enormous structure enshrining the image of the benevolent deity. Here pilgrims came from every corner of the country to worship. Cholula was, in short, the Holy City, the Mecca, the Jerusalem, of Mexico.

But alas, as in Mecca, as in Jerusalem, how far had the religious rites degenerated from the pure spirit originally taught by the prophet! To Quetzalcoatl, the divine champion of love and peace, 6000 human hearts were offered up each year—sixteen every day—so that the butchery was never ending before Cholula's bloody altars.

AS CORTEZ and his little army approached this holy place he saw two hundred temple towers, rising from two hundred temple mounds, piercing the sky line; and above them all, the Great Pyramid—the Great Temple—one hundred and eighty feet high from the forty-four-acre base to the truncated summit. He marveled at this huge pile, fourteen hundred feet along each side—half again the dimensions of Cheops pyramid—rising from the top of which, high above the other altars, he could see the undying fires flinging their radiance far and wide, proclaiming the immortality of the good deity who was one day to return.

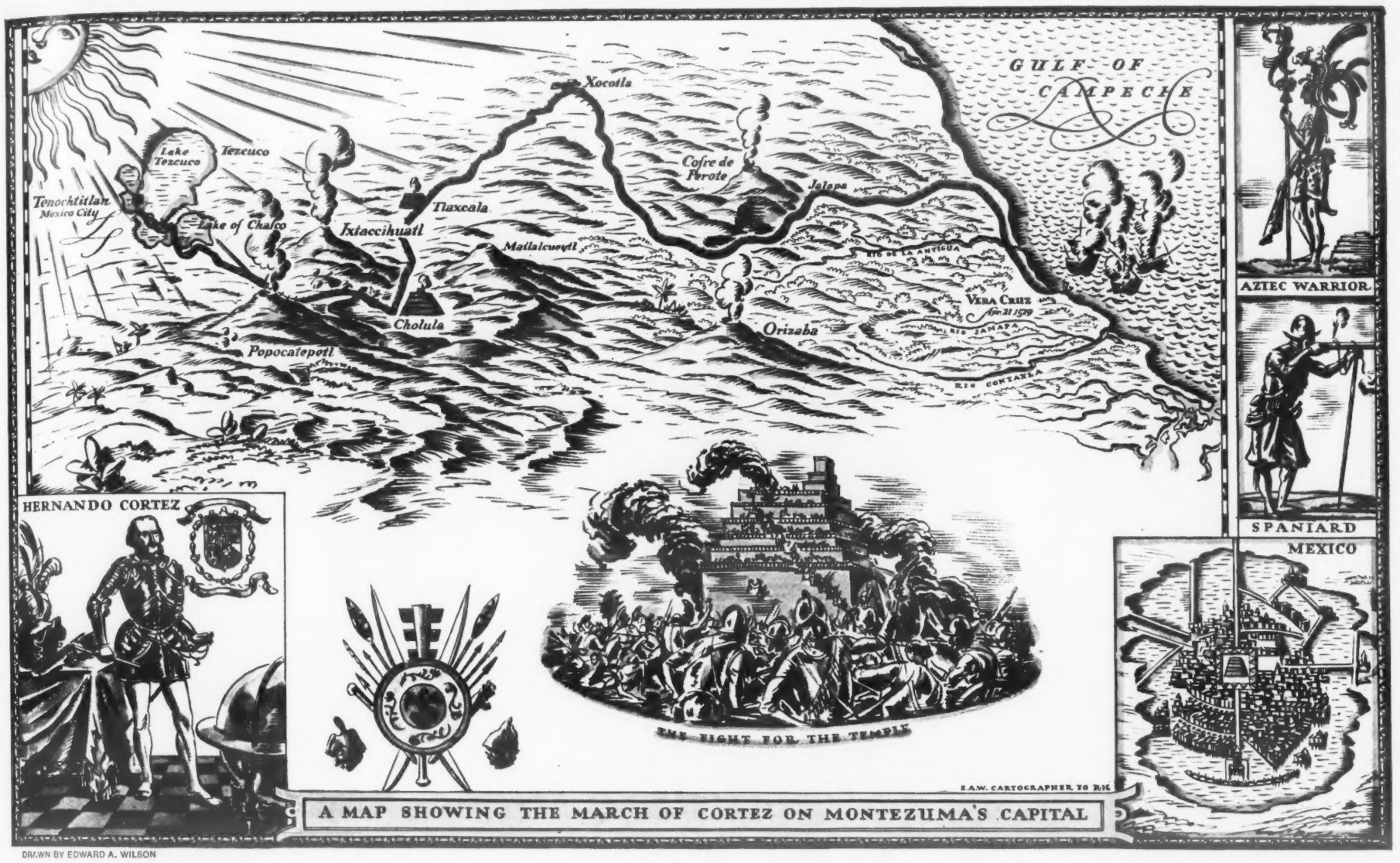
It was Sunday when the *père* and I left Tlaxcala—today only a decayed little Indian town—and pushed on south with Virgie in Cortez's footsteps. Not scores of temple turrets did we see as Cholula drew in sight, but towers of over sixty ancient churches—over sixty, I repeat, for the tradition of holiness has not departed from Cholula—and there, raised high on top the old eternal pyramid, where once stood the greatest pagan shrine in Mexico, we saw a white cathedral, white and shining, lift up its Catholic towers against the clouds.

It was after six o'clock as we climbed the last of the broad stone steps that wind in gentle sweeping curves up to the table top of the vast and grass-grown monument—and turned to look back toward the west and caught our breath. Surely, nowhere else in the world, not even at Delphi itself, is there a scene so likely to



PHOTOS. BREHME, MEXICO CITY

THE GREAT CATHEDRAL AT MEXICO CITY



DRAWN BY EDWARD A. WILSON

fill one with religious awe and reverence for the gods as this scene. The most hardened Philistine must grow quiet—must be moved—by the majesty of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl before one, and Orizaba behind one, floating there above one, unearthly, immaculate poems of grace and snow and clouds and violet mystery—Popo, the smoking, the terrible volcano; Ixtaccihuatl, the white-draped, sleeping woman; Orizaba, the highest and loveliest thing from Mt. McKinley to the Andes. Higher than the highest Alps these mountains are. Half a mile and more Popo soars above Mt. Blanc, and Popo's pale-veiled sister sleeps 2000 feet above the Matterhorn, while the peak of Orizaba, 18,225 feet high, would grace the very Himalayas with its miraculous, infinite beauty. And in the purple shadow of these intimates of God, on this high and holy altar, for a thousand years the inhabitants of Mexico, Christian and pagan, Aztecs and Spaniards, have worshiped the power that composed such a universe.

On this particular afternoon the church on top the pyramid was open and packed to suffocation with pilgrims who had come to Mecca to say their prayers. It was the date of some special fiesta, and the bells and candles and gingerbread gewgaws strewn over the poor sanctuary irritated one with their obtrusive tawdriness.

But it took small imagination as the sun sank toward Popocatepetl's rim, leaving all the sky and the clouds in one crimson glow, to forget the garish church behind me and remember only the ancient shrine. I needed merely to half close my eyes to see the sacrificial ceremony at my side—not the casual before-breakfast butchery of a hundred slaves, but one of the festivals in honor of the creator, in which a carefully selected young citizen was offered to the deity.

IN MY mind's eye, from afar, I could see the procession approaching. For a year before this tragic day the favored victim had been a religious hero, arrayed in splendid dress, attended like a prince and honored by all the nation as a divine representative. Now the term of his glory was ended, and the fatal hour of sunset was at hand. Slowly, miserably, the chosen of the gods climbed the long stone stairs, surrounded by the chanting priests and followed by ten thousand worshipers. The summit where I stand is reached. The sacrificial stone, one great block of jasper, has been made ready beside the image of the god. There is no time to lose. The sun is all but touching Popocatepetl's snows. I see the victim seized—his jewels and royal garments stripped away. Moaning, his nude body is stretched, chest up, on top the jasper block. Five priests in scarlet robes press down his limbs and head. A sixth is poised, knife in hand, above the waiting breast. Ten thousand people hold their breath. Popo, in homage to the Aztec gods, is pouring forth a shaft of smoke into the highest heavens. The sun has dipped into the crater crest—a half remains—a rim—a final signal gleam. The knife descends; there is a sickening scream. The executioner stabs open the writhing breast, inserts his hand into the gushing wound and tears out the still palpitating heart. Oblivious of the bath of blood, the butcher holds up the gory offering to the flaming blood-red sky and casts it at the feet of the inexorable deity, while all about me the multitudes lie prostrate in humble adoration.

Clang! Bang! Clang! The iron bells in the tower of the church, with sudden clamor, dashed aside the fearful dream. I snarled back at the howling hyenas in the belfry, and in my heart I promised the Aztecs that if they wanted another victim to die on the sacrificial block as the glowing sun dived into the mountain's rim, as Popo swirled its vast smoke column into the clouds, as Orizaba and the White Woman bade farewell from afar, as the sky caught fire from the burning horizon, as heaven and earth waited breathlessly for the sacred knife to plunge—they certainly could have me!

II

OF ALL the books in my library, there is one book which is my particular prize possession. It is not the threadbare copy of Don Quixote that I carried in a knapsack all over Spain, nor the Keats that was my companion for a year in Greece. These old friends rest proudly on the shelf of honor, but even they bow down before this one incomparable book of my heart—my begrimed, bedraggled, passionately beloved geography book I studied in school at age ten.

Oh, what a glorious book this was, and still is! It was the magic carpet of my boyhood on which I floated away from the boredom of my school desk to the far-off fairylands of Arabia and Cathay. Its author understood the dramatic appeal of the sea. His frontispiece was a picture of Columbus' sail-spread caravels. He understood the romance of great mountains, and gave extravagant space to full-page pictures of the Matterhorn and Etna, to Vesuvius and to Fuji, and a dozen more. And one by one I've called upon and climbed them all—the mountains I met on the pages of that heavenly book when I was ten years old.

It was here, facing the chapter on Mexico, I first saw a picture of snow-clad Popo, framed in tropical moss, soaring royally into the clouds, and read the lilting, rolling name of this far-famed volcano. And it was here that I first resolved some day to climb to its utmost pinnacle.

Years passed, but not my inclination toward Popo. When, disgracefully later, I came upon Prescott's Conquest of Mexico and learned that Cortez's line of march from Cholula went right past the corner of my mountain, en route to Mexico City, the idea of retraveling the conqueror's trail appeared doubly alluring, for not only would I be able to see all of the Mexico Cortez battled over but likewise be led to the very point from which Popo is most easily climbed. In fact, one of Cortez's lieutenants did make the digression, to be the first person in history to reach the summit.

THE spectacular sunset behind the volcano's cone that my father and I had seen from Cholula's Pyramid caused my admiration for the mountain to sweep over me anew. Popocatepetl—the very name was enchanting, a name that every school child who ever studied a geography book in any land you please has caught and remembered to the end of his days. In the Andes there are fifty mountains higher. Who can identify a single one? In the Himalayas, Popo would be lost in the foothills, but only the supreme pinnacle of this vast range is better known. In Mexico itself Orizaba is loftier, Ixtaccihuatl is whiter, but Popo has the magical name.

Nor is the great mountain all name without a history. To be sure, it has not the bloody record of the Matterhorn. Few, if any, climbers have perished on its slopes. Its eruptions, however frequent, have never overwhelmed the cities at its base, as has Vesuvius. It is too high and too aloof to be climbed by crowds of pilgrims, as is Fuji. It isn't the "biggest," as is Everest. And yet, with the possible exception of Vesuvius it has witnessed more bloodshed, more romance, more tragedy, than any other mountain on earth. All the vivid history of Mexico, from the earliest Indian migration to the latest assassination of a president, has revolved in Popo's shadow. To the Aztecs it was the supreme wonder and glory of their world, a manifestation along with the thunder and the lightning of the reality and the power of their gods. As Popo watched, Spain won and lost

(Continued on Page 181)

WHEREVER HE TEMPORARILY SETTLED, OR EVEN PAUSED, THERE GATHERED ABOUT HIM A GROUP OF, AS IT SEEMED TO OTHER MEN, DEMENTED WOMEN

The Lady-Killer

By WILLIAM MACHARG

Illustrated by Harold Brett

EDDIE LAND, who was to make what the publicity man called an "epochal" flight in the interests of the Intra-Aero Company, was on his way back to the company's plant. He was the only passenger in the complaining flivver which carried visitors to the plant from the town some mile and a half distant.

He had spent the morning, which was foggy, warm and in other ways somewhat discouraging, in the small Delaware coast town, getting rid of an importunate young woman who had followed him down there from New York under the impression that she was irrevocably in love with him. If he had not actually convinced her to the contrary, he had at least left her certain that there was nothing to be done about it. And he had done this with a deftness and convincingness which, if there had been any witnesses—as there were not—would have excited astounded admiration.

In the line of feminine discouragement Eddie had had wide experience. He was a man who, without apparent effort on his own part, aroused in a large proportion of the women he met an overwhelming sentimental attraction. He was of slight figure, straight, lithe, dark. His black hair and remarkably regular features gave him, so women said, a resemblance to a picture of some ancient Spanish don; and they said also that his dusky eyes had the look of seeing something which was invisible to ordinary people.

BUT Eddie's appearance was only a part, though a considerable part, of the influence he had over women. His habitual occupations had a quite equal share in it. Eddie was one of those men who can take a real interest in whatever they are doing only if there is sufficient chance of being killed at it. He was now twenty-five years old, and in the comparatively brief time of activity which that implies he had experimented with automobile racing, balloon ascensions and had finally become a flier. The extreme probability that Eddie was going to be killed was something which few women who met him had been able to contemplate with equanimity ever since, when he was ten years old, he had climbed the spire of the Methodist church in the town where he was born and the majority of the town's little girls had gone completely crazy over him. And another important influence was, no doubt, that Eddie was as much interested in women as they were in him.

He was always in love, but, unfortunately, not long with the same person. Wherever he temporarily settled, or even paused, there gathered about him a group of, as it seemed to other men, demented women. In handling the complications which inevitably resulted from this state of affairs, and from his own tendency to be attracted always by a new one, he had developed a technic which was bewildering to onlookers. It is a fact that few women who believed themselves so irretrievably in love with Eddie Land ever got very badly hurt.

APPARENTLY Eddie shrank, in his love affairs, from inflicting too much injury. When it seemed to him that he had gone as far as was excusable with a woman—and he consequently was losing interest and was ready for a new one—he brought into play the intricacies of his technic.

He had not deliberately invented this technic. It was perhaps originally a stroke of genius; but it had now become an outgrowth of experience, carefully checked up, developed and modified by repeated usage until he had it perfect. It was an entirely secret method the nature of which Eddie never confided to anyone.

When Eddie wanted to get rid of a woman and consequently was ready to cure her of affection for himself, he confided to her his great love for "Carlotta."

There was, in reality, no such person as Carlotta.

She was a figment compounded possibly of vague imagings that Eddie had made of some woman who would be impossibly perfect. Her name, however, was entirely understandable; he named her Carlotta because, as it happened, he had never known any real woman by that name.

Aside from her name, Carlotta had only one definite characteristic: She was the exact opposite of whatever young woman Eddie happened to be telling about her.

As an instance was the girl who had just followed Eddie into Delaware. She—her name was Helen—was, as it happened, a substantial blonde. Consequently Carlotta, when Eddie told about her, had become small and dark. She was, for the time being, a Creole; slight, dark-skinned, and dusky-eyed and very rich. And Eddie—at least so he said—loved her beyond ordinary understanding.

Helen wept bitterly when she learned that there was someone else; but by degrees, as Eddie continued to expatiate on Carlotta and his love for her, her eyes hardened. She was still weeping when Eddie put her on the train and she continued to vow undying, hopeless love for him; but something hurt and indignant was struggling in her too. By now her feelings probably were being considerably modified by her indignant revolt at Eddie's preferring someone so different from herself.

It was a good morning's work, and Eddie congratulated himself on it. It was a better morning's work because if Helen had remained in town even a few hours longer she would have encountered Anne.

Quite recently Eddie had met Anne, who, he was entirely convinced, was the one for whom all his life he had been looking. Anne was to arrive that evening.

It would have been exceedingly disturbing if Anne, on arriving, had found Helen there.

It might seem that as Eddie was, or believed himself, in love with Anne, it would have been simpler merely to tell Helen about Anne than to tell her about Carlotta. But Eddie had found that did not work. He was guided by experience. When he told one of them that he was trying to get rid of about the new one that interested him, she was hurt and usually angry; but she recognized a rival whose attractions might be overcome and she was ready to enter into competition. It was only when he told her about Carlotta, who did not exist, that she began to doubt her own adoration of Eddie.

Eddie did not know why that was and he was not inquisitive about it.

The creaking flivver was following painfully a road of sliding sand among dim sand dunes which the fog obscured, and everything was wet. Water stood on the coat of the native driver beside Eddie and in glistening pearls on his whiskers. Presently in the murk the plant of the Intra-Aero Company became faintly visible—low buildings surrounded by a high wire fence which Kelly, the publicity man for the company, claimed was "to keep the women out." Inside the fence and nearer to the ocean, which could be heard, though it could not be seen, were a hangar and a shack of new unpainted wood which for the present served as Eddie's living quarters, and close by was the long runway built for the plane's take-off.

THE proposition, as concerns the Intra-Aero Company, was extremely simple. The company was about to float three million dollars' worth of common stock. To assure public attention to the proceeding, it wanted, just before the stock was advertised, to produce a stunt which would attract that same public's interest. In pursuance of this wholly practical thought, it had considered at least one pole, four of the six continents and two oceans; but had pitched at last for business reasons on a flight from the plant of the company itself to the small town in Ireland which had been the birthplace of one of the company's chief officers. There were to be some sentimental and popular accompaniments.

The matter was put up to Eddie, who was flying for them in New York, and Eddie characteristically jumped at it. All preparations had been made and, if the fog lifted—and it was promised that it would—he would hop off on the morning following.

Eddie paid off his driver at the gate through the wire fence and made his way along a foot-wide board walk among the sand dunes toward his quarters. As he got closer he could see through the iridescent fog a sandy-haired and sandy-skinned young man seated on the doorstep of the shack.

Eddie stopped, swore silently and, as it seemed, contritely, and then went on.

THE young man on the step was Ken Maynard. He was of the same age as Eddie, a structural engineer. They had been born in the same town, had been close boyhood friends through school; later, as young men, had seen less of each other; but a few months before, when Eddie had located in New York, they had taken up their ardent friendship again. It was Ken Maynard that had introduced Eddie to Anne.

Ken arose from the step as Eddie approached and stood watching him fixedly.

"Hello, Ken," Eddie offered.

"Hello."

Keeping his eyes on him, Ken said, "Anne's coming down here."

"That's right. That's why you came here?"

"Yes."

Eddie looked around. Kelly, the Intra-Aero publicity man, stood in the doorway of the shack, and inside Withers, the weather sharp, was busy over his maps, noting on them some message which he was receiving over the phone. Near by, where the plane, painted a brilliant yellow, rested under its hangar, a couple of soiled mechanics stood looking on.

"Come over here, Ken," Eddie said.

He led the way out of earshot of the others and they sat down on the sand.

"This is no nice thing you're doing, Eddie," Ken said.

"You mean Anne?"

"Certainly I mean Anne."

"Maybe. Maybe not."

"No maybe. It is. I've known for a couple of weeks something was wrong with Anne; I didn't know what. Then she told me she was coming down here and I asked her and she told me—you and she have been seeing each other right along. The worst of it for me is that it's my own fault. There's a lot of sense in the old rules and I broke one of the wisest of them—the one that says: Don't introduce your best friend to your girl."

Eddie took up a handful of sand, running it through his fingers. He was not angry.

"She says she wasn't your girl, Ken."

"She means she hadn't promised anything. We'd never put it into words. If she'd promised, Anne probably would stick by it, no matter how she felt. But it was understood."

"You mean you thought it was understood."

"No; it was understood."

"Then why'd you introduce me?"

"I was too sure. I didn't think she'd fall for you. Now I find she did."

"I'm sorry, Ken," Eddie said mildly. "Sorry, I mean, that it was you that had to be the one."

Ken looked at him keenly. "I'm not thinking about that. I'm no cry-baby. I don't want anybody who thinks they want someone else more than they want me."

"Then what'd you come down here for?"

"To tell you to be careful."

Eddie studied him curiously. "I don't know what you mean."

"You ought to know. You know how you do—how you've always done. You take up with one of them and run her ragged for a while until a new one comes along, and then you take up with the new one. Maybe that doesn't hurt 'em much. I don't know. I've never done much of that myself. But it won't work with Anne."

"No?" Eddie inquired, still curiously.

"Anne will get seriously hurt."

"Yes?" Eddie inquired. "What do you want me to do?"

"Don't you go too far—farther than you really mean with Anne. I'm telling you. She won't get over it. Maybe it's too late already; maybe the harm's done now."

"Harm!" Eddie said resentfully. Then he looked up frankly. "Look here, Ken; you're all wrong. This is different."

"How do you mean?"

"With me. This time it's the real thing."

"You always think it's different, don't you?"

"This time I know. It's the first time this ever happened to me. When I met Anne something made an about-face inside of me. Since I met Anne, I haven't any use for any of the others, anybody else at all. I don't want to look at one of them, or touch one, or have her touch me. They make me sick. Would I have cut in on you if it hadn't been like that? I knew I was cutting in. Or I wouldn't have cut in if Anne hadn't got it too, the same as me."

"I'm afraid she's got it worse," Ken answered bitterly.

"NO," Eddie insisted, "she can't be any dottier about me than I am about her. It never happened this way with me before. We didn't fall in love; we were already there from the first time we saw each other. Nobody did anything—either Anne or I; and nobody could have stopped anything. It did it all itself like—like two chemicals. If you bring two of those together, you can't stop what's going to happen, can you? It was like that."

"Till some other chemical comes along," said Ken.

"No," Eddie denied; "not this time. Suppose, now, I wanted to change it. Suppose I tried to get high and self-sacrificing and say: 'My error; she was your girl—I'll give her up.' Of course I won't do that. But suppose I tried; it wouldn't work. It would turn into one big joke on all of us.

(Continued on Page 228)

THEN, WHILE THEY CHEERED AND WAVED HANDKERCHIEFS AND HATS, IT STRAIGHTENED, FLATTENED, HEADED OUT TO SEA

JANEY WAS DAZZLED, ALMOST BLINDED FOR A MOMENT BY THE THRILL IT WOULD BE

Walled Garden

By FANNIE KILBOURNE

Illustrated by Pruett Carter

ABOVE her rakish costume Janey caught an unexpected glimpse of her own eyes in the mirror and knew that she wasn't fooling anybody. Nobody named Janey, of course, should ever be dressed like a pirate, in the first place; but this was the Artists' annual pirate ball, and—thanks to Scot—her make-up was as nearly perfect as her costume.

Below the jagged torn sleeves of her scarlet shirt, above her small, swaggering boots, her bare arms and legs were darkened richly. Her own color, delicate and uncertain, was hidden under the gypsy crimson in her cheeks. The gaudy scarf that hid her soft brown hair was knotted low over one ear, and from the other, small and darkened, hung a huge gold ring.

She wore, too, over the sweet, sensitive lines of her own, an impudent painted mouth with flashing white teeth. Her eyebrows were straight, bold black lines, her silky lashes weighted darkly with mascaro. A perfect make-up. But eyes can't be made up. Under the shadows, mysterious, seductive, that Scot had carefully painted around hers, Janey's eyes met themselves in the mirror. And, two scared brown traitors, they gave her away.

SCOT was beginning another flirtation; and Janey couldn't pretend—not to anyone who saw her eyes—that she didn't mind. She wanted desperately not to mind. Or, if that couldn't be achieved, at least to appear not to mind. Janey was a rather primitive little person, and primitives accept unquestioningly the *mores* of the tribe.

In Scot's tribe, that group of successful young artists, writers and illustrators into which Janey had married four years ago with such awe and ecstasy, a wife was supposed to take an occasional flirtation in her stride. The occasional flirtation to be either her own or her husband's—the tribe was fair enough about that.

Hastily Janey looked away from the agonized eyes in the mirror, began a nervous and, she hoped, concealing chatter over her shoulder.

"I'd like to find my wrap—I've a handkerchief in the pocket. Fancy a pirate wanting a handkerchief—isn't that delicious!"

The tall blond pirate who had followed her into the hotel lounge cast an obedient, searching eye over the wraps which were thrown over the divan, the chairs, the writing desk.

"Mine is mink, you know," Janey offered helpfully.

"I know," he answered. "With a goldy lining."

"Think of your remembering the lining!"

The pirate did not answer. From the ballroom came the lilt of strings and saxophones. A hotel maid dozed outside the lounge door. Janey glanced anxiously past her, into the corridor, hoping desperately that nobody else would come for a few moments, at least till she had time to pull herself together a little.

She didn't mind Stephen—he didn't need to be told that she wanted a few minutes' respite or to be asked to help her get it. He had lent her the jewel-handled cutlass which was part of her costume and the long string of Spanish doubloons which she wore clinking about her neck.

"There's one rather good coin in that bunch," he suggested now. "Did you notice it?"

That gave Janey several minutes more, while she hunted for the special coin, studied it with a fair pretense of attention. Dear Stephen! Of course Stephen had noticed Scot and Mrs. Bradley. Everybody at the dinner party had. Scot was never one to hide his light under a bushel of concealment or caution. Picturesque, dynamic, he was as vivid as one of his own colorful paintings. Pauline Bradley had been seated at the farther end of the long table, and his sudden interest in her had leaped the distance, as bright and definite as a shaft of light. Nobody at the table could have missed it.

THEN that moment in the hall when, swathed in metal cloth, velvet and fur, the women were being good-naturedly quarreled over for the long drive into the city for the ball. "Where have you been all my life?"

Oh, Scot never needed to be original! He could take that trite and dulled old coin of speech and, with the magic of his

laughing, arrogant voice, the flattery of his bent head, make it shine again, pure gold, new-minted. Pauline Bradley's answering laugh was provocative.

Stephen had come to the rescue then, his arm flung suddenly over Janey's shoulder, sweeping her to the door beside him. "I'm taking first choice! The rest of you can fight it out among yourselves!"

Young Westley had crowded into Stephen's roadster seat, too, and ridden in with him and Janey. The group always managed a few stags, if possible. The three of them had led the procession to the city, very gay all the way in, talking, laughing. Janey could not recall a word that had been said. Stephen had started his car as promptly as possible, but not quickly enough to keep Janey from seeing her husband opening the door of their little cabriolet for Mrs. Bradley and shutting it firmly in the face of Tommy Blake, who had intended making a third of that party. The cabriolet drove second in the cavalcade.

At Rye, where Purchase Parkway veers off for the longer and less-frequented route to the city, Janey could not resist a glance over her shoulder. The headlights of Scot's car swung majestically off the Post Road. Janey's backward glance was long enough to see its red tail light disappear into the shadows of Purchase Parkway. . . .

JANEY looked up from the old gold doubloon. "I wish you'd drive me home, Stephen," she said. "I'm bored to death with this party." Her voice, though, was not that of boredom but of sick, childish misery.

"I don't believe I'd run away, if I were you, Janey," said Stephen slowly after a moment's pause.

She looked at him, startled. And, recognizing the unmistakable understanding and sympathy in his eyes, her own filled with quick tears, her boldly painted mouth trembled incongruously.

"I suppose it's going to be this way all my life," she said brokenly.

Stephen did not answer.

"It wasn't this way the first year we were married. Scot loved me then, all right."

"Scot loves you now—in his way."

"I know—'I have been faithful to you, Cynara, too, in my fashion,'" Janey quoted. But she could not hold the mocking, light tone; her voice broke in honest misery. "I—I can't seem to stand being Cynara."

"You know Scot is the born hunter type," Stephen said. "Like a child who is always hot after the one thing he can't get. That doesn't mean, though, that he loves what he's after."

Janey said nothing, clinking one old gold doubloon against another. After a bit, "I wanted to die—the first time," she said simply. "And I guess I almost did."

"Good Lord! That time you had appendicitis—was Scot ——"

Janey nodded. "Sara Vardis, you know, who played the girl in Pound Foolish. Oh, I don't suppose it could have given me the appendicitis, but after the operation the doctor said I'd never get well if I didn't try. And I couldn't try; there didn't seem to be anything to get well for."

"There—that proves my point! You saw then how little Sara Vardis was really meaning to Scot. I have never seen a human being so mad with terror as he was when he realized that you were dangerously ill. He forgot about Sara Vardis quick enough then, didn't he?"

Janey smiled in spite of herself. "Yes," she admitted. "But I can't go on winning Scot back with operations. They're too hard on the constitution."

Another pair of pirates appeared suddenly in the doorway, glanced in, sauntered down the hall.

"Next it was Peggy Holt," said Janey.

Stephen snorted contemptuously. "I know—that little nitwit! She doesn't know enough to pull in her head when she shuts the window."

Janey's smile, a bit subtle and demure, was lost completely under the bold swagger of her make-up. "I managed to show that fact to Scot," she admitted, "and at the same time to keep him thinking that he was finding it out for himself. A very delicate piece of work. I just encouraged her to jar on a few of his very pet sensitivities. Knowing these so much better than she could, I had a certain advantage, of course. It worked like a charm. Inside of six weeks he was wondering how anybody could think Peggy Holt was even pretty."

"You must have been clever about it," Stephen admitted.

"No," Janey denied, suddenly angry, "I wasn't clever at all. Anybody can do that sort of thing, if she's willing to be tricky and cheap and mean. I turned into a cat, that's all. Oh, I suppose the end justified the means; but I hated myself every minute, just the same." She crossed to a mirror, drew the gaudy scarf lower over one ear, reddened more vividly still the impudent pirate mouth. "Well, if you don't want to take me home," she said, "I suppose we'd better go back and dance."

THE tall blond pirate did not stir. "Would it help matters in any way," he suggested, "if you were to be having a violent flirtation on your own, right now?"

Janey stopped short. "Why, I—I hadn't thought ——"

"That's odd," Stephen observed. "That's the thing most women would have thought of first."

"It would serve Scot right! It might even make him —— Anyway it would help me save my face. I suppose everybody in the crowd is either amused at me or feeling sorry for me. But who ——"

Stephen swept a deep circle, bringing his cutlass to his heart, and bowed low. "I humbly offer you my poor services."

For a moment Janey looked at him, half amused, half amazed.

"But everybody in the crowd knows how you feel," she objected. "It wouldn't fool anybody. They all know you've always treated me like a kid sister, that you're Scot's best friend."

(Continued on Page 193)

"WOULD IT HELP MATTERS," HE SUGGESTED, "IF YOU WERE TO BE HAVING A VIOLENT FLIRTATION ON YOUR OWN, RIGHT NOW?"

Illustrated By Henry Raleigh

"DON'T GET MARRIED AND ALL CLUTTERED UP WITH A LOT OF KIDS"

Little Frog, Big Puddle

By Sarah Addington

IN THE first seat of a day coach on the slowest train from Buffalo to New York sat a young man, scowling earnestly. He was a seedy young man. His clothes were rusty and ill-pressed, his fair hair, sun-bleached and rumpled, needed cropping. But his face was strangely and vividly arresting.

It was a narrow, peaked face, sallow pale. The eyes were gray, the cheek bones oddly high and small, the jaw thin and hard as if the young man were perpetually clenching his teeth, as in truth he was. But the nose was extraordinary. It was a skyward nose, a nose so *retroussé* as almost to be a nose of caricature, yet a nose which on this young man became merely a remarkable and interesting feature. Pointing to heaven, inquisitive, questing, adventuring, it gave him the look of a hound perpetually scenting his prey. Which was eminently right, for the young man was bound for New York—to conquer it.

He had at his feet a suitcase containing four motley worn shirts, a small store of underwear and haberdashery, a toothbrush, a razor and brush for his young man's beard, a scrapbook filled with clippings, and a Roget's Thesaurus, 1924 edition. He wore his ticket stub in his hatband. He carried in his vest pocket a small manila envelope in which crackled five hundred dollars in bright new green and yellow bills. These were his possessions and they were, by five hundred dollars, more than he had ever owned before in his entire life.

His name was Henry Gribble and he was going to New York to become a newspaper magnate.

IT HAD been planned for three years. Since the day his last remaining relative, a kindly if unprepossessing uncle, had died and Henry had left high school five months short of graduation, every thought, every move, had been shaped for just this moment he had now arrived at, the moment when he sat stiff-backed in a green plush seat flying miraculously toward his life's ambition.

Yet not miraculously either. There was no miracle in the three years of ceaseless labor in the dusty, littered office of the Sagawanny Herald. No miracle in the hard garnering of dollars week by week, month by month. None in the skimped meals, the worn, soiled clothes, the bed of newspapers in the back of the Herald shop—he had actually slept thus for seven weeks one winter to save thirty-five dollars; no miracle in any of the cramped, sordid economies that had made this journey finally possible. Simply, he had considered five hundred dollars indispensable to the launching of a young man's career in New York. And he had earned them and saved them and now here he was.

He was not in the least dismayed by the task of conquering New York. New York's journalistic fortresses might be stout and well buttressed, but he did not look upon them as in any sense impregnable. He considered himself no novice in newspaper work. Nor was he. News in Sagawanny is like news in Cairo, London, Tokio, or even New York. One goes and gets it. That is all.

Our young man had gone and gotten it for three years for the Sagawanny Herald. He was the only man to go and get it. He was the Herald's entire reporting staff.

An editor the Herald had, a gray-faced gentleman whose secret yearnings to become a minister did much for the moral tone of the Herald's editorial page. Pressmen it boasted, two grimy, tobacco-spitting archangels who wrestled nightly with the Herald's primeval printing machine, and always, or nearly always, conquered their devil heroically. There were nights when all their tussling and swearing and spitting went for naught; the press, created for no other purpose than to print, would, for reasons best known to itself, not print, could by no cajoleries or threats be induced to print. Upon those occasions the Sagawanny Herald failed to materialize. They were bitter times. A stenographer the Herald had, and bookkeeper and circulation clerk. She was large and ambling and had red hair. But for all of the morning news of the town of Sagawanny, New York, one shabby, odd-looking young man had for three years been responsible. He, and he alone, had told the expectant citizenry what was going on.

The shabby young man had been true to his trust. From ten in the morning until any hour at night he had legged it around Sagawanny, poking, prying, prodding into every corner and crack of that small and uneventful town, hunting, finding, sometimes all but making news, until, when his day was done, not so much as a lost dog was left unsung for the breakfast readers of Sagawanny. He covered the courthouse, the mayor's office, the hospital, the jail, the railroad station, the hotel. He wrote the Boost Sagawanny front-page box, he rewrote the country correspondents' contributions, he composed obituaries—elegies, those, wreathed and shrouded in the very myrtle and crape of grief—he reported society events, he wrote political stories. These last-named seethed always with the most noble indignation. The Herald had to seethe. It had no choice. It was the only Democratic newspaper in an entire Republican county. Which accounts for its humble condition and for Henry's diversified job.

HENRY'S job had consisted also in light chores about the office when the editor and the stenographer-bookkeeper-clerk were otherwise occupied. He wrote headlines, pasted up the syndicate stuff, read proof; he took in advertisements, subscriptions and printing jobs; he often swept the stairs—they didn't bother with the shop itself; he always fetched the editor's midnight snack of pork sandwiches and coffee; he usually cleaned the typewriters and always took care of the stove.

Certainly he was an experienced newspaper man. What were Dana and Greeley to him?

His plans for the future were of a pleasing wholeness and perfection.

He planned to buy the New York Times.

In due time, of course. Such things cannot be hurried. But one day he expected to own the Times. The progression of events was not quite clear in his mind. The New York Times would cost quite a sum, and reporters, even in New York, do not attract large sums to their persons. Still—he was going to buy the Times.

He could see now that masthead of the future on the Times editorial page: Owner and Publisher, Henry Gribble. He saw himself in public places, persons nudging and whispering, "Look, there goes Henry Gribble, owner and publisher of the New York Times." Oddly enough this young

man did not crave to write the legendary great American novel or drama. There were many writers in the world. There could, demonstrably, be but one publisher of the New York Times. And after three years of inglorious grubbing on the Sagawanny Herald, Henry was still incurably and romantically in love with newspapers.

HE COULD not decide when he felt the pavements of New York under his feet whether to seek lodgings or a job first. He wished to dispose of his suitcase but did not desire to spend ten cents for this privilege, and so lodgings won out. He found a room on Christopher Street, threw his suitcase in the door and went forth.

And just as he had expected, he found employment in the first office he tried.

But he did not know that it was his nose that had done the trick.

Mr. Bill Kinny, city editor of the New York Evening Standard, was sitting in his shirt sleeves at the tag end of a day's work. He was wishing something would happen because he did not feel quite ready to go home to Mrs. Kinny and there seemed to be no alternative. Then Henry happened.

"Whazzee want?" growled Bill to the office boy.

"Dunno," said the office boy.

"Send him in," said Bill with unwonted hospitality.

He was aimlessly thumbing over city news reports when he heard: "Are you the city editor?"

"I am."

He looked up. He saw a slender, ill-dressed boy whose fair hair twirled in little peaks about his head, whose nose soared to heaven.

"My Lord," said Bill.

He blinked as if dazzled and stared at the young man's face. Then he smiled moonily. His lips moved. "An editor's dream come true," mumbled Bill strangely.

What was he seeing, Bill? Why was this hard-boiled editor mooning and mumbling apace?

It was because a legend had come to life. Because he saw before him in the flesh a thing that had hitherto existed only in fable. Because here in front of him was that fairy-tale proboscis of which all newspapermen know and talk and yet have never seen; the nose built to hunt, to seek, to inquire, to ferret, to find—the Nose for News. Here it was, planted on the countenance of this odd, wispy, eager young man. And it was Bill's for the asking. He could have this nose for the Standard.

Bill sighed—and grinned as he sighed. There was a Santy Claus.

Then he said, "What can I do for you?"

"I want a job."

"Reporting?"

"Yes, sir."

"Any experience?" Not, please God, thought Bill, that it matters.

"Yes, sir. Sagawanny Herald." He produced the bulky scrapbook.

"All right," said Bill, waving off the scrapbook. "I can take you on. Report tomorrow morning at eight. Thirty dollars."

"Yes, sir, thank you," said the boy, and turning walked out of the room.

Bill's assistant grumbled that they did not need a new man.

Bill chuckled happily.

"Wait till you see him."

"I'll wait," said the assistant, "with pleasure."

But he knew that Bill had probably made another of the finds for which he and the Standard were so rightfully celebrated. The assistant admired his chief and envied him, but he disapproved of him nevertheless. For Bill, by his own glad admission, worked on hunches, and the assistant, who had never had so much as a single hunch in his life, was but waiting for the day when one of Bill's hunches should let him down—and out—he, the assistant, profiting handsomely thereby.

He had waited in vain as yet however. Bill's hunches remained infallible. They worked this way: If Bill quixotically decided that a reporter should be sent to nothing more promising than a lecture on The Care and Feeding of Goldfish at Public School Number 11, he sent the reporter and the school accommodatingly burned to the ground half an hour later. If Bill told a man to run up to the Bronx Zoo for no reason known to the profession of journalism, that proved to be the day chosen by the man-eating tiger to break his cage and eat up little Bronx boys and girls in full view of said reporter. If Bill, over everybody's protests, sent a green man on a tug to interview Lady Astor returning to her native shores, that turned out to be the one newspaperman in the whole of America who was invited to Virginia for the week-end.

Bill's hunches did not stop with news gathering either. Bill could, and did, draw to an inside straight one time out of ten, and that one time, fill. Bill could defy the whole shop, up to and including the editor in chief, for weeks running, and then, just when they had written out his resignation for him—but before they had time to deliver it—draw in his horns, pull a coup and get a raise in salary. Bill knew just when he could stay out all night without a bleat from the missus and when he couldn't. And she didn't have to tell him.

But Bill's hunches had nothing to do with his hiring Henry Gribble. It was his artistic sense that prompted him to that. Bill was not an æsthete in the ordinary sense of the word, but he did know beautiful appropriateness when he saw it and he saw in Henry and Henry's nose the perfect news gatherer of all time.

He decided to make Henry the Standard's Inquiring Reporter.

HENRY was slightly pained the next morning when he was told that henceforth, so far as the Standard was concerned, he was not Henry Gribble but the Inquiring Reporter. But he squashed his old hat down over his ears and went out to inquire.

The question Bill had given him was: "What do you think of movie censorship?"

It became Henry's duty to approach five persons on the street, put the question, take down the answer, the name, address and occupation of the oracle and wait while the photographer clicked off a picture.

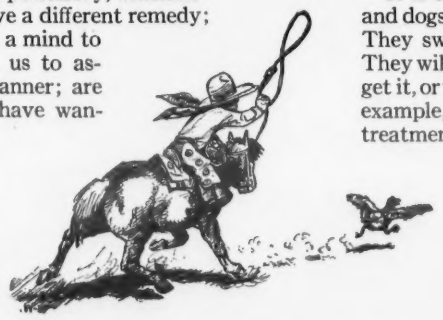
(Continued on Page 220)

HE KNEW MORE THAN EVER THAT WHAT HE WANTED FOR A WIFE WAS NOT A CRACK NEWSPAPERWOMAN

Dude West

By
Mary
Roberts
Rinehart

WE HAD a good many dudes at the ranch last summer, and one must get a fine distinction here. Those of us who have been going there for years on end, who have our own horses, more or less our own cabins, our own coffee percolators for the mornings we are late for breakfast, our own secret fishing holes; those of us who leave there year after year our old flannel shirts, our worn breeches, our battered boots, our rods and hooks and bridge scores do not call ourselves dudes. We are a curious hybrid lot, halfway between members of the ranch family and natives. We observe a friendly but slightly patronizing manner toward the newcomers. If we like them we take them aside and tell them things to do or not to do. It gives us a warmish glow, and they do not—at least not openly—resent it. Sometimes they even play up to us and ask us things: What to do for poison ivy, which nobody knows and for which we each have a different remedy; what we think of the horse they have a mind to buy, a form of flattery which causes us to assume at once a knowing and horsy manner; are the three tame Angora goats which have wandered up from one of the lower ranches real Rocky Mountain sheep or not? Are there snakes? Are there skunks?



This last always gives me an opening to tell about the family of skunks which has lived under our cabin for years. They listen with a sort of shuddering horror, especially when I reach the climax, which is Thomas. Poor Thomas! He was missing last summer, but for years he came every evening to the side porch to eat what was left of the dogs' dinners; came in peace and dignity, waving aloft a handsome tail, and he ate everything he could find except stewed tomatoes. He had an active dislike for stewed tomatoes.

PERHAPS he has gone the way of all flesh. These creatures of the wild live hard but briefly. The little field mice came as usual in the evenings and sat up in the parrot's cage and ate his seed, while his ordinarily cold and fishy eye regarded them tolerantly, but the soda cracker left on the mantel for Cheeky, the pack rat, remained untouched. Not once last summer did the other Senior Member of the family waken to find him on his pillow contentedly washing his face. His own face, of course, not the S. M.'s.

Perhaps we have grown too civilized, for even the bull snake had disappeared from under the chokecherry bush. We blamed Rags for some of these defections, however. There is something too inquisitive about a terrier, too unable to leave well enough alone, too intolerant of even peaceful trespassers. When he learned that one good leap would land him in the porch boxes, it was an end to the little bottles of sugar water tied up in red flannels to resemble flowers, which were to attract the humming birds. As a matter of fact they never even faintly resembled flowers, but rather gory cocoons. Nor did they ever attract any humming birds. But Rags' faith in a kindly universe was shattered one day. He chased a marmot into a hole, and instead of a peaceable grass-eating creature he found a rattlesnake. It got him above his nose, and he tottered home in bad shape.

It is curious, however, to realize that horses and dogs practically always survive this poison. They swell enormously, but they seldom die. They will cover themselves with mud if they can get it, or with water if there is no mud—Rags, for example, took to the creek—and under this treatment the œdema gradually subsides.

One perceives that the annals of the simple lifer on a dude ranch refer largely to small matters. Perhaps that is the secret of its charm. Save for the incorrigibles who insist on discussing politics—and last year was a big year for them—and the wets who still rage helplessly, there might be no great world to the east and the west of us. A bad case of poison ivy, a dude bucked off, the daily fragrance of fresh-baked rolls from the kitchen—and what a tragedy it is for the nonstarchers!—a good string of trout, a big hand at bridge, all these become matters of general interest. Our home papers are three or four days old when we get them, and are mostly used for the cross-word puzzles and to start the fire.

There is even a certain similarity in the day, in all days, on all dude ranches. The morning starts with the breakfast sweepstakes. At sixteen minutes to nine one may watch sprinters of both sexes racing for the main ranch house and breakfast; the males at a canter, the other sex at a trot. Following this event comes the trip to the barn and picket line. Here, if one has been forehanded enough, his horse is saddled and ready. The young leap on and start away; the more mature, with pretended casualness, lead the animal to where some slight inequality of the ground will give them a few inches of advantage, and a handful of riders lost to sname mount from a box or a stone wall.

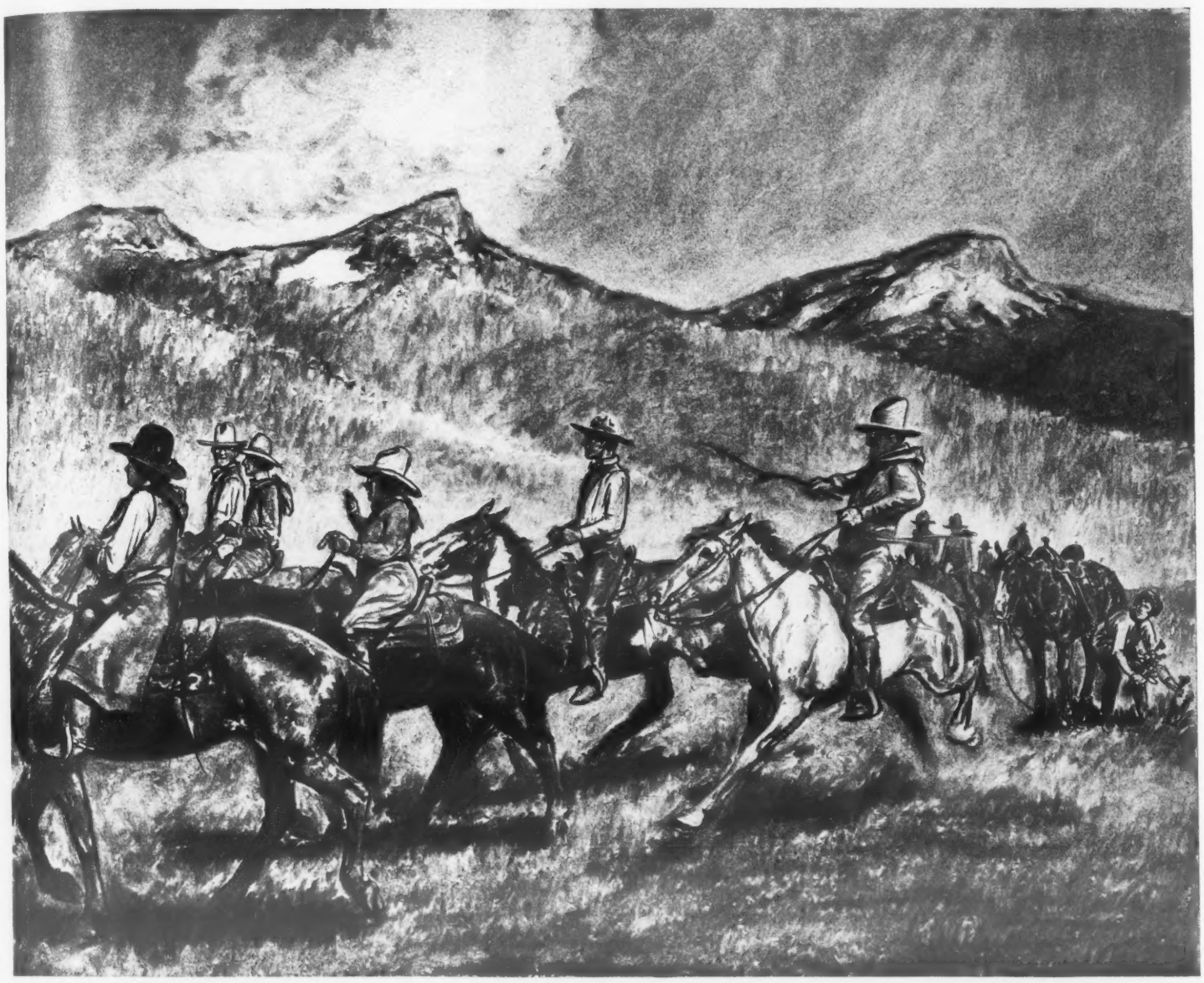
Follows the ride, and this, too, varies. With us, ever since Domo put a porch on her cabin two miles down the creek and started to serve hot and cold drinks and little cakes, by and large a good many of our dudes ride four miles and no more. They do not say so; they come in to luncheon with the air of people who have done their fifteen miles at a stiff trot, but they are frauds and they know it.

In the afternoons the ranch dies. From one-thirty to five-thirty it is as empty of visible life as a deserted mining camp. The horses doze in the corrals, and save for the all-day riders who have gone into the mountains, the guests are in their cabins. The cowboys are asleep in the bunk house, since they have been up since dawn. Or technically asleep. One may occasionally hear from within the stealthy rattle of chips on a hard table. Even the cooks take a siesta, which may or may not be punctuated by some youngster with a gun, firing at a target in the grove somewhere.

AN EARLY dinner, riding in the soft twilight, with mountains and plains hazy and mysterious, maybe a game of bridge later, a dance, or merely sitting out somewhere to watch the moon come up—that, quiet and satisfying, is the evening.

Perhaps it sounds a little dull to our sophisticated youth today, but it is far from dull. Even to the inexperienced rider a horse is an adventure of sorts, and every new horse a new adventure. Witness that reliable mare here at home in the East a few weeks ago, who was trotting me home through the park and who suddenly saw a new animal in the Zoo. The animal was plainly benevolent, and was also behind a heavy wire fence. Nevertheless, the mare lost me with a suddenness and rapidity which broke my own not inconsiderable record.

To the ones who have never ridden before, the mere fact of being in a saddle is a genuine adventure. They ride their staid heavy-footed creatures like conquerors, conscientiously sit their twenty minutes in a tub of hot water afterward, begin to discuss the relative virtues of the English versus the cowboy riding boot, and having conquered the horse, begin to love him. They may then be seen, having borrowed the garden hose, carefully washing the mud off the surprised animal, and even currying him.



Illustrated by Will James

WE WERE TO PARADE OVER EN MASSE, MAKING A FINAL SENSATIONAL ENTRY JUST BEFORE THE FIRST EVENT

For a dude ranch means riding. Make no mistake about that. It does not imply horsemanship. It means learning to sit in a broad safe saddle, with large substantial stirrups, and also learning, more or less, to communicate one's desires to the horse. This last is quite easy; a horse will follow his nose. Point his nose properly and the rest takes care of itself. A dig with the heel is a request for a little more speed. But the novice, like Mark Twain's conductor, should punch with care.

It is this very riding which is the secret of the enormous development of the dude ranch as a summer resort. Few people exercise merely because they should, and indeed there is no more pitiable creature than the wretch who crawls out of a warm bed in the morning to do a shivering daily dozen before an open window. Exercise is only truly beneficial when it is combined with interest. This is the secret of golf, and it is the secret of the dude ranch.

But there is another answer to the dude ranch. Every family vacation is a compromise and perhaps the dude ranch, like a certain kind of soap, is the best for the most people. Undoubtedly it is the most successful compromise yet found. Resort life of the conventional sort has largely died. At its worst it was founded on the idea of buying pleasure, and much of this pleasure was purely meretricious. Especially were this theory and its practice wrong for the younger people. Their days became an orgy of feverish activity and spending, a concentrated drive for amusement. Any amusement.

THE Western ranch provides them with plenty to do, but it directs their activities into normal channels. They cannot spend, they are too weary to stay up all night, and it is odd to see how quickly and happily they adjust themselves. Indeed, one of the growing problems of the dude ranch is the number of young people who, having tasted the life, are anxious to have their families go to Europe or elsewhere without them, and to go back, thus greatly increasing the ranch's responsibility.

Actually, what the dude ranch is trying to do is to preserve as long as possible something of the old West, and this is not so much a matter of sentiment as of hard dollars and cents. It is not easy. The West itself wants to forget its past, the cowboy loves store clothes, the dude rancher himself goes to town once a week to the Rotary Club. But to all Easterners the beauty of the country is secondary to its atmosphere.

They watch eagerly out of the train windows to catch it, and respond joyously when they find it. A group of us in chaps and leather suits were on the railroad platform not long ago when a through train stopped. A woman on the observation platform bent over and inspected us with avid interest.

"Are you natives?" she asked.

"Oh, absolutely," said one of us, with her best Boston accent.

Indeed, during the past few years so largely has the cowboy retired to the hinterland, so rarely does the railroad traveler see his tired pony drooping by the track, that the vision of some resplendent youth in boots, sombrero, gaudy shirt and neckerchief will cause a visible quiver through the car.

The probabilities are, however, that this youth is one of the corral outfit from a dude ranch, dressed up in his rodeo clothes to meet expected guests and, in the language of the corral, give them an eyeful.

Which brings me, by a very nice transition, to rodeos in general and to one in particular.

Every dude ranch these days stages some sort of rodeo during the season, and those who have seen only the commercial rodeos in the East can have little idea of the real thing. The commercial rodeo naturally labors under a handicap. A horse seldom remains an outlaw after he has been ridden a number of times. Of course there are a few that remain bad horses to the end, splendid fighting animals who never lose their spirit. But with the rank and file the bucking becomes purely a mechanical response to the spur.

The real rodeo is a battle between puny man, unarmed and unprotected, against wild, powerful and often savage range animals. It is a contest between skill and sheer diabolical ferocity. The animals are practically never injured, the man is often hurt. It is customary to sentimentalize over these matters, but the plain truth remains that such sentiment should go to the cowboy, who in the rodeo merely reproduces the incidents of his daily life, and who rides in the rodeo to prove his efficiency in his business.

In bucking he has no bit and bridle on his horse, no method of controlling him. The horse chooses his own direction, his own lawless methods of getting rid of the man. He may rear and fall back on him, endeavoring to crush him; he may whirl and twist, or he may simply buck and run. In these runs he is practically blind with fury, so that he may run into wire, go over a cliff or into a ditch. I have seen one cowboy save his life by incredibly swinging off onto the top of a passing automobile!

NOT that there are no cruelties in the cow country. They are there, apparently inescapable so long as we remain beef eaters and want our beef at a moderate price. The old inhumane methods of shipping cattle are past. Now by law the animals must be detrained at certain fixed intervals, fed and watered. But no easy painless method has been discovered for throwing and tying cattle, or for branding calves. Yet they must be handled. Range cattle bear no close resemblance to the gentle milk herds of the East, nor has the much-talked-of civilizing of the West extended to these creatures. They are still dangerous to men on foot, they still wander incredible distances; and so the rope and the branding iron remain, and now and then the bull-dogger must throw his steer.

Our really big rodeo last year was not ours at all, but the P. K.s, next door—that is, about four miles away. The P. K. is not a dude ranch but a cattle ranch, and when it issued a blanket invitation to cowboys and the public, our end of the state responded on horseback, in wagons, buggies and cars. They had selected as a site a natural amphitheater of great beauty in the hills on their ranch, and there they erected their judges' stand, their bucking chutes, their log corrals for outlaw horses and pens for the longhorns and steers to be used for roping and bull-dogging.

We rode over every day for three weeks to watch the preparations. We were to parade over en masse, making a final sensational entry just before the first event, and to this end I got out my cream-colored leather suit of divided skirt and vest, my gauntlet gloves to match, my best pink shirt, my big black

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SHE SAT VERY STILL, ON THE HILLTOP, UP AGAINST THE BLUE

The Baptizing

By

MARY JOHNSTON

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

COME through! Come through, sister!"

"Bress de Lord!"

"Sing it again! Start that hymn again, Brother Pickett!"

"O my Lord,
Give me your hand!
O my Lord,
Give me your hand!
I'm sinking in the river of my sins!
O Gabriel, blow your trump!
O Gabriel, blow your trump!
For the Lord is coming down,
Coming down,
Coming down!
O my Lord, give me your hand!"

"She's standing up on her feet!"

"I see her wrastling—I see her wrastling with Satan!"

"For the Lord is coming down,
Coming down,
Coming down!
O my Lord, give me your hand!"

"Hol' to him a little harder, Lily! He's the Rose ob Sharon!"

"He'll wash you whiter'n snow!"

"Po' sinner—po' sinner! Come through, po' sinner!"

"My sister, want to get religion?
Go down in the lonesome valley!
My sister, want to get salvation?
Go down in the lonesome valley!"

"Come on, come on, po' sinner, to de mourners' bench!"

"Let us pray!"

There was the Rev. Thomas Meiklejohn, pastor of Moriah Colored Baptist Church, and there was the Rev. William Howard Boykin, helping him in this revival, lent by Curfew in the next county. The Reverend Mr. Meiklejohn was old, but the Reverend Mr. Boykin was young. Tall and young and black and shining. And strong. He could lift an ox—but now he was lifting sinners.

"O Lord, you've given us seven tonight, now make it eight! O Lord, make it eight! That mourners' bench is long enough for another, and the salvation bench is right near it! O Lord, you've shook the tree tonight, and the lovely fruit is falling, it's falling! O Lord, this poor, stray, erring, lost child, crying and moaning for the promised land, and not seeing the plain way to it! O Lord, step out on the dark, lonely hillside after her! Bring her into the fold, the blessed, blessed fold! O Lord, shake the tree once more! O Lord, shake the fruit from Satan's grip into the angels' palms! O Lord, do it now, for this sinner's been seeking a solid week, and it's time for her to come in, to come in from the lonely and the dark. O Lord—O Lord! Amen!"

"Want to enter yonder in the kingdom?
Go down in the lonesome valley!"

The dozen oil lamps smoked and flared. It was hot. The atmosphere hung fairly visible; it pulsed and tasted and smelled. Small lights ran about with big shadows; the hymns locked arms. Ejaculations and groans, short cries, tensions and despairs, and abandons and ecstasies populated Moriah Colored Baptist Church. Egypt and the Wilderness and the Dead Sea and Pisgah and Canaan and the Jordan! And everybody, everybody, save those kneeling or prostrate beside the mourners' bench, looked at Adelaide Lily Camp.

Adelaide Lily had been "coming through" for the better part of this revival. And yet it seemed that she could not get through—and each night the ministers prayed for her, and the revival, saved and unsaved, looked at her, and the excitement mounted. More than that, one or the other minister came in the daytime and wrestled with Satan for her, inside the cabin or on the little porch covered with scarlet running bean and Madeira vine, or in the grove immediately behind the cabin where it was cool this hot weather. Brother Meiklejohn was elderly and heavy, and the season July. Brother Boykin came oftenest.

Adelaide Lily was getting religion. She did not work that week.

"Yaas, I can do her work as well as mine," said Sarah, her mother, at the washtub by the stream, to the passing neighbor. "Ain't that chile settling her whole future till kingdom come and after? Yaas, I lets her sit there in the door, all doubled up and studying the ground, without any mo' words than a chicken has teeth. Or she'll get up and go prancing round, waving her arms and then falling on her knees. It takes her different ways different times, but she sho ain't missing anything!"

Thomas Jefferson Camp, aged nine, stopped swinging on the gate and pattered up the path between the zinnias. "The preacher's comin', Sis' Lily!"

"You mean Brother Meiklejohn, Thomas Jefferson?"

"No, I means Brother Boykin."

"YAAS'M," said Sarah. "It's kind of cool and pleasant under the trees. He can 'spound the Book to her there and get down on his knees and pray while she rocks and mourns. Lord! I was three years younger'n she when I got religion. Them was the days!"

"Yaas, they was. We don' have no such shoutin' an' testifyin' now. Don' you remember when it went on for a month an' they baptized a hundred?"

"Yaas, I remember. I gwine get him a glass of nice, cold buttermilk and a piece of pie."

"He mighty fine man. They say er lot of Curfew gals are after him."

"I dare say!"

"Right poor stock round Curfew, *I* think."

"I think the same. Well, if you must be going ——"

"Abraham sitting in the door,
Abraham sitting in the door,
Oh, don't you know when you got a blessing?
O poor sinner, don't you know?
Here come the angel a-string along,
O poor sinner, don't you know?"

Adelaide Lily stepped into the aisle. She was of medium height and inclined to plumpness, a warm chestnut in hue and comely. She wore a pink lawn with ruffles that Sarah had done up that day, and beautiful blue glass beads. Her hat, a leghorn with morning-glories, she left upon the bench. One couldn't well "come through" in a flapping hat that hid the working of one's countenance. Adelaide Lily's arms went up over her head. "O my Jesus! I cyarn' get no further!"

"O po' sinner, yass, you can! Oh, pray to him with yo' heart, po' sinner!"

Moriah Church was at a tension. It spread to the mourners' bench, though not to all who had sought it. Three out of the seven had knelt here night after night. They could not get through though they had come so far. They agonized—old Abner Shaw, who had grown old in unbelief, whose two sons had drowned in last spring's big flood; Judy Corbin, whose sins were as scarlet, so she said and believed; and big Ransom Moore, who had had a Dream and it would not let him go and yet would not save him. They crouched silent, with their brows against the wood, and Adelaide Lily made no difference in their lives. Nothing mattered but a certain Food, and they did not know how to cross the space between

them and it. But the others at the old worn bench had shallower lives and needs, and they looked sidewise and began to make room for Adelaide Lily. All the dusky church held its breath except where it indulged in audible encouragement. The emotions rushed ecstatically upward. "Come through! Come through! Come through the deep waters to the promised lan'! Hab courage, gal! Hab courage!"

The Rev. William Howard Boykin prayed again, standing in the clear space between the mourners' bench and the bench of the saved, standing tall and strong and shining and earnest. Pictures came and went in his head. He did not let them block his communion with the Lord, for he was a sincere believer and worker in the vineyard, honest and zealous as the day was long. Nevertheless they sifted through. The Camps' cabin, a mile from town, and the porch with scarlet running bean and Madeira vine that smelled so sweet. The corn patch and the watermelons and the spring. The grove of trees, so pleasant and cool, with a big log to sit on, and Adelaide Lily begging comfort and hanging on his words. Adelaide Lily. Adelaide Lily. "O Lord," he prayed, "save this special sinner, so's we can all go in a band together. O Lord, if she wasn't baptized with the others when we go down into the river on Sunday, how hard would that be! But Your Arm isn't shortened ——"

"Glory hallelujah! Glory hallelujah! Glory hallelujah!"

ADELAIDE LILY in her pink ruffled lawn and blue beads went dipping and rising up the aisle. "Ise coming! Ise coming! O my Lord, you and me is joined! Oh, gib me room, Brother Meiklejohn, at that bench! Not the mourners' bench but the saved bench!"

"Glory hallelujah! Glory hallelujah!"

"Ise going to be in the baptizing! Thank the Lord, thank the Lord!"

"Glory hallelujah! Glory hallelujah!"

"O Brother Boykin, gib me your hand! Gib me your hands, all of you! For Ise going to be in the baptizing!"

"Glory hallelujah!"

"Over Jordan,
Yaas, my Lord!
Over Jordan,
Yaas, my Lord!
The angels knows what's in the heart.
Yaas, my Lord,
Over Jordan!
The angels knows and they takes a part.
Yaas, my Lord."

Adelaide Lily sat upon the saved bench.

The hour was waxing late. Outside Moriah Colored Church the big, round moon climbed up the sky, and katydids discoursed in the hot, still night. Folk had to work next day. The katydids began to say that. "*You know we hab to work. You know we hab to work. You know. You know. Eight sinners tonight. Dat's all right. You know. You know. Folk hab to work. We got dat gal what give us a show. Now sing de doxology. Doxology. Doxology.*"

The Rev. Thomas Meiklejohn spoke: "We haven't got but a little while before Sunday and the baptizing. It's mighty little time! O my friend, don't you want to come now? Now is yo' chance, and yo' chance is dwindling! Don't you want—don't you want—to be in the glad day? If you put it off, the days that come'll be blacker for you than pitch. Yaas, my brother, yaas, my sister, blacker'n pitch! Yo' heart know, and it say to you, 'Don' you see others going into the kingdom and you losing yo' chance?' You stand to lose, and you knows it, and yo' heart wants what it's losing! Come now—come now, my brother, my sister!"

With that Ailsa Craigie rose. "You ain't none of you expecting it, but I'm going to get religion! I'm going to get religion!"

No, they had not expected it—Moriah Colored Church.

THE fact that folk had to work tomorrow left the air, that now palpitated with a most revived interest. For here rose, stalk and blossom, a sensation that promised to overlay that of Adelaide Lily. "Ailsa's getting religion! Ailsa Craigie's getting religion!" Even the children, of whom there were many in the congregation, drew breath and rolled eyes. A kind of whish and stir went everywhere, followed by the most flattering silence.

"O Lord, yo' mercies air not straitened!" cried Brother Meiklejohn, whose scoffing and stubborn niece was Ailsa Craigie. And Brother Boykin stood tall and earnest and solemn and happy, with rapt eyes and inaudibly moving lips. The revival was successful—he was seeing himself baptizing many, standing waist deep in the Moriah, laying them, one by one, under the flood that typified saving grace. And now Ailsa Craigie, that they said nobody could convert. He had heard her laugh one day when he passed her house, laugh and say, "Lord! If I was that big and strong I'd sure go work in the fields!" All his dignity of minister of the gospel had risen up against her. *Now* she saw that he was in the field. He hoped the Lord might show her, good and hard! She was a tall, slender, supple, charcoal-dark woman, about his own age. She had been sometimes to Curfew. Brother Meiklejohn had brought her once with him in his old buggy. Brother Meiklejohn was fond of her. But she was one of those silent mockers and queens, thinking their own thoughts, making you uncomfortable with their eyes. They said she had sense. But what kind of sense was it if you didn't have religion? She was fine to look at, though she wasn't like Miss Adelaide Lily. He had met her three-four times. There was something about her—she'd help a man with her sense through the brier patches and the stony places of this world. She was likely—she was surely likely. He had felt that even through his anger when she had said those hard words. But she had been a scoffer and an unconverted sinner and that wasn't possible for the pastor of Curfew Church! No, nor for William Howard Boykin either! But now the Lord was drawing her, was drawing her into the fold . . .

David Craigie, a deacon and the half brother of the Rev. Thomas Meiklejohn, had his place in an amen corner, and so when his daughter quitted his side she stood in the clear space below the pulpit and faced the mourners' bench and the salvation bench and all the rest of the benches and the congregation. Everybody could see her. If they couldn't see her sitting they stood up promptly and saw her so. All their eyes were drawn, and their lips hung parted. She seemed to them suddenly very tall and strong, and as though the air quivered about her. It quivered and it seemed another color. When she spoke the congregation of Moriah Church at once began to get religion with her—that is, all but a few.

"O my Lord Jesus, you knows Ise a scoffer!"

"Yaas, Lord!"

"A scoffer and a doubter and a despiser and a mocker!"

"She's got de language—she always had!"

"O Lord, Ise the thief and the leper and the publican and the Pharisee and the woman who had seven devils ——"

"Oh, it's wuhking! The Holy Ghost's wuhking!"

"O Lord, Ise the blind and the dumb and the palsy! O Lord, Ise the hypocrite! Ise Laz'rus in the grave, and Judas! O my Lord, Ise Judas!"

A child of twelve clutched a woman. "Oh, mammy, Ise trimbling up my backbone an' the tears air coming out!"

"Hesh! Ise heard her befo'! When she wants to she's got a voice like all de fiddle strings, an' she sho wants to now!"

"She's dancing too, mammy!"

"Hesh! That ain't dancing. That's bowing down an' rising up."

"O Lord, Ise in the dust."

Said Adelaide Lily's heart in her bosom on the saved bench: "You weren't decided on getting there when you came here tonight in that old blue calico that Miss Sally Mason give you! Git up out of the dust, gal, and stop drawing attention!"

AILSA, rising up, seemed to touch the beam above her. She had genius for position and genius for richly departing from it, and for shaking things alive. She no more than Moriah had a name for that, nor thought about it. "That gal, Ailsa, can mek herse'f felt same as a ha'nt!" That was the extent of Moriah's tribute. The blue calico, straitly made, wrapped her long limbs and her small breasts. Throat and head and half her arms were bare. She was Africa, all right, rhythmically moving there, in the uncertain light, in the emotional tension, with the moon outside and the church as vibratory as a drum. Africa, but likewise, and maybe mainly, Ailsa; just Ailsa.

"O Jesus!"

"O my Jesus!"

"O Jesus, help this sinner home!"

Brother Meiklejohn prayed aloud for his niece, for whom he had an affection, for all that she was an unbeliever. She it was who mended his shirt and brought him the first roasting

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ADELAIDE LILY HAD BEEN "COMING THROUGH" FOR THE BETTER PART OF THIS REVIVAL. AND YET IT SEEMED THAT SHE COULD NOT GET THROUGH

Heirlooms to Order

By Graeme Lorimer

Drawings by Garrett Price

TWISTING HIS HEAD NEARLY OFF, HE SQUINTED UPWARD AT THE UNDERSIDE OF THE CARCASS

THE little white farmhouse looked as though it had stopped to rest after climbing halfway up the hill, and there it cuddled happily in the arms of two gnarled but kindly old apple trees and a grand veteran silver maple. We had found it—our dream house. A cocky red squirrel watched us suspiciously from the crotch of the maple as we made our way through the weeds to the door. As we approached he jerked his tail about and scolded bitterly, leaving no room for doubt about his resentment at this unaccustomed invasion of his privacy.

The little house had been empty a long time, waiting for us, we felt sure. A partition out there, a window here—it would be perfect.

"And we'll furnish it in Early American." I don't remember which of us said it first, but we both agreed that nothing but Early American would do. And being newly engaged and unduly impractical, we felt that nothing remained but to accomplish the fact.

Not knowing the Hepplewhite from Sheraton, or that there had ever been such a person as Duncan Phyfe, we devoured at least half a dozen antique books and went to every museum and collection of Americana we could find.

Chairs were no longer to sit on; they became things of beauty which could thrill us, or monstrosities that made us shudder. We talked glibly of ogee, Dutch and Flemish feet, and knew that a ball foot was earlier than a bracket foot and could tell a Chippendale from a Georgian splat. We looked for the three feathers of the Prince of Wales in a Hepplewhite chair and associated urns with Adam, and were inordinately proud of ourselves for knowing that an antique mirror should not be called a mirror at all, but a looking-glass.

IT CUT NO ICE WITH US THAT GEORGE WASHINGTON'S SECOND COUSIN MIGHT HAVE SLEPT IN THAT BED . . . .

Every Saturday we went "antiqueing." First in places near by and then in ever-widening circles. One of the pleasantest memories of our engagement is those long rides together, fifty or seventy-five or a hundred miles; then the search through a house and barn full of junk, the find, horse trading with the dealer, and home again with the spoils, full of love and fresh air.

Joys of the Chase

ANTIQUEING gave us the best of reasons to be off by ourselves—an overwhelming argument in its favor—and today each piece of furniture brings back a flood of happy memories. This swell-front bureau recalls a crisp autumn day with corn shocked in the field and a golden wealth of pumpkins scattered about, and a country-inn lunch of roast duck and apple sauce and fresh pumpkin pie that tasted so good. This fiddle-back Georgian chair cost more than we had any right to spend; but what was money on a spring day when the oak leaves were as big as squirrel's ears and our wedding only three months off!

Think of what we would have missed if we had bought everything in a lump!

By taking our time and searching far and wide, we picked up many pieces with real individuality and charm. A curly-walnut slant-top desk of sturdy honest build, that we knew the minute we saw it would be the making of our library—even though all but two of its handles were missing and it needed fifty dollars' worth of restoration; a magnificent large gate-legged table, within our purse because it was the combination of the legs of one old table and the top of another, and so of no value to a real collector—though I defy an expert to detect the combination just from looking at it, and no guest will dare to get down on his hands and knees and examine the joints.

To be in period we should have got a Hepplewhite table for the dining room, but the temptation of comfort was too much for us and we fell for a grand old Empire piece with a pedestal and extra leaves enough to expand it the length of the room. It has a fine feeling of solidity which invites you to lean your elbows upon it, and there are no legs to martyrize your guests. At the time the Empire was about as popular with collectors as a case of smallpox, and so we got our table for a hundred dollars. It is made of beautifully grained wood and in perfect condition. As the first hundred years are the hardest—certainly in the case of furniture—it will probably last us a lifetime.

Unfortunately, however, most of our antiques cost a great deal more than modern furniture, and a great deal more than we could afford to spend. There was the six-legged highboy we couldn't resist buying for the guest room, and the lovely little inlaid Hepplewhite box desk I got for Patsy. The hole three hundred and fifty dollars was going to make in the bank account seemed as nothing at the moment compared to the exhilaration of finding a desk worthy of my bride-to-be.

And there were other things. Take the clock episode, for instance. Of course, we thought, an Early American house must have a grandfather's clock. One fine day we found what we were looking for—a case slender enough not to remind one, as so many grandfather's clocks do, of an upended coffin. Any antiquer will understand when I say that having found a case we liked, a little detail like the fact that the clock had no works was of comparatively no importance.

We bought it on the spur of the moment, and were in such a hurry to get it home that we put the top down and roped it into the back of the car and took it with us, to the great interest of casual pedestrians in the towns we passed on the way.

We had just got our purchase fitted out with new works when we discovered a far more beautiful clock, with original works and all—the clock without which we realized our home would never be complete. But what could we do with two grandfather's clocks in one small house? Ridiculous even to think of it. Besides, we couldn't possibly afford it. We went home without it, and all next week we talked about how foolish it was to have even thought about buying it, and as a matter of fact it wasn't such an unusual clock, anyway.

When Saturday came round again we drove out and bought it.

We put one clock in the library and one in the hall. We justified our extravagance by the argument—well known to all antiquers—that, after all, an antique is an investment, becoming more valuable the longer you keep it. Also we really needed both clocks. The all-antique one at the head of the stairs in the hall was a very fine ornament and the one in the library with the new works would keep time.

As wedding presents we got a Terry clock, two mantel clocks, two banjo clocks and countless little bedroom and traveling clocks. Patsy and I have to get up an hour early every Sunday morning to wind and set them. Don't be in a hurry to buy a clock—you may regret it.

The indiscretion of the second clock committed, we were brought up short by the problem of finances. What we had thought an ample sum to furnish three houses had shrunk amazingly, and we had as yet no beds or dining-room chairs.

We knew two young people who were furnishing their house with almost-antiques—furniture old enough to be out of the secondhand class, but not old enough to be of any value to a collector. They were having just as much fun as we were and it wasn't costing them anything like as much money. The discovery of a battered old milk bench painted green gave them as big a kick as we got from the inlaid box desk, and it cost them twenty-five dollars instead of three hundred and fifty.

But to be perfectly frank, Patsy and I couldn't see what they would ever be able to do with the stuff after they got it. It looked like junk to us. Take the dough table they seemed so thrilled about, for instance. True, the turnings on the legs were rather nice and the stretchers had that well-worn look so delightful to an antiquer's eye, but you know what a dough table is: a deep wooden trough on legs, with a big, clumsy tip top to roll the dough on. Even if it did cost only twenty dollars, what earthly use would such a monstrosity be? We saw nothing in this sort of thing for us.

But the happy pair went blithely on their way, buying little spindle-back chairs quite evidently the crude effort of some country cabinetmaker, spool beds and little spool tables to match, and a Dutch drop-leaf table with heavy legs and poor turnings.

Achievements With Antiques

IF WE had been able to foresee the effect these people were going to achieve with the stuff we spurned as junk we might have taken a leaf from their book and filled out our house with it when our money ran low.

The twin spool beds and spool tables make the most delightful bedroom imaginable, and our clever friends have the added joy of knowing that spool beds like the ones they bought up-country two years ago for ten dollars apiece are now selling in the city stores for a hundred and ten.

In the dining room the battered old milk bench, refinished in the natural wood, serves the purpose of a Welsh dresser most adequately. Although crude, the little spindle-back chairs have the individuality of handmade furniture, and go beautifully with the rejuvenated milk bench and drop-leaf table. Everything has been refinished in the natural wood, and it is hard to believe that it is the same furniture we once scorned. You no longer notice the crudeness of the legs of the drop-leaf, because your eye is caught by the beauty of the wood from which the tremendous leaves are made.

Perhaps the greatest achievement is the dough table. Now that the paint has been scraped off, the excellence of the turnings of the legs and the cabinetwork on the trough is quite evident. One piece has been taken out of the broad three-piece top, so that it is in perfect proportion. Candlesticks and silver are set upon it, and, instead of tipping, the

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AFTER A HUNDRED-AND-EIGHTY-POUND YOUTH CASUALLY SAT ON IT!

Illustrated by Addison Burbank

Snob

By

HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER

ABOVE the high-backed oak bench in the waiting room Mr. Elmer Busey's heavy face heated to a prickly, self-conscious red; his large hand fiddled vaguely with his hat brim, and his glance, with an effect of escape, sidled quickly away from the three smart, pretty young women whose passing was visibly responsible for his confusion.

Two of them nodded briefly. Pauline Gavery added a smile and a pleasant hello. Mr. Busey's bricky flush darkened; he achieved a nervous grin, but words, patently, were denied him.

"He gives me the creeps," said Greta Woburn, as the three approached the train gate. "He's so horribly humble that he makes me feel like some beastly Asiatic potentate holding out a foot for a crawling slave to kiss!"

"I like him," said Pauline. "He's so terribly in earnest about us. He actually believes the sickening rot the hinterland papers print about Chichester. To him it's a semiparadise, populated by strange, wonderful beings whose lives are filled with the mysterious delight of 'belonging.' And here he is, actually living there, actually on speaking terms with us aristocrats! I think he must keep pinching himself to be sure he's awake!"

"He's a toad," said Greta. "And it's not your fault if you don't have to talk to him all the way home! There wasn't any need to speak to him!"

Paulie'd make a pet out of a chestnut worm," said Deedee Wynne, "if it looked abject enough!"

They giggled in merry chorus. The club car at the rear of the train was stickily hot in spite of its droning fans. Peter Gerrish, at a card table before an open window, bent a lazy finger at the porter, who brought ice and glasses and bottled soda, which Gerrish generously tempered from the big monogrammed flask at his elbow. The three drank gratefully. Pauline assembled the sections of a long cigarette holder; Deedee, opening a tiny platinum compact, changed the tint of her upper lip from lake to tangerine.

"WE'D better play bridge, hot as it is," said Greta. "Pauline had to be sunny to that awful Busey person, and if we're just sitting here when he comes in he'll certainly join the party. I do wish Paulie'd control her morbid taste for low companions!"

"Elmer's not low," said Pauline. "He's just artless. There's nothing despicable about his funny awe of us. It's—it's sort of nice!"

Gerrish's eye stopped her. She followed it to the window, beyond which, halted by a baggage truck, Elmer P. Busey confronted her. Beside him, a hand possessively on his arm, stood a woman unmistakably fresh from that environment from which Elmer himself had gloriously risen, a woman clad in garments intensely respectable and black, a woman who wore, skewered to a hard knot of iron-gray hair, an indisputable bonnet. Her eyes gimleted through steel-rimmed lenses; her lips seemed to be closed upon invisible pins.

Pauline Gavery lifted in amiable salute the hand that held her cigarette holder. Unmistakably in Elmer Busey's gaze a gleam of distress revealed itself; he arrested in mid-air the lift of his big hand toward the hat brim; with that agility peculiar to huge, ungainly men he moved so that his bulk concealed the bonneted lady.

"Cookies," said Peter Gerrish. "Spice cookies in a big stone crock ——"

"No," said Deedee, "it's the ironing board that you smell. Hot starch and linen ——"

"I told you," Pauline put in. "Didn't I tell you he was nice? Anybody with a mother like that ——"

"H'm," said Gerrish. "Sort of in a hurry, wasn't he, to get her out of sight?"

"Nonsense!" Pauline spoke warmly. "That's absurd! He can't keep her out of sight in here, can he?"

Gerrish shook his head. "If he brings her in here," he said, "I owe you a quart of gin. She's going to travel in a nice, homelike day coach—about four cars ahead."

The train started, emerged, gathering speed, to the flat dismalness of the salt fens. Neither Elmer Busey nor the lady in the bonnet appeared. Pauline Gavery's mouth straightened.

"I'm afraid you're right, Pete, about him. And I rather liked him too. Isn't it funny how you can misjudge people?"

The topic was dropped. At Chichester, descending to the graveled walk beside the tracks, Deedee Wynne pointed. From the foremost day coach Elmer Busey was ushering the black bonnet, with unmistakable haste, across to his parked car.

"See? He's not going to take any chance at all of having to introduce her!"

Pauline laughed shortly but didn't answer. It was late next afternoon, when she and Deedee were driving back from the golf club, that she turned abruptly in at the Saulsbury driveway for the first time since that stiff-necked old place had succumbed to Elmer Busey's brand-new money.

"We're calling on her," she said in answer to Deedee's interrogative eyebrow. "Of course it doesn't matter what Elmer thinks, but I'm just annoyed enough to want him to understand, when I cut him dead hereafter, that it's not because I don't like his mother."

A Japanese boy declined to admit them.

"NOT home. Nobody home." He tittered, as if he saw something subtly comic in the statement. Pauline found a card in her cigarette case. As they drove away, Deedee pointed out that Elmer Busey's car stood before the garage.

"He's staying home to make sure that she doesn't wander out and disgrace him!"

Pauline shrugged her shoulders.

"It doesn't matter. He knows we called on her. That's all I wanted to be sure about."

None of Mr. Busey's neighbors opposed his evident desire, during the three days of his mother's sojourn, to be regarded as invisible. Pauline Gavery, when he reappeared in the club car and approached her, did her best to maintain this supposititious invisibility. It proved difficult, however, to stare straight through two hundred pounds of Elmer, warm and brick-red and densely ignorant, besides, of his supposed transparency.

"I just wanted to say how much I appreciated your stopping in to call on my mother." He handkerchiefed a damp, brickish forehead. "I certainly did appreciate that a lot."

Pauline Gavery abandoned subtlety for forthrightness. There was about Mr. Busey that which induced in her a childlike directness that would have expressed itself most satisfactorily in the projection of her tongue.

"Mr. Busey," she told him in a voice like a glacial rivulet, "I must tell you quite plainly that I don't care to continue your acquaintance. I shall be obliged to you if you will refrain from speaking to me hereafter."

Pink eyebrows arched in pained inquiry. Pauline Gavery stooped to explain.

"We're pretty tolerant and easy-going at Chichester, Mr. Busey, but we draw the line at cheap, mean snobbery. The perfectly unpardonable way you behaved about your mother ——"

He nodded gloomily. "I was afraid there'd be somebody'd notice it," he said, "but, honestly, Mrs. Gavery, it was the best way to handle things. You got the wrong notion if you think I'm a snob. I'm not. 'Live and let live,' is what I say. You've seen me yourself, riding back and forth right in this car and never batting an eye when you ladies sit around here smoking and drinking and playing cards for money and putting paint and powder on your faces, but you don't know my ma, Mrs. Gavery. Why, if she just even suspicioned I was acquainted with any lady that'd act like that—gosh, Mrs. Gavery! Gosh!"

Lily of Gold, a new ana very rare introduction, pronounced by many authorities the greatest gladiolus of them all.

The Gladiolus for Color!

By Alvin C. Beal

Photographed in Natural Color by W. O. Floing

THE gladiolus is the most generally grown summer garden flower in America. This is due to the showy and stately character of the tall spikes of flowers which possess an almost unlimited range of colors in the most gorgeous patterns. Their long period of bloom and their unexcelled keeping qualities as cut flowers make them very popular. All these qualities together with their comparatively easy culture in every state in the Union has brought about their widespread use in the gardens of the wealthy, the more modest gardens of the well-to-do and in the humble plantings of the poor.

There are more than one hundred and sixty true species native of two widely separated regions of the world, Western Asia and Southern Europe, and South Africa. Fifteen species come from the former region and all of them are of low slender growth with few flowers on the spike. They are early flowering, more or less hardy and must be planted in the fall. Because of our severe winters we have not grown them very much in American gardens, but they have been used for forcing in greenhouses. They are very interesting and deserve more attention in the South and in the Pacific Coast states. The greater number of species come from South Africa, but of this large number only about one-third of the species have been grown in gardens or have been used in hybridization.

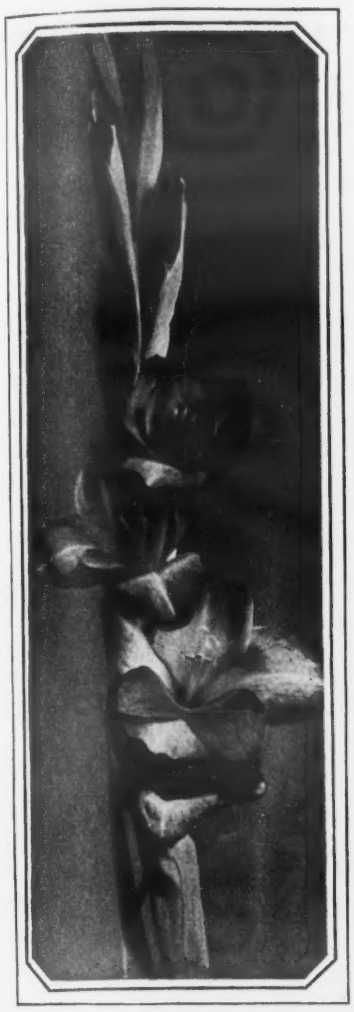
The history of the garden gladiolus really began with the Gandavensis type in 1841; and in its ascendancy over other types, in the number of horticultural varieties, and in the long period during which it dominated the gladiolus world it was comparable to the hybrid perpetual class of roses. Later the type originated by Max Leichtlin, of Baden-Baden, was brought to America and distributed as *Gladiolus childsi*. Through the hybridization of childsi with the best varieties of the other types there were produced the numerous large-flowered American varieties of the present day.

We must not forget, however, the influence of *Gladiolus primulinus*—Maid-of-the-Mist Gladiolus—in the development of present types. This latter species was first flowered at the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, England, in 1890, but did not attract much attention until 1905. Three years later it appeared in commercial catalogues in America and soon it became popular for its beautiful yellow color and its slender flexible stems. Measured by former standards, *G. primulinus* had one serious fault—that is, the pronounced hooded shape of the upper segment of the flower. This defect characterized the first varieties obtained from crosses with the large-flowered type. However, the hybridizers were rewarded

(Continued on Page 206)

A landscape variety should possess a short stocky spike and should remain in flower for as long a time as possible.

There are more than twenty-five hundred varieties sold by American dealers and it is difficult to select the best.



A wide selection of color is possible, as the gladiolus shown on these pages indicate. The most numerous colors are in shades of red and pink.

The price of a gladiolus depends on scarcity of stock. Lacinatus, in center of page, sold in 1924 for $1000 per corm. It is now very moderately priced, due to rapid multiplication.

Examples of the best work of such American breeders as Kunderd, Purple, Diener, Mrs. Austin, Fischer, Coleman, Salbach, Kemp, and Groff are shown on these pages.

PHOTO. BY SCAIONI, PARIS

Nicole Groult, sister of Paul Poiret, conceives garments only in terms of her own personality.

Behind the Seams

With the Women of Paris Who Dress the Women of the World

By JANET FLANNER

FOR women, Paris is the fashion arbiter of the world. American matrons, five thousand miles distant from the Rue Royale and perhaps even ignorant that it exists, are no less influenced by its dress decisions than brides in the immediate *banlieus* of the capital of France.

Twice a year international styles are stabilized by collections shown in the Parisian salons of certain dressmakers. Paris swarms with dressmakers of both sexes, but only a few dominate. Most of these few are women. They are the women who, no matter what they wear themselves, elect what other women shall wear. They are the Frenchwomen who, often not Parisiennes themselves, dominate all Parisiennes. They are, in short, the fashion leaders of the world—not the smart women who wear smart clothes, but the women who design the smart clothes for the smart women to wear.

At right—Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel, dominator of de luxe fashion.

What are they like, *ces grandes couturières?* Their names are mere satin labels to the public. What are the women themselves like? Do they dress well? Some do not. Do they frequent chic opera or theater? One prefers to go fishing. How did they arrive at the top of their profession? Largely by starting at the bottom with a needle in their hand. What is their appearance, what are their tastes? . . . These portraits and paragraphs, recently gathered in Paris, furnish a visible and verbal outline of certain characteristic French molders of the American form.

CHANEL, Parisian dominator of de luxe fashion, is a peasant from the Auvergne, a hill county of France. She dislikes society, has no small talk and still speaks urban French with a country accent. She is slender, is entering her forties, uses no make-up, her throat is tall, her head is small. She looks like a model swan. She was one of the first women to bob her hair. As it was never clipped short and is still worn to the same full length, she now has the air of being one of the first women to wear it long.

She opened her career as a milliner in one room of what is today her vast establishment in the Rue Cambon. She now owns a château in Normandy, a villa near Monte Carlo, where she never lives, and various other properties which she does not use. She is supposed to have made a fortune in Biarritz real estate. What she touches turns to gold. Or as the banking house of Rothschild more practically noted, anything she manages increases in value by 20 per cent.

In a mechanical age, she invented garments which were small mechanical perfections, regardless of who wore them, as an impeccable motor car remains impeccable no matter who rides inside. This was and is her stated ideal: That the flawlessly well-dressed woman is so well dressed that no one notices she is well dressed.

As a result, Chanel was denied entrance one night to the Casino at Cannes; the doorman claimed she was not sufficiently chic. When informed that she was the greatest couturière in Paris, he said: "Well, she doesn't look like it anyway." This must have been Chanel's greatest theoretic triumph.

She leads no public life and has therefore no public wardrobe. No one sees her except her friends—Jean Cocteau, the writer, and the artists Sert, Christian Bèrard and Picasso, who regards her as one of the few women in Europe worth knowing.

By day she wears the inevitable sweater, coat, skirt and hat, all beige. At night she wears those uncopiable simple black gowns she has perfected and which she unjustly calls her frocks for "*deux sous.*" Her jewels are illustrious. Around her throat she wears an armada of pearls, all Oriental and of all colors. On her wrists are chains of multicolored stones, all precious, and all, for her pleasure, set to look like imitations. Their air of being gewgaws satisfies her peasant instinct for gay trumpery which, to be perfect, she knows should at any rate look inexpensive.

None of her clients ever sees her, few of her employes know her even by sight. To those who work for her she remains invisible, a legend and therefore an occult influence.

In spring and autumn, when her biannual collections are being shown, she views the gowns from a secret staircase, peering at her success through the balustrades.

In working over a model she will make and destroy it fifty times, ripping, recutting, slashing until the mannequin retreats in a garment that looks like a war-shredded banner.

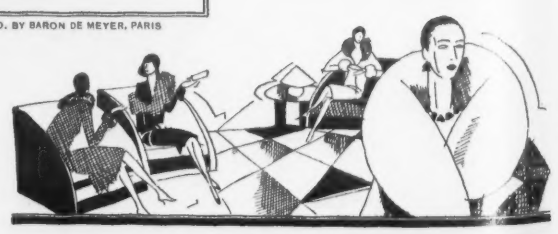
She expects what she considers her season's finest gown to be unappreciated by the public; she recently withdrew a scarlet-and-white evening gown immediately it was shown, before it had time to become unpopular.

Her sense of linear placement is as accurate as a marksman's who always hits the bull's-eye. She is a sharpshooter of taste. Her sense of design is remarkably equilibrized; even its ignorance is talented. Uninformed in Attic art, she designed excellent Greek costumes for Cocteau's play of Antigone. With a few pins and in a few minutes she corrected an actress' eighteenth-century costume which had just left the hands of two other dressmakers, both eighteenth-century experts. She is a highly developed individual, unencumbered by knowledge she has not lived, endowed with a talent for using her talents and energy.

She dislikes art, and all her friends are artists. She dislikes *le style*—that local timeliness which, in a chair, makes it Regency or Louis XIV, and the furnishings of her Faubourg-St.-Honoré mansion are all Louis XIV. She selected them because they are excellently constructed and because their royal ornateness reminds her of the merry-go-rounds at street fairs.

She likes boats, travel, solitude, is absent from Paris months on end salmon fishing in Scotland, where clothes, in their unimportance, are the color of heather and trees.

PHOTO. BY BARON DE MEYER, PARIS



She will have no successor; her house will fall into no other hands. When she retires, she says, she will lock the door of her Rue Cambon establishment and throw the key into the Seine.

NICOLE GROULT is perhaps the most worldly and native of the women dressmakers. She was born in Paris, which few of them ever are, of the excellent, liberal-minded family of Poiret and was daughter, therefore, to the intelligent, esteemed Veuve Poiret, sister to the great couturier Paul Poiret, who has been playwright, actor, painter besides, to Mme. Germaine Poiret, who has been poet and dressmaker, and to Madame Boivin, excellent designer of jewels.

Talent, professionalism and the Parisian viewpoint were therefore indigenous to her. Madame Groult enters her establishment in the Rue d'Anjou only after luncheon, like a woman naturally unaccustomed to being seen in public before noon.

Though she does not design all the models its mannequins wear, her taste dominates it, impedes it, aids it. Like her brother, Paul Poiret, she conceives garments only in terms of her own personality. Both believe that in previous incarnations they were Orientals, he a Persian, she an Egyptian, and both royal.

No woman, therefore, wears a Groult creation so well as Madame Groult, and quite justly. The gown was literally made for her. A woman of imagination, she ordains them, and later other women, equally fortunate, wear them. Legend says that half the collection exists because of the exigencies of her own social existence—the black waxed-silk gown was created because she needed it for a dinner, the blue frock because she was lunching *en ville*.

Yet one of the recent black-and-white silk summer frocks she wore was quite palpably pieced; it was her favorite garment, she had torn it, she wouldn't give it up long enough to have a new breadth inserted, and so wore it mended.

Four hours before a recent opera ball she discovered that she had no sympathetic black evening coat; her talented designer, Geoffroy, and some little sewing girls took a pair of old sleeves they found in a box, a shawl and needles. Madame Groult attended the ball in style wearing a handsome garment which was basted and not even lined.

She is a civilized and modern woman who likes the pleasure of spending the money she earns. She has a collection of shoes which runs into the half hundreds. In Cairo, where she spends her winters, in one morning she has bought a dozen pairs of mules in the souks.

But ordering clothes for herself, from herself, she finds dull. It lacks novelty, pleasure, commerce. It lacks elements which are stimulating in her life.

During past seasons in which Paris fashion has lowered the waist to what in any country is the hip, Madame Groult remained tactful but truculent. Her clothes continued to indicate the waistline at the waist—where Venus wore it as a girdle, warriors as a belt, cooks as an apron string, where, in fact, Nature placed it. A normal indented waistline is classically a sign of youth.

Madame Groult loves youth; she has clung to this demarcation as part of her passion. Her youthful tenderness for pink and blue when combined probably came from her long affection for the palette and personality of the painter Marie Laurencin, whose pink, blue and blessed damosels have affected a definite influence on modern French decoration.

After the birth of her last little girl, Madame Groult's household found her receiving in a perfect picture—in pink linen sheets, a pink *chemise de nuit*, and wearing turquoise earrings. On the pink pillow behind her head she had pinned a tremendous turquoise brooch. The gray *galuchat* walls surrounding her—gray is the third of the Laurencin gamut—were among the first of this beautiful modern material to be so used in Paris.

Once asked why she had become a dressmaker, Madame Groult replied that her individualism was so pronounced that she had suspected none but herself could properly dress her. Pressed to designate her greatest interest in life, she romantically answered, Romance. Asked for her favorite hobby, she answered, like most of the great couturières, jewels. Hers are handsome, personal and varied. She wears a great ivory-and-sapphire ring which is called Bel Œil; her favorite bracelet of diamonds is called Niagara.

Like her brother Paul Poiret she believes in astrology. The sun was in the midheavens at the moment of her birth, apparently a felicitous position. It seems to have favored Madame Groult, since she is well built, handsome, dark, is still in her thirties and still wakes each morning with laughter. She loves theaters, masked balls, likes the individual, dislikes the crowd, is just, loyal, quick in her perceptions, sincere and always late. She is one of the picturesque and personal figures of public and private Parisian life today.

IN THE past seventy-five years four British have dared to come to Paris to make clothes for Parisiennes. It is presumed that they did this rather than take up the profession of sending coals to Newcastle.

The first was Worth, originator of the present house, invited over by the Empress Eugénie—an invitation the Second Empire considered unnatural, unpatriotic and a scandal. The second was Lucille, the third was Capt. Edward Molyneux who has been a soldier, a painter and now makes women's clothes. The fourth is Elspeth Champcommunal.

A few seasons ago she came to Paris without a penny, rented a magnificent eighteenth-century mansion in the Rue Penthièvre, called on Picasso, invited his favorite pupil, the Spanish Pruna, to decorate the rooms, hired cutters, fitters, bought some needles and pins and opened her doors as a dressmaker.

In a twelvemonth she had done business that touched six figures, in two years had established her house as one of the most important small establishments in Paris and in three years had made a tennis frock for Suzanne Lenglen.

Before these victories she passed a peaceful childhood in Scotland as a preliminary to being a violinist in England, a sculptor in Paris. Her French husband, killed the first Monday of the war, was a member of the famous cubist painting group with Derain and Leger.

She was also a war nurse. She had a salon in Church Street in London, moved among the Bloomsbury intellectuals, decorated the house where the Sitwells still live, became the editor of a women's fashion magazine and took a vacation. Near a French hill town, famous for its silkworms and mulberry leaves, she saw a ruined château, cabled her resignation and stayed three years. One morning she looked in her purse and seeing nothing, came to Paris. It was the beginning of her present career.

PHOTO. BY SCAIONI, PARIS

Elspeth Champcommunal is an Englishwoman who came to Paris without a penny.

Madame Champcommunal lives alternately under three roofs, that of her dressmaking establishment, that of her country house, miles distant from the capital, and that of her *pied-à-terre*, a flat in Montparnasse which, it being a city dwelling and she being county English, she mistrusts, preferring life on the land.

In between the voyages necessary to such choice, she works not eight but sometimes ten hours a day. Being new to her profession and a sculptor, she does all her own designing. Many couturières design on paper. Madame Champcommunal works on the flesh, with pins and scissors instead of chisel. She usually adjusts a model to five different mannequins' coloring and form before she decides a gown is serviceable to a general public and capable of representing a composite taste.

She has designed as many as seventy new gowns in one month; she has created and seen made twenty new frocks for a Chicago bride, all within one week. But for months on end it appears that she is quite unable to design a frock for herself or get it made.

One spring her wardrobe consisted of a gray tailleur and two silk frocks, rain or shine. On rare nights out as dancing chaperon for her young daughter Chloe, Madame Champcommunal, who loves dancing and dislikes chaperoning, borrowed a model from her tallest mannequin. Had there been no tall mannequin, there might have been no nights out for the tall Madame Champcommunal.

By day she fancies the drooping largish hats always popular among her compatriots and, when she has time to have them made, the elegant printed-chiffon gowns known by Londoners as Ascot frocks.

(Continued on Page 175)

© LUIGI DIAZ, PHOTO PRESS, PARIS

Mme. Jeanne Lanvin, business woman extraordinary, dean of the great Paris dressmakers.

Mme. Louise Boulanger, the only noted couturière who sees and advises her clients.

PAINTED BY DUNAND—BACKGROUND IN EGGSHELLS APPLIED BY JAPANESE ARTISTS

STELLA, FASCINATED, HAD NOT TAKEN HER EYES FROM THE MIRROR DURING THE LAST HALF HOUR

Young Mrs. Greeley

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Illustrated by George Wright

THE William Greeleys have been protégés of the Henry Hedges. They hail from the same small town, they live in the same flashy apartment house, their livelihood comes from the same great industrial organization—National Kitchen Utensils. But when William is promoted to be factory manager—next to the Big Boss himself—Aurelia Hedge is stirred by unrest and jealousy, for William has far outstripped Henry, who seems destined to end his days in the same old groove.

Since Aurelia has always stood as pretty Stella Greeley's confidante and mentor, it is not difficult for her to implant suspicions in the younger woman's mind as to the possible dangerous effects of wealth and position upon Bill Greeley, hinting that he might even tire of his wife. Aurelia also warns Stella against Crystal Nelson, the efficient secretary to the factory manager, alleging that Bill's two predecessors in the job were forced by their wives to resign because of this woman.

Stella is the undoubted queen of the banquet given to celebrate Bill's promotion. Taking their cue from the Big Boss, Mr. Milton Cooper, all the speakers toast Stella, but all Bill can stammer is that he hopes to be a good manager. This arouses Stella's ire and she deliberately snubs Miss Nelson at the reception afterward. Aurelia further fans the flame of discontent by insisting that the Big Boss has fallen for Stella's charms, this being responsible for Bill's promotion rather than his abilities. Late that night Stella and Bill have words and she delivers an ultimatum that Crystal Nelson must go or she will leave him. At heart, however, she cannot understand her attitude of mind.

VIII

THIS puzzlement of Stella's was so far down within her that her consciousness of it was vague; it was so far down and so vague, indeed, that it needed a special stimulus to bring it upon the surface of her feeling. Such a stimulus, however, did make her almost definitely aware of that obscure bewilderment of hers on the following morning when, after an almost silent breakfast, William had departed and Columbine Watson had arrived. Columbine Watson was a young colored woman engaged to do the housework of the apartment in the mornings; Stella had thus indulged herself for the interval preceding removal to the new house. She had felt that not only would Columbine be a present convenience, but that in the direction of this servitress there might be useful practice in an unfamiliar art, knowledge of which the management of a house would soon demand of her. Her reproach to William that he made use of her to clean up the ashes of his friends' cheap cigars, therefore, might have appeared ill-founded, for it was Columbine who brushed into a dustpan what Mr. Hedge had thoughtlessly left upon the floor near the radiator; nevertheless, it was while the colored woman was so engaged that Stella again made the same complaint.

"I was too tired last night to sweep that up myself, Columbine," she said, and she went on, with a rueful little laugh, "I've swept up a good many piles of ashes for my husband and his friends in my time, though. I expect if all the ashes I've swept up for him could be gathered into one heap it'd make a mountain."

Columbine laughed sympathetically. "Yes'm. Yes'm, I spect so. You hadn't of ought to been sweepin' up no ashes, Miz Greeley. You got too pretty hands fer sweepin' up ole dirty cigar ashes."

Stella, at her dressing table, looked first at her hands and then at their reflection in the mirror. "Have I? These hands of mine have done a pretty good deal of hard work for my husband, Columbine." She sighed deeply. "Well, I've never complained; I've just gone ahead the best I knew how." Then she laughed sadly again. "Much it's been appreciated!"

Columbine was instantly prepared to agree with her. "No'm, I spect not. Look to me like mos' ladies gits mighty little 'preciation from the dear ones they loves bes'." She carried the ashes to a tin bucket, emptied them there, and began to wipe the wooden parts of the furniture with a rag. "Las' month I was helpin' houseclean fer Miz T. S. Williams, on Bellefontaine Boulevard. Her husban' jes' the same way, she tell me, Miz Greeley. Miz T. S. Williams say many's the time she jes' set and cry, her husban' behave' so mean. Way I look at it, it's in 'em, Miz Greeley. Yes'm, they jes' got it in 'em. I ain't hardly worked fer more'n jes' about two ladies in all my life that had husban's they had a real good word to say fer. Way I look at it, Miz Greeley, a husban' is a husban', and nothin' in the worl' ain't goin' to git that out of him. If a man ain't your husban', seems like he knows how to behave mighty nice; but the minute he gits to be your husban', why, he begin that very minute to be one. I tell you frankly, Miz Greeley, that's my own experience, and I thank the good heaven above us I've seen the kindly light never to git married no more. Anybody else want a husban', go on and take him; I see my salvation without any. It's a shame Mr. Greeley ain't talk nicer to you, Miz Greeley. You only got to look in that lookin'-glass to see why he ought to go down on his knees and give thanks every minute he's got such a wife!"

"I GUESS you're right about husbands, Columbine," Stella said. "They aren't very likely to be going down on their knees and giving thanks for anything like that. I expect mine would prob'ly be more apt to go down on his knees and give thanks if he could get rid of me."

Columbine uttered a little cry of sympathy and protest. "Miz Greeley! Why, I couldn' hardly believe what you tell me. How come Mr. Greeley use you so mean? What he been doin'?" Her eyes sparkled with interest. "He ain't never hit you, is he, Miz Greeley?"

"No," Stella said slowly, "he hasn't." And, to her own surprise, she added, "Not yet."

"Did he make like he was goin' to hit you, Miz Greeley?"

"No," Stella said, "it's not that I'm afraid of; but there are things a wife can suffer that are worse than being struck."

"Yes'm; indeed they can, indeed they can! My firs' husban' jes' like that, Miz Greeley. Tuck and call me names till I simply had to resist him; and he even brought false testimony agains' me in court on account of it. But I reckon Mr. Greeley ain't called you no names like what my firs' husban' called me, Miz Greeley."

"I don't know. I don't know," Stella said. "Did your first husband call you a crazy woman and a lunatic?"

"Miz Greeley! You don' mean to set there and tell me Mr. Greeley use' you like that?"

"Don't I?" Stella said; and, stirred by her recollection of this grievance, suddenly she sniffled.

"Miz Greeley! I declare my heart bleed' fer you; I declare it do. If you had'n' set there and tole me yourself I wouldn' never a-b'lieve' any man blessed enough to be your lifeways companion would let his wicked tongue belabor itself towards you like you tell me."

"NO," STELLA said desolately, "I don't suppose anyone would believe it unless they heard it. People see a woman going around wearing a smile, doing her best always to look cheerful, and they don't think what she may have to be bearing at home; they don't know what she goes through when she's alone with her husband, and what she has to stand from him." She sighed painfully, and wiped her eyes with a little handkerchief from her dressing table. "Well, I guess there's only one thing to do, and that is to bear it."

Her tone was pathetic, and even as she spoke she herself realized that it was intentionally so. Moreover, her realization that she was almost deliberately trying to evoke for herself the sympathy of this lowly but willing comrade in grief was what brought up to the surface of her feeling the puzzlement that lay so deep within her. Suddenly this puzzlement became acute; how had it come about that she was talking like this, trying to make her husband odious to even a chance passerby in their lives like this colored woman? Why had she been impelled to attack him last night, and why did she feel the impulse now to complain of him and to injure him? In the last depths of her heart that were left pellucid she did not believe that as a wife she stood in any danger from Miss Nelson. It was not jealousy she felt, but a kind of imitation of jealousy; as if such a mimicry of that passion had been a necessity, and she perceived, though only vaguely, that she had grasped at the imitation. After her glorious evening she had come down from Aurelia's room elated, triumphant, her imagination more than ever vibrant with the ballet spectacle in which she engaged in a dance of the utmost romantic possibility with the kingly and infatuated figure of Mr. Milton Cooper. Then, away from Aurelia's hilariously admiring and planful presence, and alone with William, she had felt that jealous anger with him, or that imitation of jealous anger, rising and rising; and now, as she talked to Columbine, she felt it still rising, even though somewhere within her a little of her knew that it was spurious. Nevertheless, she was acting upon its promptings and knew that she would continue so to act.

Nor in this prognostication was she mistaken. The outspoken sympathy of even Mrs. Columbine Watson had its effect: Hearing herself pitied by another, Stella pitied herself the more; her puzzlement withdrew from the surface and was accompanied out of sight by that curious sense of her jealousy's spuriousness, and she was again able, almost with conviction, to believe herself an ill-used woman. Going forth with Aurelia in the latter's sedan, she gave her friend a plaintive account of William's insulting words; but without mentioning anything of the circumstances that had provoked them.

Aurelia, however, was of a practical mind. "Had you been telling him you wouldn't stand for Miss Nelson?"

"Yes, I had. I told him either she'd go or I would!"

"Murder!" Aurelia laughed gayly. "What do you care?"

"What?"

"What do you care?" Aurelia repeated merrily. "The more he and Crystal Nelson get talked about, the better it'll be for everything else, the way I look at it. I haven't heard how much worse Mrs. Cooper's flu is; but suppose things did turn out so that it would be the best thing for you to get a cute little divorce pretty soon, why, don't you see, if everybody's talking about Bill and Miss Nelson ——"

"Can't you ever quit that?" Stella cried, and laughed excitedly. "You certainly are the worst cut-up!"

Aurelia was delighted. "We don't know where we're going," she sang, "but we're on our way!" Then her air became one of sympathetic concern. "All the same, I think Bill ought to be ashamed of himself for bawling you out the way he did last night. It was simply outrageous, and I think he ought to be made to feel it. I wouldn't blame you for telling the whole N. K. U. all about it."

THUS prompted, Stella again, and yet more keenly, felt the sting of her wrongs; she did not intend to tell the whole N. K. U. about them, as Aurelia suggested; but later in the day she was unable to resist an impulse to get a little sympathy from Mrs. Caples. The three ladies sat, supplied with sundaes and cakes, at a table in a confectioner's shop, and Mrs. Caples had just finished some warmly congratulatory remarks upon Stella's appearance at the banquet. Then she became a little arch.

"It was almost like being at a play in a theater," she said gayly. "For my part, I didn't need to hear what Mrs. Hedge told us about the orchids and all to see which way the wind was blowing. Every time Mr. Cooper looked at you—well, I guess we better not go into that! You certainly adorned your position, Mrs. Greeley. I'm sure you must be a very happy woman."

Stella murmured "Thank you," in a low voice, and looked away.

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HER INSTANT FEELING WAS THAT OF AN OVERWHELMING SUPERIORITY TO THE OTHER WOMEN PRESENT

"NO LIES, IF YOU PLEASE," THE FURIOUS LITTLE MAN REPLIED. "I GOT WIND OF IT HALF AN HOUR AGO; BEEN HUNTING FOR YOU EVER SINCE"

The Car of Cræsus

Broadcasting Annabelle

By ERNEST POOLE

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

"TODAY," said Claire Cobb, "you are going to meet Uncle Plinny Barnes, of Nebraska."

She had just come out of her hotel and had stepped into the front seat of the long chic town car she owned, by the side of the huge chauffeur in his faultless maroon livery.

He was Prince Ivan Borissovitch. Having lost all his property in the Russian Revolution, he had come to New York to start life over; here in time he had met Claire Cobb, a clever young widow from Chicago, and had at last persuaded her to buy on installments this gorgeous car, which they hired out at exorbitant rates to those adventurous New Yorkers who wished to create a temporary effect of being millionaires.

She was a demure and pretty young blonde, smartly dressed as a lady's maid; and the prince made a most impressive chauffeur. He was an enormous man, with ironic wide-set big black eyes. He turned on her a whimsical smile.

"Tell me about him, dear lady," he said. And on their way to the Grand Central his attractive young partner explained.

"I first met Uncle Plinny through his niece, Annabelle," she said. "In Chicago I knew her well. Annabelle Barnes had a wonderful voice, and as a young girl she used to sing at the radio station in her Uncle Plinny's store. It's a big store in a small town in Nebraska; her father is his partner there; they run the radio as an ad, and it has become the pride of their lives; so it was a blow when Annabelle went off to Chicago and later to Paris.

"She has studied abroad for about five years and is now back here in New York, in opera; but she hasn't had a single chance at anything but minor rôles, though she has been here since October. And her father and Uncle Plin have grown steadily more annoyed. Plinny came east a month ago and had a little talk with me."

"'WHAT tries my Christian patience,' he said, 'is this dog-in-the-manger policy. The fact that they won't let her sing in their picayune little opera house ain't hurting my feelings very much, for the future of music in this country is on God's free air, my dear. What I want is to build Annie's radio rep. And they've sewed her up with a contract that won't let her near a mike!' By which he meant a microphone.

"I tried to comfort him with the thought that the opera would give her a chance before the season ended. 'If they do,' he said, 'you wire me, and me and her father will come right on.' Well, the chance has come at last. She's to sing Mimi in La Bohème tonight. I wired her uncle, and here's his reply." And with a smile of relish, Claire Cobb read this telegram:

"GOD BLESS YOUR SOUL. NOW PLEASE STICK BY US. SEE TO HER COSTUMES AND SPARE NO EXPENSE. KINDLY RESERVE FOR NIGHT OF PERFORMANCE TWO HUNDRED SEATS AT OPERA AND DITTO BEDS FIRST-CLASS HOTELS FOR SELF AND PARTY WITHOUT FAIL. ENGAGE ALL RADIO TIME ON PURPLE NETWORK RADIO FROM FRIDAY NOON TO MIDNIGHT AND ALSO YOUR CAR WITH PRINCE CHAUFFEUR NONE TOO GOOD FOR ANNABELLE. MEET NEW YORK LIMITED FRIDAY MORNING FOR BUSY DAY.
"PLINNY BARNES."

The great black eyes of the Prince Borissovitch twinkled with anticipation. He asked, "And what does Annabelle say to this?"

"Oh, she doesn't like it much, and neither does the publicity man of the opera," Claire replied.

At the Grand Central she met them both. Annabelle was a plump, pretty little brunette who had quite a cosmopolitan air; her press agent, Bernardo, was an equally pretty and equally plump suave little man, with a tiny blond mustache.

"We've got to be mighty careful, my dear," he warned the prima donna, "or we'll have every music critic in town treating your debut as a farce. This is opera, not burlesque, and we can't pull any vulgarity here. What does your uncle want with all that time on the radio? If he thinks he can put you on the air he'll find he has made a big mistake!"

"He may want to do some broadcasting," suggested Claire, "on his own account."

"I know he will, I know he will!" the anxious prima donna cried. "Oh, Claire, I'm worried sick over this!"

"Why, Annabelle. Ashamed of your uncle? And of your own father too?"

"Not a bit of it! You know I'm not! I love them both—they're darlings! But they have their own ideas of publicity," wailed Annabelle; she fairly shivered at the thought. "And you've no idea how horrid these New York critics can be when amused!"

"They mustn't be!" Bernardo declared. "Your uncle has got to understand that the opera can't have a mob of hicks from the wilds making a joke of its affairs."

"Wait till you see them," murmured Claire Cobb. And a few minutes later, when from a whole special section of the Limited reserved for the party of Mr. Barnes a crowd of well-dressed, prosperous-looking men and women poured through the gate, she turned to the press agent with a smile. "Here are the hicks," she told him. Bernardo stared in pleased surprise.

"Why, these are people," he exclaimed, "that I can work with! This is fine! Where's Uncle Plinny?" he asked Claire.

"Right there, with his little brother Cliff."

AT THE head of his big party, quiet and easy and self-assured, shambled a lean, stoop-shouldered man, with a sober little one at his side. Annabelle had run forward to meet them; she fervently embraced them both and soon became the center of a vociferous crowd of old friends. Some of their voices had a twang that grated on Bernardo's ears; but they were dressed well, anyway, and he now saw a story in accord with operatic dignity here.

Suavely smiling, he pushed in, with a couple of newspapermen—only two, for he had notified only the least sensational members of the New York evening press. Introduced by Annabelle, he warmly extended his soft plump hand.

"I'm delighted to meet you, Mr. Barnes. The opera has commissioned me to welcome you all and to be at your service while you're in town, for any little things you need to make your visit comfortable."

Good-humoredly Uncle Plinny Barnes looked down at the little man and drawled, "Well now, that's mighty nice of you, Mr. Bernardo; we'll keep you in mind. But I guess we'll be pretty comfortable, thanks. We've brought forty thousand dollars to spend, and we're going back home by tomorrow's train."

As he spoke he seemed blandly oblivious of the two reporters listening; but when they came forward his whole long leathery face warmed up and a twinkle appeared in his pale blue eyes.

"Why, hello, boys, glad to see you. Meet my little brother Cliff, proud father of our prima donna, Annabelle Barnes, of Nebraska. We've come on to hear her sing tonight and tell the country how it feels to hear a real American girl in New York opera at last."

Genially answering questions, he led his big party out of the station; and at the Car of Crœsus he went on, in cordial tones, "'Spose you two fellahs get right into my niece's car with her and me. I'm go'n' to be pretty busy today, and this car will be my headquarters; so if you want any more for your stories I'll fill you up as we ride around." He waved his hand at the huge chauffeur. "This is Prince Boris of Russia, boys. We feel the best is none too good for our little prima donna. But where is Madame de Vivo?" he asked.

And when Claire Cobb, demure and chic in her costume of lady's maid, took her place beside the chauffeur he confided to the reporters, "French maid from Paree—a nice little thing. I can't speak her lingo, but she's been a mighty good chaperon to my niece. Now, Cliff, get taxis for our crowd and take 'em all to the hotel. Then meet me at the broadcasting station. And Mr. Bernardo, you hop in here and help me handle the New York press."

"Oh, I guess you don't need any help, Mr. Barnes." The suave little man was rapidly dismissing all anxiety. "I'd only suggest," he added, "that it might be a good idea to take the prima donna home. We don't want any excitement, you know; we want her to sing her best tonight."

"You betcha—and we'll see that she does. We want to handle this whole business in a way to give it a tone that will really help this girl's career."

"Exactly," Mr. Bernardo purred.

AS THE big car rolled out of the station the chauffeur remarked to the maid, "Your *enfant terrible* from the West is not so very wild, my dear." But Claire's eyes glittered.

"Give him time!"

"Well, gentlemen, fire away," Uncle Plinny was saying behind them.

"Where did your niece first sing, Mr. Barnes?"

"That's a pretty long story, boys, but I'll cut it short as I can. You see, my brother Cliff and I run a store out there in Nebraska. Not the little old general store of the past, where the neighbors got around the stove—no, we do a mail-order business with two hundred thousand customers in a neighborhood of a hundred miles.

"They all have cars, these neighbors of ours, and there's not a day when some of 'em don't drop in to see me at the store. But most of 'em are too busy for that, for business is booming, out our way; so about ten years ago, my brother Cliff rigged up a radio station at our place; and it's grown till it reaches a couple of million neighbors about every night, in a sociable family way. And that's where my niece began her career, when she was a little thing of fifteen. My stars, I can still remember you on Sunday evenings, Annabelle, singing Lead, Kindly Light."

"Yes, Uncle Plin," said Annabelle. But her voice sounded a bit faint, and both she and Mr. Bernardo began to be uneasy now.

As though noticing this, her Uncle Plin looked suddenly out of the window at the splendors of Fifth Avenue and added in a humble tone, "But, boys, how picayune it sounds compared to this great city of yours. By George, what shops, what women, what clothes! What evidence on every side of boundless wealth and culture here! You make all the rest of us look mighty small. I don't know what this country would do without New York to lead us on. And I tell you, Cliff and I will be mighty proud of our girl tonight!"

Mr. Bernardo was beaming again; but Annabelle still looked anxious. She knew him well.

"OH, UNCLE, darling," she murmured, "I'm proud of you, too, and I love you so. But you will be careful, won't you, dear? Remember those music critics tonight—they're not half so kind as these gentlemen here." Her uncle put one long arm around her.

"Just you leave it to me, little girl. I'll do nothing to rile those critics, my dear, for they live in a different world from mine, and they won't even know what I'm about. I'll talk to a bigger jury tonight, and I think I know what their verdict will be. Now have a good rest before the performance. Just drop all thought of us out of your head."

And they left her at her hotel considerably reassured. Then they went to a skyscraper not far from the opera house; and after leaving Bernardo and his two newspaper friends, Mr. Barnes took Claire with him into the building and went up to the broadcasting studio. They remained for nearly an hour, and then she came smiling down to the prince waiting in the car.

"Well," she announced, "Uncle Plin has begun! You should have seen how his manner changed when he'd shaken Bernardo off his trail! When we came into the studio he shook hands with announcers and engineers and said, 'Boys, this feels like home to me! I guess I'll leave my suitcase here! Now will somebody show me a telephone?' He then directed me to call up every newspaper in New York, even the loudest tabloid sheets. On the back of an old envelope Uncle Plin had a list of 'em all. 'Tell 'em that by a gross error,' he said, 'they weren't informed of our arrival. Tell 'em a little about us, my dear, and add that if they want to see me they can do so at City Hall—for I wired ahead to the mayor and have a date with him at noon.'

"Just what's to happen at City Hall I can't for the life of me make out. But whatever it is, it will go on the air, for Cliff has just gone down ahead with a radio engineer and a portable short-wave transmitter, to be ready to hook up to the Purple Network here."

The prince gave her a puzzled glance. "The Purple Network," she explained, "is one of the few big systems that hook up the entire country."

"Hook up? Hook up? What is that? What are they hooking the country for?" the bewildered Russian asked.

"For Annabelle," Claire Cobb replied. "He has begun broadcasting already! He started by advertising his store, as you heard him do an hour ago, and then told how he'd brought all Nebraska east to see that their state's own prima donna gets a square deal in New York tonight!"

The next moment Mr. Plinny Barnes shambled out of the building, with his teeth on a long cigar.

"Now, prince, if you don't mind," he said, "we'll go right down to City Hall. Does this smoke bother you?" he asked Claire.

"No, Uncle Plin."

"Then get in here with me," he replied. And as the car started he laid his hand kindly and anxiously on hers. "You didn't mind me calling you Madame de Vivo to those boys?" She smiled and gave his hand a squeeze.

"Of course I didn't," she answered. "It was just the line to take!"

HIS troubled expression quickly cleared. "I felt pretty sure you'd see it that way. They like things kind of Frenchy here, so we've got to supply it," he said. "We've all of us got to get behind our little girl and push her through. Now how about her costumes?"

"They're ravishing!"

"Good. You spared no expense?"

"No; two houses have been working day and night!" Again his big hand closed on hers.

"I knew I could count on you," he said. "And I may have to do so again before this shindig's over." Thoughtfully he wrinkled his brows over the smoke of his cigar. "Think you could get up a banquet for about two hundred tonight?"

Claire swallowed abruptly.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "In this business of ours I'm used to little things like that!"

"Fine. If it's needed I'll let you know. You might just set your mind on it now, while I do some thinking myself about what I'll say at City Hall."

On arriving there, they found little Cliff and the radio engineer setting up their microphones out on the steps. Quite a crowd of curious idlers had already gathered, and several newspapermen had arrived; and as Mr. Barnes went into the building one of them came to the car.

"What's the story?" he asked the chauffeur. The enormous face of Prince Borissovitch expressed complete bewilderment.

"They are hooking the country!" he explained. The pleased reporter chuckled at that and turned to the chic French lady's maid, who, speaking with a Paris accent, told him what he wished to know. Uncle Plinny then appeared on the steps with the dapper mayor of New York at his side. The crowd had grown to thousands now, but Mr. Plinny Barnes had time for only a perfunctory smile at these mere New Yorkers. He had a larger throng in mind; and coming close to the microphones he spoke to the millions in the West.

"WELL, friends," he drawled, "this is Plinny Barnes, broadcasting from the steps of City Hall in New York. Since I spoke to you an hour ago I've come down here to do my best for our little girl from Nebraska, who is singing the star rôle at the opera tonight. I've asked the mayor to give her a hand by being our guest at a banquet and coming with us to the show. He has kindly consented to that and is now right here at my side. So you see the city of New York is waking up at last to the fact that the West can suckle songsters as good as any across the sea.

"Our little girl trained over there, but she wants me to tell you she's glad to be home. Or if she isn't quite home as yet, at least she's on her way there. She's coming back to God's country, friends, and has already got as far as New York. She'd like to sing to you all tonight; and although the opera has sewed her up in a contract that won't let her near a mike I'm go'n' to see what I can do to work in a little democracy here. It seems only fair she should sing to you, for that was how she began her career.

"Many of you already know of Barnes and Barnes, of Nebraska. We do a mail-order business which I don't hesitate to say will soon cover the whole Middle West. Send for our catalogue some day. We run a radio station too. When Annabelle was a little thing she used to sing to you out

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WITH A BRAVE EFFORT HE FORCED BACK SOME SEMBLANCE OF HIS BLAND LITTLE SMILE, "I SHOULD SAY THAT THE PERSON TO ANSWER THAT IS THE ARTIST HERSELF"

Screens Discreetly Used

By CORNELIA CONGER

Photographs by W. O. Floing

HAVE you ever been shown through an apartment or house by a real-estate agent who did not exclaim with great pride, "Just see how well this opens up"? And as you are of course a very knowing person, haven't you always thought, "If only they would say instead, 'How well these rooms shut off'"? With all our delightful American comfort and luxury, isn't this precisely the quality our homes most lack—a sense of privacy, the allure of mystery, the repose of seclusion?

As it is probably impossible to expect our hospitable compatriots to keep their doors shut, we turn with gratitude to the screen. It comes as a godsend to supply all these missing qualities. Of useful articles of furniture, it is outstandingly the piece of greatest decorative possibility. It is a simple solution within the reach of every pocketbook, from the slimmest to the most extravagant.

Judging from the French word *paravent*, screens were originally used to shield us from that most dangerous of enemies in the Gallic mind—a *courant d'air*. Like the tapestries that hung on the walls and over the doors, ancient screens contrived to shut in the precious heat and to cut off the shivery blast. By the eighteenth century screens seem largely to belong to gay and intriguing comedies. You remember the famous scene in The School for Scandal, for instance? Indeed, brocaded rococo screens and rococo brocaded lovers were literally inseparable in those piquant and wicked days. It is not the least of its many virtues that the delightful perfume of its seductive past still clings tenaciously to its folds. Even our most puritanical old ladies, if indeed any such survive, highly enjoy spiciness that is sufficiently far in the past to assume an air of romance rather than of scandal.

How are we to use screens today? Obviously they have a classic place in the dining room to hide that old bugbear, the pantry. They are invaluable in the living room, which term includes drawing-room, "parlor," sitting room or library. If the fireplace is on the same wall as the entrance door, a screen placed at an angle to the door gives a sense of intimacy to the group around the fire. In a very long room screens are successful in breaking it into several smaller groups. A charming example of this is the drawing-room of a distinguished architect, where he has divided a fine old Coromandel screen in two and used half on either side of the room, opposite each other, leaving a wide passage between.

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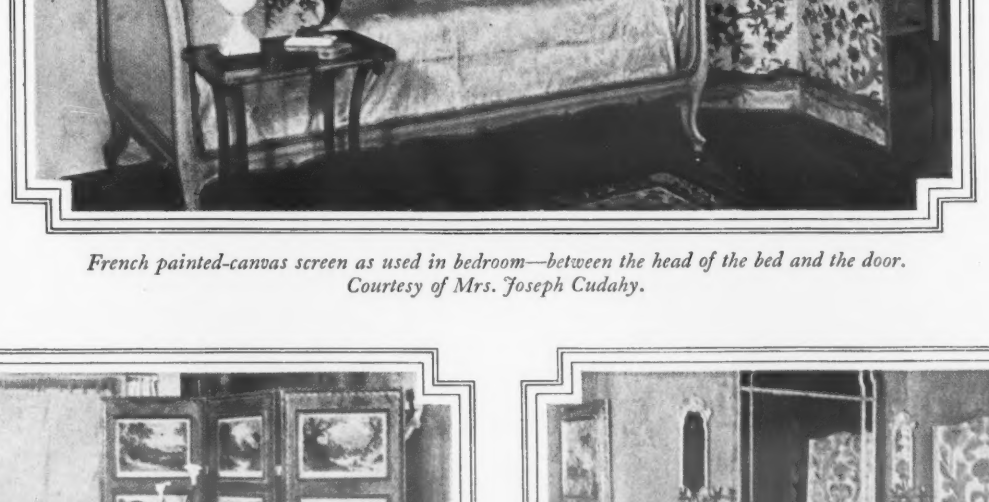


French painted-canvas screen as used in bedroom—between the head of the bed and the door. Courtesy of Mrs. Joseph Cudahy.

Effective use of a striking modern screen with applied prints: Chicago Woman's Exchange. Furniture: Mrs. Somerset Maugham.

Screen made of old embroidered panels, in a library—an invaluable aid to intimacy. Courtesy of Mrs. Somerset Maugham.

French painted-canvas screen as used in a dining room—to hide that old bugbear, the pantry. Courtesy of Mrs. Francis J. Johnson.

Adam screen with panels of old painted silk as used in a living room. Courtesy of Mrs. Robert Rutherford McCormick.

"S'long, Skippy!"

By PERCY CROSBY

Illustrated by the Author

THE new baseball uniforms had arrived at last, after days of impatient waiting. During the long delay Skippy and his Honeydales had spent every available moment on the railroad platform. The freight from each train was inspected thoroughly, and even crated bathtubs were pried until every board was loosened. Even passenger coaches were not free from the relentless search as the team scurried from one end to another, pausing to cast suspicious glances at everyone who carried a bundle; and Skippy received many umbrella pokes for lifting the lids of baskets. The gang seldom left the station, even going so far as to bring their lunches. As for Hecky, he ate all his meals there.

At the sound of a distant whistle all eyes were fixed on an advancing train; and hopeful glances were exchanged as it slowly chugged into the station. The baggage car was full of freight. After spending a week at the station they had learned that most of it would be dropped off at Morrisville. The team waited breathlessly as the baggage slid piece by piece from the cars. It seemed that pipes would never stop clanking on the wooden platform.

"Gee, we never used to get so much freight at this station before," said Skippy. "Only last year, remember, Barrelhead—when me 'n' you was studyin' engines?"

"Yeh. Then we only got farm tools, mostly."

"'N' not every train, either. Why, I never saw a bathtub without a house over it, before this year."

"Well, why don't other stations get more, I wonder," asked Barrelhead.

"They ain't got the money like we got," answered Skippy.

"I never seen any money in this town."

"Ya don't have to see it—do ya, Ray?"

"You betcha ya don't," agreed Ray.

"Why, Ray c'n go into Krausmeyer's 'n' order anything in the whole store, 'n' Krausmeyer knows they're good for it. Anything in the store! Ain't that so, Ray?"

"We ain't paid our bill in over a year, 'n' Krausmeyer never 's much as asks for it."

"Because he knows Ray's father is good for it—don't he, Ray?" asked Skippy.

"Well, how can Krausmeyer live if someone doesn't pay once in a while?"

"Ya mustn't forget that Mrs. Barkenteen pays cash. 'N' o' course we pay by the week," informed Skippy, "sometimes."

"MRS. BARKENTEEN told my mother that she went into Krausmeyer's one time, 'n' saw him countin' whole stacks o' yellow bills out of a safe. Yellow bills, mind ya," put in Barrelhead.

"I don't believe it," said Skippy, "because Gussie never got a cent from him. No, sir, not s'much as one little penny. 'N' one time I swiped a sandwich from her at school 'n' there wasn't nothin' between it."

"LAST LOOK!"

"Ya never told us that before."

"Well, because she told me not to—that's why," confessed Skippy.

As the long-awaited wooden box slid to the platform at last, the gang could scarcely believe their eyes. Commuters gazed with wonderment at the wild commotion that arose on the platform. Boys ran up and down, and around in circles, bunting one another in their excitement. Shouts filled the air. Everybody was talking at once. They started to rip a board from the box and were chased by the station agent; as soon as he returned to his telegraph instrument they clustered around again like flies swarming over a lump of sugar. Only the timely arrival of Jim Lovering had saved the box from immediate destruction. After a quiet word with the grateful station agent Jim had hoisted the precious box into his milk wagon and taken it into town, followed by the swarm of half-crazed boys.

The new uniforms when examined proved to be gorgeous beyond description. Even the wildest imagination had failed to picture such luxury. As the gang, freshly clad, repaired to the offices of the Honeydale Estates, Inc., that afternoon, they were especially loud in their praises of Mr. Prince.

"You could have knocked me dead," said Skippy, "when I seen all the letterin'. I thought we was only goin' to have 'Honeydales' on the shirt, and there Mr. Prince goes and spends all that extra money giving us a boosting talk."

"I got more on mine than any of ya," said Freddie.

"Turn around," said Skippy. "Let me see what yours says on the back." He read aloud: "$5 DOWN, $1 A MONTH —— Pull your pants up tight." Freddie squatted lower —— "BUYS A LOT IN HONEYDALE!"

"Let me read yours," said Freddie. "Turn around." He squinted at the back of Skippy's shirt and read the admonition there inscribed: "OWN YOUR OWN HOME."

"Do you want me to hoist my pants?" asked Skippy.

"No, I can read it," said Freddie. "WHY PAY RENT? Oh, look at all that Barrelhead has on him!"

They all read in chorus: "CALL US UP. TELEPHONE 6923-W MORRISVILLE."

"What does Somerset's suit say?" asked Barrelhead.

"He had egg for breakfast," murmured Skippy.

This passed unnoticed as they read: "HIGH LOCATION. FIVE MINUTES FROM STATION."

"Read mine," said Ray, and his team mates chorused: "SEE US BEFORE BUYING. WRITE FOR DETAILS."

"And look at all the stuff we've got on front of the shirts, too," said Skippy, sticking out his chest. They all followed his example. "HONEYDALE ESTATES, INC. And on our hats, too, it says: HONEYDALE ESTATES."

HECKY absorbed this scene at a distance. Little had he realized that suits could ever look so lovely. He would have given his right hand now to have a contract as official batsman. As he looked at the dazzling array of red letters on light-gray uniforms he was almost heart broken. He could not think of a single insult, and he decided to go home. Perhaps, with the help of his father, he could think of something sufficiently belittling.

As the team neared the realty office Skippy whispered to the players: "Now, don't forget. When I raise my hand we'll give the Honeydale shout." Skippy led the cheer:

"Rah, Rah, Rah! Sis, Boom, Bah! Honeydales Estates, Inc.!"

Mr. Prince came from the office beaming: "Well, I'm glad to see my little Honeydales have such fine spirit. That's the stuff, boys. Good old American pep. Who made up that yell?"

"Skippy did!" said Freddie.

"Well," said Mr. Prince, "I didn't know we had a Longfellow in our midst." Skippy blushed, for Longfellow was his favorite poet.

"Now, boys," continued Mr. Prince suavely, "I thought you would be pleased to hear that I have gotten a photographer to take your pictures."

"Gee, can you imagine?"

"Oh, Mr. Bradley!" called Mr. Prince. "Ho, Bradley!"

Mr. Bradley emerged from the realty office. "Yes, Mr. Prince?"

"Here are all my Honeydales in a body now," said Mr. Prince. "Did you ever see such a fine baseball team?"

"No, I must say I never did." The photographer stroked his chin contemplatively. "Ah, yes," he added, "I see they have brought two bats with them."

"Yes, sir, and we have a glove and a ball too," said Skippy.

"Now, boys," began Mr. Prince, "I have another surprise for you—a very great surprise. I want you to do all you can to make this picture an excellent one. Stick out your chests like real Honeydalers, because this photograph, mind you, your very picture"—he paused impressively—"is going to be used as the cover of the Honeydale Spring Catalogue."

FOR a moment all they could do was stand and gasp. Their pictures on the cover of the spring catalogue, and in their brand-new uniforms! It seemed almost unbelievable. Yet there was Mr. Prince; and the words had come from his very mouth. Skippy wanted to say something appropriate, but all he could do was gulp. The photographer broke the silence: "Now, Mr. Prince, if you'll just tell me where you want them grouped I'll snap them."

"Well, I was thinking. . . ." Mr. Prince felt the ends of his horizontal mustache with his thumb and forefinger. "Yes, I guess I'll have them in front of the realty office. Say, under that sign. What do you think, Mr. Bradley?"

"I can't think of a better place, Mr. Prince," agreed the photographer.

"All right, boys. Just gather around in front of that sign."

"This sign?" asked Somerset, pointing to the only one in sight:

BUY LOTS IN HONEYDALE
THE FASTEST GROWING DEVELOPMENT OF THE EAST.
FIVE DOLLARS DOWN MEANS
FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS A YEAR FROM NOW.

"Yes, that's the one," said Mr. Prince. "Now, my little Honeydales, make it snappy—a little American pep!"

They scrambled and clustered under the sign, pushing one another in their earnest desire to show Mr. Prince that they had plenty of American pep. The photographer stepped back and his eyes squinted at the group with the air of an old master. Cocking his head on the side, he sighted them

(Continued on Page 149)

"SOMERSET SAYS LIZZIE'LL MAKE A CAKE"

The center hall leads directly through the house to terrace.

This little house has a future because it was planned so it could grow up with the family.

Fireplace end of room eventually becoming dining room.

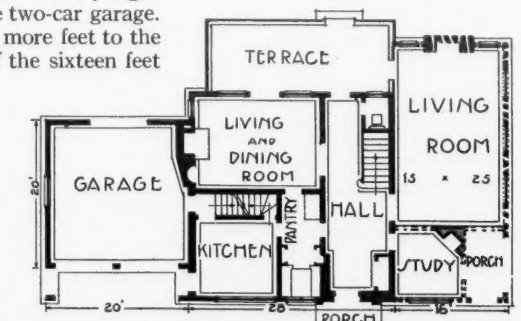
A Little House With a Future

By J. HAROLD HAWKINS

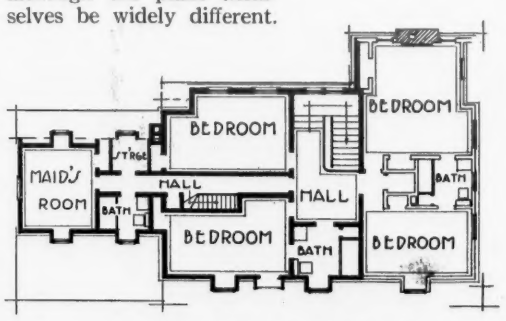
LILBURN L. WOODWORTH, *Architect*

CONFORMING with more or less rigid building restrictions previously imposed upon the district, this little cottage home stands about twenty-five feet back from the sidewalk. It is the home of Doctor and Mrs. Smith, young folks residing near the University of Michigan. In a more progressively restricted district there wouldn't be necessary this waste of lot room between the house and the street. I was about to say, waste of room in front of the house, but that would be wrong. For the house really faces its own back garden. The row of casements seen from the sidewalk are in the kitchen. The double-hung window with twelve lights is in the breakfast nook. The front door—which is paradoxically the back door, though facing the sidewalk—leads into a wide hall which beckons one straight to the so-called "back" door. This is wide and hospitable and hung on HL hinges. It opens to the terrace overlooking the garden. This apparent confusion of front and back doors is at once simplified by merely walking through the house and being convinced that never was the old floor-plan arrangement of our houses so conducive to such complete domestic enjoyment as this.

The little house is, at present, but twenty-eight feet wide—not counting, of course, the two-car garage. Some day there will be added sixteen more feet to the front façade. The downstairs part of the sixteen feet of the future will be devoted to a living room, a study, and a small corner porch. At that time the now living-dining room will be deprived of its hyphen and used for dining only. Could you step into the present room and see the paneled wall, the delightful little fireplace and the arched-top, open cupboard, you would readily understand how the coming enlargement, however improving, will be made with some regret. Yet larger families, fuller pocketbooks, more guests, all demand more rooms in one's house, and to meet this future need the architect of this cottage home has fully planned.



The plan follows the Journal's demand for service quarters to the front and living rooms to the rear.



The sixteen-foot addition will provide two fine bedrooms and bath in the future. Maid's quarters could be used for a nursery.

Although following many traditions of its interesting ancestors, there is at the same time, in this desirable house, a satisfactory mingling of new and old building materials that creates modern comfort with artistic design. Common, white-painted brick and large shingles are used for exterior wall coverings. Steel casements, wood casements and double-hung windows are all used harmoniously. The dormers are of matched boards. On the roof are wood shingles, stained green. Solid shutters swing on certain downstairs openings, but upstairs there are slatted blinds. Seldom has such harmony of materials been achieved.

Hidden Comforts

WHEN you build your modern home, regardless of its size or architecture there are at least a few things which ought to be common to all houses. Take insulation, for example. There are several types from which to choose, but choose one you should. The architect of this small house used a fiber board, which was nailed directly to the inside of the studding. And directly to the fiber board was applied the plaster. Consequently a small-size vapor heating plant adequately heats the house, and will also care for the future addition, if well insulated—as it certainly will be.

Dark oak floors go beautifully with the architecture of the Smiths' home. The woodwork is all of sap gum, painted a creamy white. In the kitchen and breakfast nook and pantry is a linoleum which is easy to walk upon. The two bathrooms are floored with tile; the maid's room in white tile, and the other is done in a delicate Dresden blue.

In all discussions of houses the subject of floor plan is paramount. Almost everyone has a different idea of the ideal arrangement of rooms. It is only natural that different families of different numbers, and often different standards of living, will demand different arrangements. Yet there are several factors that may be common to almost all floor plans, although the plans themselves be widely different.

For instance, one of the major defects of small-house designing where servants' quarters are included is that there is little or no room for adequate passageways between the several parts of the house. There should not be the necessity for servants to pass through, or in view of, the living quarters and front hall. The remedy, of course, is an additional flight of stairs. But to include this convenience in a small-house design seems to be—by the vast number of front-stairs-only houses on hand erected—a rather difficult thing to do. But the Smiths overcame this. This extra stairway is located where it should be—nearest the maid's room and leading down into the kitchen itself. This sort of planning, which makes the service units practically self-contained and apart from the rest of the house, will be found the most satisfactory of all. It is, of course, always possible to work out some such desirable plan in the large house, but seldom in small houses. In this little house, measuring approximately twenty-eight by twenty-nine feet, there are two stairways!

Furthermore, where a house has a combination living-dining room there should be a secluded place in which to eat, and adequate shelves and cupboards for the storage of dishes. Without a regulation dining room and its accompanying dish-holding furniture, these necessary crockery storage places must be provided. In the Smiths' house the capable and obliging architect found room not only for the needed breakfast nook but for a pantry as well! The extra eating place and the pantry are next-door neighbors—the handiest possible arrangement—and the dining room is reached by stepping right through the pantry. What could be better? And the noise of the kitchen is prevented from reaching the living-dining room by two walls.

Ideal Planning

THIS picking out of ideal characteristics for small homes, one after another, from this same little house, would seem to convict one of prejudice in its favor. You can see for yourself, right on the floor-plan sketches, the incentive for this enthusiasm. Notice the ideal location of the fireplace in the living-dining room. The nearest doorway to it is halfway across the room! Consequently fireside tranquillity will not be broken by the passage of anyone through doorways too close at hand. How often is a fireplace flanked by one, and sometimes even two doorways. How could one be expected to sit there with any feeling whatever of indefinite repose, when at any moment the door at his elbow might fly open and someone plunge rudely through the fireside peace? It is human nature, as well as dog nature, to seek a retiring corner where enemy attack must necessarily come from the front. The fireplace that fits itself the farthest away possible from doorways is, right there, in the best possible location.

An additional disadvantage in doors flanking the fireplace is the virtual impossibility of preventing drafts, especially floor drafts, from circulating around the fireplace area. They are at best an annoyance.

When it comes to appreciating the average plan for a small house, I must continue to point out a few more good features of this little house that I consider myself fortunate indeed to have discovered. There is the downstairs lavatory off the front hall. There is the nine-foot width of the hall, which makes its furnishing a delightful possibility. Halls usually are so narrow and so poorly lighted, especially in very little houses, that it is impossible to use them for any decorative notes at all. All that can be done with them is to accept their strict utilitarian purposes with resignation. They get you from one part of the house to another—but that is all! This wide hall, which will be a center hall "when the house grows up," follows all the generous tradition of the period it patterns. It can be furnished for comfort and generous hospitality. I thrill to the lack of any foundation-band encircling the house at its connection with the ground and raising it to ungraceful height. The adequate closet room throughout the house, including the storage spaces under the slanting roof, is a practical asset. The idea of connecting the main bathroom with both the upper hall and a bedroom as well is good. The satisfactory segregation of maid's quarters I cannot praise too highly. Then there is the big idea of providing for expansion later.

Illusion

By ARTHUR TRAIN

Illustrated by H.R.Ballinger

V

"YOU'RE welcome to her!" Eric sneered as he descended the steps of Jernigan's and climbed into his motor. "I'd guessed it already! Now I know how things stand." Carlee watched him drive away with a relief amounting almost to ecstasy. Fel was safe! Yet he had not himself in any way to thank for it. He had been a moral coward. The only mitigating circumstance was that he had not gone away with Hilda and deserted Fel entirely.

He climbed the stairs slowly. There was a crack of light under Fel's door, but he was too shamefaced to speak to her. A telegram addressed to him lay on the table in the sitting room:

CAN GET YOU INTERSTATE BAR ASSOCIATION BANQUET ATLANTIC CITY TOMORROW NIGHT THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS TELEPHONE FIRST THING TOMORROW MORNING
GUS

Well, why not? With the departure of the Schmittlaps from town there would be no more bridge worth playing. Three hundred dollars was unusually good money for a single date, and if he was to continue paying off Jernigan's creditors he must find work again. For a minute or two he hesitated before the lure of the road took full possession of him. It would be swell to be handling the pasteboards again. A change would do him good.

Already the life he had been leading had begun to lose some of its glitter. He still felt a stranger in the great houses which he frequented as an "extra man." He would never know their owners any better. Besides Hilda, he had made no real friends. What did these people amount to, anyway? He had found few of them entertaining or even intelligent. The men for the most part were shrewd, capable executives, dogmatic and assertive in their opinions, but singularly uninformed about anything except business and the stock market. Carlee had heard as much good talk on matters of general interest in Jernigan's sitting room as he had on Fifth Avenue.

THE same mood was on him the next day when the fresh April breeze buffeted him on the boardwalk and tore the breath from his lips. It was good to sniff the salt tang of the Atlantic and feel the spring sun hot upon his forehead, and many wondered who the tall Spanish-looking youth striding hatless through the crowd could be—a young South American millionaire? A royal duke traveling incognito? Or a head waiter from the Ritz?

He wondered a little about it himself. Who and what was he? Why did he feel such an exhilaration at finding himself among this milling crowd of utter strangers? Why his childish and trumpery satisfaction at the knowledge that he attracted the collective attention of men and women whom he would have found individually boorish and boring? Why did he care whether or not these stodgy, simple-minded people thought him wonderful or fascinating? Why this "kick" at the thought that presently he would be standing up, the focal point of a night with a thousand eyes, and making these vacationing burghers, their placid wives and simpering daughters, laugh at his patter and stare gaping at his sleight of hand? Why the thrill at his power to seduce their senses and lead them by the nose?

Showman! Showman! Was it not, after all, the same thing that old Schmittlap felt when he made a few magic passes, uttered his own peculiar abracadabra and hypnotized a gullible public into swallowing a new bond issue? What was the difference?

It was nearly two months now since he had experienced that curious lift that always came to him when he was about to appear before the footlights. He had it now, and it made him tingle. It always did! "Ladies and gentlemen ——!" He looked exultantly into the stream of faces as it flowed by. He'd make 'em sit up! Give 'em the thrill of their lives! It was a lot better than hanging around a bridge table taking money from a bunch of fat fools who to save their lives could not remember what cards were out and what were not. More fun to earn money than to win it!

The members of the Interstate Bar Association meet once a year to listen to learned papers on constitutional and other questions, to record their detestation of all things legally unethical, to exchange anecdotes concerning their professional brethren and to sample one another's Scotch.

The more solemn rituals of these pundits occupied the greater part of a week, the end of which was given over to general good-fellowship, and a grand banquet, entertainment and dance on Saturday night at which legal joy was unconfined. The nature of the entertainment varied. This year it was to be magic, but the magician engaged by the committee having fallen suddenly ill, its chairman had wired Mr. Augustus Bloomberg to send the best substitute available.

HE HAD HER MOVED INTO THE SITTING ROOM, WHERE SHE NOW LAY, LOOKING PALE BUT LOVELY

To divert the three hundred odd attorneys and their wives for an hour after dinner was the task for which Carlee was to receive three hundred dollars. The banquet was held in the dining room of one of the larger hotels.

Carlee, as usual, had laid out no definite program for the evening, but intended to trust more or less to luck. If you flopped on one trick you could switch to another. You had to get the feel of your audience before knowing what sort of trick you could put across. The only one he was really sure of doing was "The Astral Card." He would keep that until the last, for even if it flopped he could always pretend that it hadn't, and usually get away with it.

In the hotel lobby he ran into Mr. Isaacson, a pop-eyed bankruptcy attorney from Minneapolis, who was chairman of the entertainment committee.

"Ah, Mr. Tharp! Come and meet the president of our association, Mr. Dickinson! He'd like to know you. He's in the billiard room."

Carlee had already purchased at the cigar counter a fresh pack of cards for use later in the evening. Now, without knowing exactly why he did so, as he followed Isaacson across the lobby he tore off the wraps, riffled the cards and took out the ace of hearts.

Mr. Dickinson was a stout, ruddy gentleman with a shrewd gray eye and a broad convexity of white waistcoat which at that moment he was heavily resting upon the billiard table while sighting along his cue. As it was nearly six o'clock, and since the banquet at which he had to preside was scheduled for six-thirty, he had already arrayed himself in evening clothes. His dress coat was hanging on a chair.

"Excuse me, Mr. President," said Mr. Isaacson. "I want you to meet Mr. Nero, the famous magician."

Mr. Dickinson half-turned and nodded to Carlee without removing his stomach from the table.

"Glad to meet you!" he panted. "I ought to use the rack for this! See you later!"

He began sighting again. As there seemed no better use to which it could be put at the moment Carlee unostentatiously slipped the ace of hearts in the back pocket of Mr. Dickinson's trousers.

It was quarter after eleven, Judge Smith of Alabama had told his famous story about the "onery little yaller dog" that bit the right man in the wrong place, and the waiters had retired reproachfully jingling their collection baskets, when Mr. Isaacson, more pop-eyed than ever owing to the efficiency with which he had performed his duties, ascended the stage and introduced "Nero, the Necromancer, the Master Mind of Modern Mystery."

NOW that the Great Marco was dead no one, Carlee felt, had a better right to the title than himself, and with this apparently the audience fully agreed, for they greeted everything that he did with unrestrained approbation. It was just the audience to delight a magician's heart, an audience eager to be amused, prepared to be deceived and too comfortably replete to wish to know how the tricks were done. For an hour Carlee in his black-satin cape, his knee breeches and silk stockings, caught half dollars out of the air, vanished coins and handkerchiefs, threaded needles in his mouth amid terrorized screams from the ladies, tore up telephone books with his bare hands, and completely mystified the assembled legalists by the dexterity of his card manipulations. In the gallery sat President Dickinson at a special table with the executive committee of the association, and their wives and daughters. It was now after

(Continued on Page 70)

LADIES' HOME
JOURNAL
LORING A. SCHULER, EDITOR

Principles of Peace

IN HIS Armistice Day speech last November, former President Coolidge said:

> For the cause of peace the United States is adopting the only practical principles that have ever been proposed, of preparation, limitation and renunciation.

In explanation of these three fundamentals of peace, Mr. Coolidge has written for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL three articles, the first of which is published in this issue under the title, Promoting Peace Through Preparation for Defense.

Neither the pacifist nor the militarist will find support in these articles, but the mothers of America will take heart for the future in Mr. Coolidge's logical presentation of the steps by which the world is slowly learning that war is always a failure, even to the victors. "To condemn war in its entirety," he says, "it is not necessary to discuss it on moral grounds, as it stands as a complete failure economically."

It is a middle-of-the-road policy in armaments that Mr. Coolidge proposes, not only for the United States but for the whole world. "Two nations are less likely to reach a stage of armed conflict if each has a moderate but still fairly adequate system of national defense," he says. And again: "The forces required for adequate national defense should be large enough so that others would see that there would be a great deal of peril involved in attacking us. They should not be so large that our country would feel we would undergo no peril in attacking others."

If our preparation for war had been greater in 1917, "it seems probable," says the former President, "that our chance for peace would have been greater."

During his terms of office Mr. Coolidge has won great victories and he has suffered great disappointments in the cause of peace. The failure of the various international conferences for further limitation of navies, because of the stiff-necked attitude of various European nations, has grieved him. Passage by Congress of the cruiser bill was an Administration victory, though the insistence of the Senate that the new warships should be built immediately tempered its peaceful intent. Adoption of the Kellogg Multilateral Peace Treaty was the greatest triumph for peace during Mr. Coolidge's years in the White House.

Falteringly, step by step, the world moves toward renunciation of war as a national policy. Mr. Coolidge, with characteristic reticence, has omitted from his articles the part he personally has taken to guide those faltering steps, and yet history must give him credit for leading thought in the direction of nationally prepared peace.

Sigrid Undset

SELECTION of the Norwegian, Sigrid Undset, for the Nobel Prize is of peculiar interest to women. First, because she does not write as a woman; and second, because she does live as a woman. Both these facts must bring satisfaction to the heart of the feminist—the first because it indicates what she has long claimed, that there is no sex in brain work; the second because it seems to indicate that the life of woman, the full functioning of sex, does not prevent success in creative work.

Mrs. Undset's three-volume work, Kristin Lavransdatter, and her new tetralogy, The Master of Hestviken, which are assumed by many critics as responsible for her world-wide significance, are novels of the Middle Ages. In them Mrs. Undset writes of the men and women of a past and vanished epoch as if she lived among them and, what is more remarkable, as if her readers lived among them.

To present the drama of human souls against the medieval background so that we understand them as if we had met them yesterday in our own world, and to present the medieval background so that we forget it is different or strange to us, is an accomplishment of which any man would have been proud. Yet the author was a woman.

Mrs. Undset is the wife of the artist Anders Svarstad. She is the mother of four children. She lives in an ancient house in Lillehammer Valley which she has restored and furnished with genuine old Norse pieces. She has a remarkable collection of antique laces from Belgium and France. She wears the national costume of the Viking matron of the Middle Ages except when she goes to the city.

The fact that she can be wife, mother, home builder, housekeeper, collector, social reformer, thus paralleling in her interests those of the small-town matron, has of course nothing to do with her success in writing those masterpieces of literature, but the fact that she can and does do both ought to bring encouragement to other women in far places who itch to express themselves in creative work yet wish not to sacrifice the daily common joys of family life.

April

FOR most of the country April is planting time. It is time to dig, to set out roses, to sow seeds of flowers and vegetables, to uncover the perennial beds. Arbor Day demands a tree.

Gardening is an ever-changing adventure, for no real garden is ever finished. Was it a pink garden last summer? Then make it blue and white this year. Are you weary of formal beds? Try the modernist manner now. Would a certain shrub or tree look better somewhere else? You can move it safely. Try some of the new rock plants, or build a little water garden. The opportunities for change, for new effects, come with each April.

It is estimated by the American Association of Nurserymen that most home grounds are not much more than one-fifth planted. Yet every dollar spent for trees or shrubs or plants gives increasing pleasure summer after summer and multiplies itself in added value.

It takes more than a house to make a home, more than a yard to give that house a real background. And remember, in this month of April, that it isn't a home until it's planted.

Green Pastures

"I WISH," says the boy, "that I were a man so that . . ." and his wish trails off into many dreams. He would be a bold, bad pirate, a soldier of fortune, an adventurer over the face of the earth. In young manhood the impulse usually expresses itself in a desire "to get out of this town," and seek distant green pastures.

"I wish . . ." and little Sister dreams of the day when she can turn her restless feet toward the gayety of the Great Town.

'Twas ever thus. Youth, ambition—and you have eagerness to taste, to touch, to try the mysteries of the world about us. Eagerness to be in the fray! For distant fields are always greenest.

But the green pastures are beside us, too—as they were in the days of David. We are beside them now, if we but stop to look. These very pastures are greener to someone "over yonder slope." For happiness is not a matter of geography, but of viewpoint. And wherever we go, the same old hobgoblins will be with us. We must look within ourselves and not beyond the horizon. As Lincoln observed: "There is no better place to begin than right where you are."

This Corruptible

By ELINOR WYLIE

Illustrated by Francis Scott Bradford

THE Body, long oppressed
And pierced, then prayed for rest,
(Being but apprenticed to the other Powers);
And kneeling in that place
Implored the thrust of grace
Which makes the dust lie level with the flowers.

Then did that fellowship
Of three the Body strip;
Beheld his wounds, and none among them mortal;
The Mind severe and cool;
The Heart still half a fool;
The fine-spun Soul, a beam of sun can startle.

These three, a thousand years
Had made adventurers
Amid all villainies the earth can offer,
Applied them to resolve
From the universal gulph
What pangs the poor material flesh may suffer.

"This is a pretty pass;
To hear the growing grass
Complain; the clay cry out to be translated;
Will not this grosser stuff
Receive reward enough
If stabled after labouring, and baited?"

Thus spoke the Mind in scorn.
The Heart, which had outworn
The Body, and was weary of its fashion,
Preferring to be dressed
In skin of bird or beast,
Replied more softly, in a feigned compassion:

"Anatomy most strange
Crying to chop and change;
Inferior copy of a higher image;
While I, the noble guest,
Sick of your second-best,
Sigh for embroidered archangelic plumage:

"For shame, thou fustian cloak!"
And then the Spirit spoke;
Within the void it swung securely tethered
By strings composed of cloud;
It spoke both low and loud
Above a storm no lesser star had weathered.

"O lodging for the night!
O house of my delight!
O lovely hovel builded for my pleasure!
Dear tenement of clay,
Endure another day
As coffin sweetly fitted to my measure.

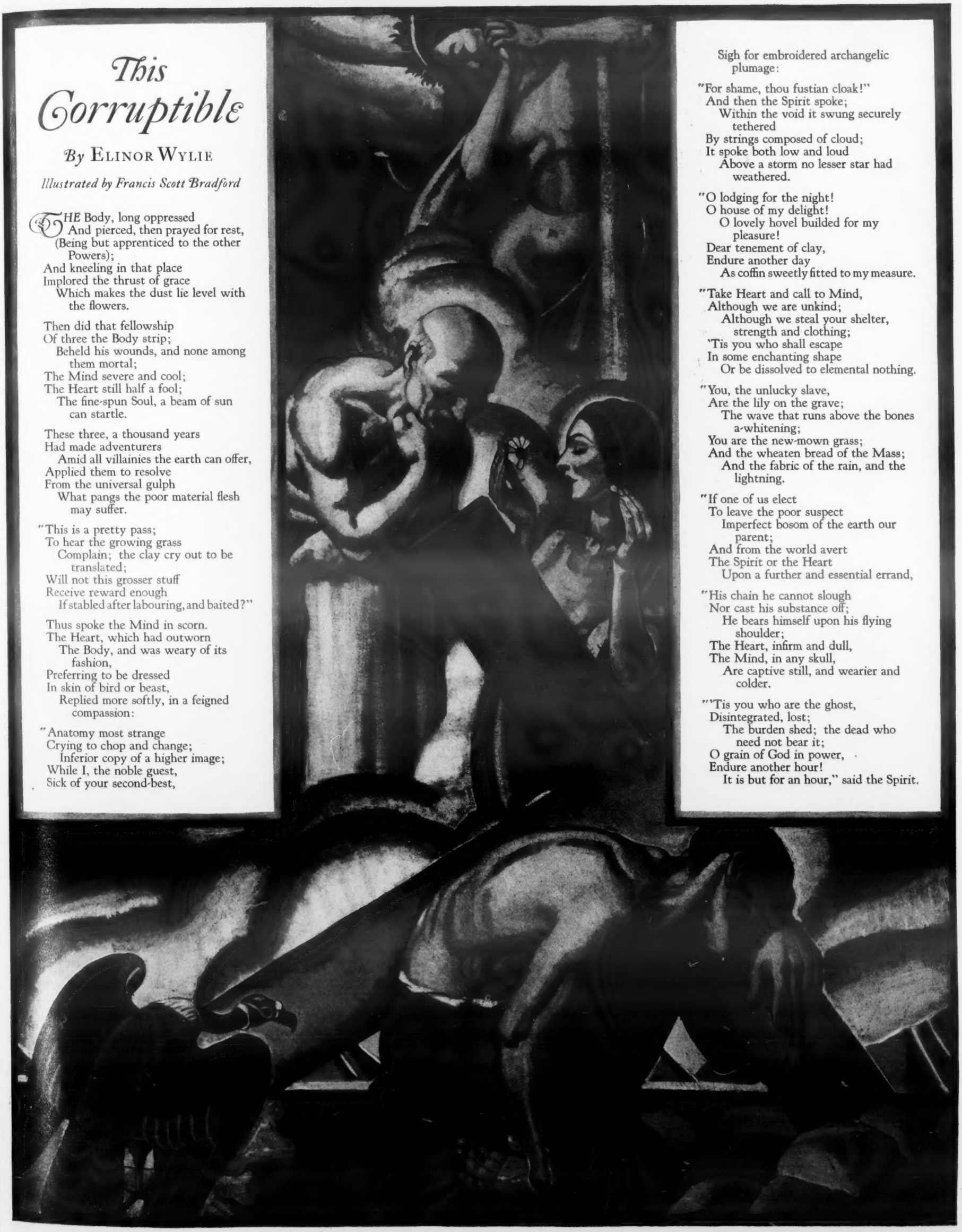
"Take Heart and call to Mind,
Although we are unkind;
Although we steal your shelter, strength and clothing;
'Tis you who shall escape
In some enchanting shape
Or be dissolved to elemental nothing.

"You, the unlucky slave,
Are the lily on the grave;
The wave that runs above the bones a-whitening;
You are the new-mown grass;
And the wheaten bread of the Mass;
And the fabric of the rain, and the lightning.

"If one of us elect
To leave the poor suspect
Imperfect bosom of the earth our parent;
And from the world avert
The Spirit or the Heart
Upon a further and essential errand,

"His chain he cannot slough
Nor cast his substance off;
He bears himself upon his flying shoulder;
The Heart, infirm and dull,
The Mind, in any skull,
Are captive still, and wearier and colder.

"'Tis you who are the ghost,
Disintegrated, lost;
The burden shed; the dead who need not bear it;
O grain of God in power,
Endure another hour!
It is but for an hour," said the Spirit.



Chic Spring Costumes

From Important

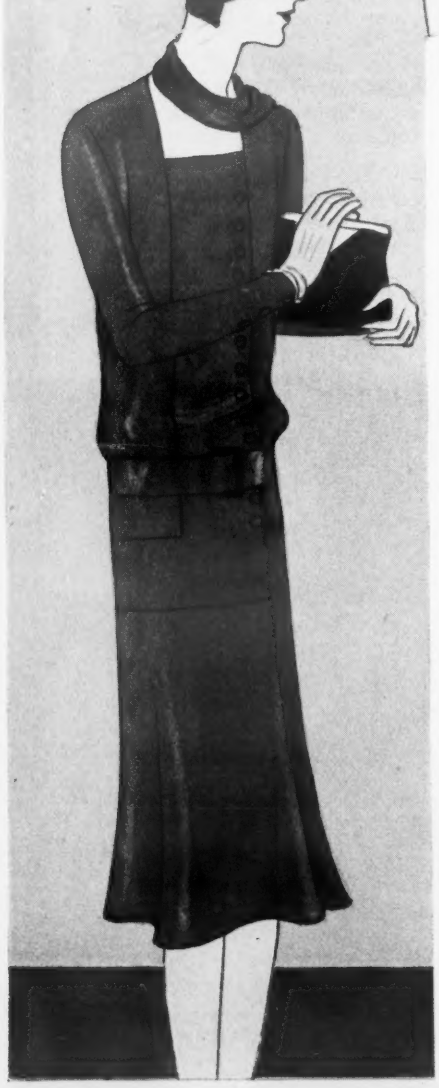
TAKE a suggestion for your spring wardrobe from this little Redfern suit, "Coquette," Design No. 1085. It consists of a one-piece dress and a short coat made in a light-weight navy-blue wool and trimmed with bands of crêpe de chine in pale green. The jacket may be seen in the tiny sketch below. The skirt is pleated in front and plain in back. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 40. "Chipette," No. 1069, was also designed by Redfern, to be made up in royal-blue silk with a white vest. It would be equally charming in a printed silk with matching vest and collar. It has the becoming bolero-jacket effect in the front of the blouse, a pleated skirt, and two bands forming a tight-fitting belt over the hips. The sleeves have a very interesting shirred effect, caught with buttons below the elbow. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

Nicole Groult has designed "Mitsou," No. 1077, as an afternoon frock and has suggested that it be made of black crêpe de chine with a lining of royal blue that shows at the side of the front panel, which is fastened by a row of silver buttons. The blouse fits snugly around the hips, and the skirt flares softly at the hem. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 44. "Londres," Design No. 1021, also designed by Madame Groult, is a very sophisticated street dress with straight, simple lines. It is cut in one piece, with a circular godet on one side, and would be suitably made in either wool or heavy silk. The only trimmings are the diagonal lines of the cross-over blouse and the hipline, which ends on one side in a bow. Designed for ages 16 and 18, and for sizes 34 to 42. Also from Nicole Groult comes "Corona," No. 1023, a coat frock of dark brown crêpe de chine with scalloped bands of lighter brown for trimming. This one-piece frock is very simple in line, with its cross-over blouse which fastens in a bow at the left side. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 44.

The ensemble of frock and matching coat has achieved wide vogue, and it is being developed in very interesting printed silks and woolens for

Redfern Creation
1085

Redfern Creation
1069



Nicole Groult Creation
1077

Nicole Groult Creation
1021

Nicole Groult Creation
1023

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Les Authentiques Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents.

Reflecting the Mode

French Houses

spring and summer. The coat is usually lined with the material of the dress, and may be hip length, three-quarter or full length.

Joseph Paquin's "Vert Galant," Design No. 1097, one of the very smartest versions of the ensemble, is in green crêpe de chine combined with green-figured foulard. The blouse is made of figured silk, and the inverted pleats in the skirt make it flare a little at the bottom. The coat is straight and simple, with a collar of figured silk. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42.

Maison Drecoll-Beer created the ensemble, Design No. 1095, and named it appropriately "Smart." Rows of stitching extend in scallops to the narrow belt of this two-piece frock. A touch of truly Parisian chic is the monogram embroidered on the yoke of the blouse. It would be ever so chic made up in navy blue silk or satin with a white satin blouse. This model was designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42.

Design No. 1073, Premet's "Rien de Mieux," is an afternoon dress planned for any soft material. It is shown here in silk dotted with velvet spots, but the French designer suggests that it could be made effectively in any supple material like fancy silk, crêpe de chine, or mousseline de soie. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38. "Canelle," Design No. 1099, also from the house of Premet, is a dress and a three-quarter-length coat made in cinnamon-colored moire. It is a straight-fitting cross-over model fastened with a silk bow, and the skirt is edged with a deep ruffle. The jacket also has a ruffle at the hem and at the cuffs, and the scarf collar ties in a bow at one shoulder. This smart ensemble is designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 40.

Joseph Paquin's "Golf," Design No. 1101, is a charming version of the popular two-piece sports suit. The one-piece dress, made of plain and dotted silk, is worn with a short sleeveless jacket. The diagonal lines of the bands applied on the blouse, and the stitched pleats in the skirt, give the frock a very jaunty air. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

Joseph Paquin Creation 1097

Drecoll-Beer Creation 1095

Premet Creation 1099

Premet Creation 1073

Joseph Paquin Creation 1101

Marian Blynn

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Les Authentiques Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents.

Redfern Creation 1071 | *Renée Creation* 1057 | *Renée Creation* 1063 | *Renée Creation* 1059 | *Renée Creation* 1061

Notes on Planning the Spring Wardrobe

SPRING—new clothes are fairly in the air—and the woman who does her shopping under the spell of spring weather in April but still wants to be smart in May and June will do well to resist the temptation to dash madly out and buy a new hat, whether she needs it or not, until she has planned her whole spring wardrobe very carefully.

Consider very carefully first what you already have; make a list. Make another list of what must be added to it. Next read reports of what is being worn in Paris and what is particularly good for spring. Then consider your own characteristics. Despite the mode of the "little-girl" dress, forswear it once and for all if it is not your type. Next plan your colors. Notice what's being worn, but don't choose the popular colors if they don't suit you. Be sure that in all your plans you ask yourself, "Does it express me, my mode of life, my temperament? Will it emphasize my good points and minimize my less fortunate ones?" Consider also, in planning your colors, the old things with which the new are to be combined. The scheme of combining one vivid color with neutral ones for a wardrobe is still economical in the matter of accessories, and accomplishes chic in the end.

And then, when you have planned your wardrobe, the impulse to seek new clothes can be obeyed—coats first, then dresses, then hats, shoes, hose, gloves, and accessories such as handbags and jewelry. These frocks which come from Paris carry an authentic cachet of French chic. Designed in the great dressmaking houses of Paris, they permit you to select the most becoming and fitting expression of the new mode as easily as though you were selecting your new wardrobe in Paris. And by bringing these authentic styles to you, they bridge that difficulty which so many of us find when we have mastered what is smart and have set out to find it. These authentic French patterns eliminate the long and tiring hours of trying to find in patterns or ready-to-wear costumes what one has learned in the Parisian reports is very new and very chic.

Take, for instance, the Redfern dress, Design No. 1071, with its plain blouse and V neck, and circular sections set in the skirt, arched in the back and flared at the hem. Designed for ages 18 and 20, and for sizes 36 to 40. This frock, as well as the others shown above, is a charming example of the afternoon dress that is a requisite part of every woman's spring wardrobe. Design No. 1057, from Renée, has a new neck line and an unusually interesting skirt treatment. The girdle and long panel are in one piece, scalloped at the hem, and are used with very chic effect with the jagged line of the skirt. Designed for ages 18 and 20, and for sizes 36 to 40.

The diagonal neck line, the intricate melon-shaped sleeves, and the bands that are appliquéd on the blouse and allowed to hang loose in two tiers at the sides of the skirt, are interesting details of Design No. 1063, from Renée. It is designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38. Design No. 1059, also from Renée, has a narrow yoke, cut diagonally at the neck and extending around the armholes. This pointed yoke is repeated at the waistline, and the skirt is cut in godets that hang in irregular lengths at the hem. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 40. The dress at the right, Design No. 1061, also a Renée creation, has a new neck line and very unusual skirt treatment. Narrow inverted pleats are combined with pointed and scalloped godets. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 40.

All these designs have been tested for accuracy and have been made up in muslin to insure exactness in measurements. A photograph of Design No. 1061, in the original muslin, from the house of Renée is shown on page 43.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Les Authentiques Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price 65 cents each.

The Campbell's Soups
I send to you
Will make you happy
Through and through!

Children especially require healthful vegetable foods!

"Yes," you may very well say, "I know my children should eat plenty of vegetables, but I wish you could see the time I have getting them to do it! What one of them likes, the others don't. And every last one of them has one eye cocked on the dessert!"

❦ ❦ ❦ ❦

Just you try Campbell's Vegetable Soup. It'll be off the plates without your having to say a word! And all the while the children will be eating fifteen different vegetables in the one soup. They'll tell you they love it, and even come back for more.

There is a special reason why Campbell's Vegetable Soup is so good for growing children. Not only does it contain all the best garden vegetables, but these are prepared in a way that insures giving their greatest benefit.

❦ ❦ ❦ ❦

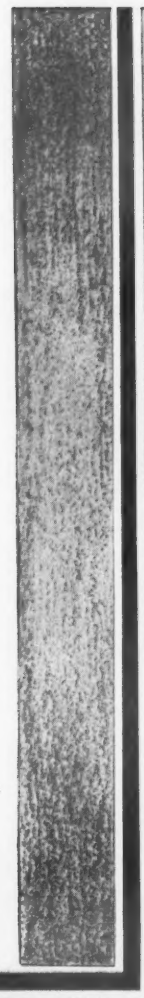
As vegetables are often cooked, much of the valuable mineral salts is absorbed in the cooking water and this is then thrown away. In soup this is, of course, retained. Since Campbell's Vegetable Soup is so exceptionally rich in vegetables, you can see why it is so healthful, with the full vegetable strength saved in each plateful.

For the school children's luncheon or supper, Campbell's Vegetable Soup combines all the wholesome invigoration of a hot soup with a wonderful variety of vegetables that no other food supplies.

❦ ❦ ❦ ❦

You just add an equal quantity of water to Campbell's Vegetable Soup, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for a few minutes. Think of the great convenience of that! All Campbell's Soups are just as easy to prepare. Read the list of 21 different soups printed on the label and vary your menus with selections from them. 12 cents a can.

AS A MEAL OR WITH THE MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET



Dœuillet-Doucet Creation
1081

Premet Creation
1065

Premet Creation
1067

Dœuillet-Doucet Creation
1075

Dœuillet-Doucet Creation
1079

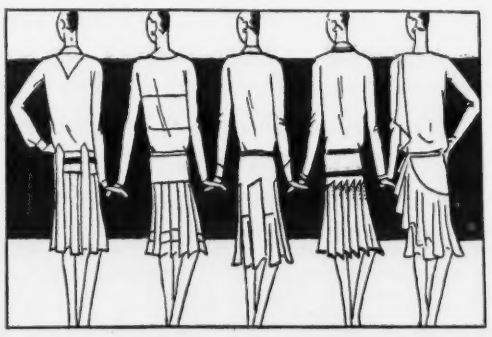
Simple Daytime Frocks

For Morning and Afternoon

NOTICE these five new models and see how much alike they are in the striking notes of the day. All the skirts are full. They have been made almost invisibly so by inverted pleats, folded godets, or half pleats which have been pressed flat to preserve the svelte clear-cut silhouette of the figure. All the hips are bound tightly with belts or bands and the sleeves are all long and tight fitting. These similarities of style are the chic tendencies of the season, and so when choosing your street frocks for warm weather be guided by these simple demands of fashion.

The materials that are used for the gowns shown above are, for instance, in Design No. 1081, from Dœuillet-Doucet, a very fine wool material in a jersey weave with a three-shaded diamond pattern in soft gray. The belt is made in a darker gray suède and the gilet and collar are made in a heavy quality of white crêpe marocain. The model has been designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42. The hat worn with this frock is from Patou, made in black Bangkok, bound and trimmed with black satin ribbon, and with interesting cut-outs over the ears.

The two-piece sport dress, Design No. 1065, is made in crêpe georgette in two tones of green. This gown comes from Premet, and the red silk hearts appliquéd on the blouse are the raison d'être for its name, *Je t'aurai peut-être*. It was designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 44. With this costume is worn an enchanting little turban from Lewis, in crocheted straw, with its flat sides drawn closely over the ears.



Design No. 1067 is another Premet creation, made in heavy crêpe marocain in a checked pattern resembling wool. It has been suggested in black and white or red and white, making the vest and cuffs in a plain material of the same heavy crêpe. The belt of suède should be worn in either black or red, according to the color of the check in the fabric, and the stitching on the vest should correspond in color to the belt. It is designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42. This figure is crowned with a Reboux hat, a *chapeau de paille* made in natural-colored Bangkok.

Design No. 1075 comes from Dœuillet-Doucet and is made in red jersey. It is chicly tailored and is trimmed in a darker shade of red. It is an excellent model for the college campus or for shopping and has been designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42. Also from Dœuillet-Doucet comes Design No. 1079, a charming *robe d'après-midi* in satin crêpe. It has a draped neckline derived from the scarf that is fastened at one shoulder, one end of which hangs down the back, and the other is caught across the front. The circular flounce is straight across the front and runs up in the back to the waistline, ending in a soft flare at the side. It is designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Les Authentiques Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents.

It is not enough to be beautiful . . .

One must be *smartly* beautiful Today

And that new
facial *smartness . . . clear,*
radiant—above all, natural
. . . is so easily achieved
in this delightful, new way

LOOK about you. Hats . . . snug—revealing. Frocks . . . clinging—sophisticated, with neck-lines severe and unadorned. All designed, it seems, to make the face the most important part of the smart ensemble.

And this mode for simplicity—is it not largely responsible for the naturally lovely complexions one sees everywhere, the flawless skin texture so conspicuously noticeable among well-groomed women?

Today, more than ever before, women, with their intimate knowledge of skin care, realize that if the complexion is to be kept naturally beautiful, then the skin must be always exquisitely clean. Which is why so many of them make the new Complete Woodbury *Facial* a regular part of their beauty routine.

For this new treatment—which delightfully combines the use of Woodbury's Facial Soap with the Woodbury Creams—does more than cleanse the surface of the skin. It penetrates down into the very pore-depths—awakens, stimulates the skin—leaves it translucently clear, glowing, ready to meet the eyes of an appraising world.

SUCH a simple treatment, too. For which you need only Woodbury's Cold Cream—soothing and caressing—to soften and dissolve the dust particles that lurk deep down in the pores. Woodbury's Facial Soap, with its bland, foamy lather to wash every vestige of soiled cream from the pore-depths. Woodbury's Facial Cream—greaseless and refreshing—to tone up the skin to a velvety softness.

Follow the three steps faithfully. You will be astonished at the immediate improvement in your complexion! And such a sense of exhilaration—such a healthy glow—such a feeling of absolute skin-cleanliness! This because the Woodbury's Creams are made especially to work in harmony with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

© 1929, The Andrew Jergens Company

First, to thoroughly open the pores, use a cloth wrung from hot water. Then cover the face and neck with Woodbury's Cold Cream, massaging it well into the skin with an upward and outward movement. With searching thoroughness it penetrates every tiny pore—softening and dissolving the embedded dust and dirt particles.

Next remove the surplus cream with a soft cloth or cleansing tissue. Then wash the face and neck with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Work the creamy lather well into your skin to remove from the pores every vestige of soiled cream. Now a warm water rinse, and a dash of cold water—or use a piece of ice wrapped in one thickness of cloth. Immediately your skin will feel stimulated, awakened, glowing.

Your drug store or toilet goods counter can supply you with the new Complete Woodbury *Facial.* Or, let us send you a trial set, containing enough of the soap and creams for seven generous treatments, also one of the new Tressettes, an ingenious band that holds your hair back while you are creaming your face. Give yourself a Complete Woodbury *Facial* every day for a week. After that, a *Facial* once or twice a week (with Woodbury's Facial Soap in between times, as directed in the booklet around every cake) will keep your skin soft, clear and clean. Write today for your trial set, enclosing 25c in stamps or coin.

Finally, with your fingertips, apply Woodbury's Facial Cream. Cooling and greaseless, it supplies just the right amount of natural moisture, without clogging the pores—giving that soft, velvety texture so much desired. The Complete Woodbury Facial *is only a matter of minutes—make it a regular part of your beauty routine and yours will always be the natural beauty of "A skin you love to touch!"*

Just mail the coupon for your generous trial set

THE ANDREW JERGENS COMPANY
1807 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 25c (stamps or coin) please send me the Seven Day Trial Set of the new Complete Woodbury *Facial*, and a Tressette.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1807 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

Joseph Paquin Creation 1089

Drecoll-Beer Creation 1087

Redfern Creation 1093

Drecoll-Beer Creation 1083

Joseph Paquin Creation 1103

Seymour

Five Parisian Frocks for Shopping and Tea

HERE are five charming models chosen from some of the leading dressmakers of Paris and created for any age and occasion. "Les Charmettes," at the left, Design No. 1089, is developed by Joseph Paquin in one of the new printed silks. The long bodice fits in princess fashion and the skirt, made in tiers of circular flounces bound in contrasting velvet, hangs long in the back. The front of the blouse is cut in V shape over an inset chemisette, and is trimmed with rows of hemstitched openwork. This frock is most suitable to wear in the afternoon or for summer evenings and would be particularly charming made up in flowered chiffon edged in a deeper shade of the printed design. It might be made in dark taffeta or silk for the street. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Redfern has designed "Robe Cocorico," No. 1093, with his usual simplicity and skill. It is made in heavy silk crêpe and trimmed with a contrasting color for street wear. Its becoming crossover blouse fastens at the side with a button, and the cartridge pleats gathered below the belt on the right side give fullness and ease to the skirt. This attractive gown is designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 40.

Design No. 1087 is a Drecoll-Beer creation by the name of "Sourire." It is beautifully cut and has decided chic. The blouse is made in light blue crêpe de chine and the skirt is of darker blue satin. One's imagination plays with unlimited combinations of entrancing colors, such as black and white, black and pink, two shades of green, old rose, purple or beige, or one might use the daring combination of black and canary for making up this frock. The blouse consists of flat ruffles cut on the bias and mounted in tiers. They curve in the back and are brought up in a point to the neckline in the front. The skirt fits snugly over the hips and the inverted pleats make it flare slightly at the hem. The long, tight sleeves end in bell cuffs that fall softly over the wrists. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

Drecoll-Beer also designed "La Feuille," No. 1083, a very distinctive street frock, crossed over in front and fastened at the hip with two large buttons. The broad band at the waistline fastens over in a point and the skirt is slightly flared. The blouse and side of the skirt are edged in contrasting material that is narrow at the neck, cut disk shape at the girdle and pointed at the hem. The sleeves are open at the wrist, trimmed with the contrasting material, and fastened with buttons. The name of the gown suggests green and brown for the color scheme, but it would also be very smart in navy blue silk trimmed with white crêpe de chine. It is suitable for summer wear and would be charming in green, rose, yellow or lavender linen trimmed with white linen or piqué. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 44.

The Joseph Paquin frock at the right, Design No. 1103, is a one-piece tunic fastened at the waist with an unusual buckle. The skirt is finely pleated across the hips and is left open in front and back, revealing the underskirt. Rows of tucks run diagonally up the front of the blouse from the waistline. The straight underslip is made of figured silk very tightly pleated. This dress was originally made up in royal blue crêpe de chine with an underslip of white chiffon dotted in red and blue. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

Three chic little hats are shown on the central figures. The beret at the left is cut straight across the forehead, and boasts a little fullness in the crown. The figure in the center wears a felt helmet trimmed with narrow, stitched bands of silk. The brim of the Bangkok at the right flares softly at the sides and is cut up sharply in the front.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Les Authentiques Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents.

1 Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing is the first step in Pond's Method. Spread lavishly with quick caressing upward and outward strokes. The fine oils sink down to the very depths of your pores, softening and loosening dust and dirt.

2 Pond's Cleansing Tissues are the new way to remove cold cream, gently, completely. And such an economy of towels and laundry! Thistledown soft, safe for sensitive skin—the second delightful step.

3 Pond's Skin Freshener is the third step in Pond's Method. Always use it after your cold cream cleansing. A fragrant tonic and mild astringent, it banishes oiliness; closes the pores; tones, firms the skin, leaving it fresh as a rose.

4 Pond's Vanishing Cream is the finishing touch, the happy ending of Pond's Method. Apply the daintiest bit before you powder. It protects your skin and gives it pearly lustre, and makes your powder cling.

Among many beautiful women who use Pond's four products are:

The Countess Howe
(who was Viscountess Curzon)
Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.
Lady Louis Mountbatten
La Marquise de Polignac
Mrs. Ogden H. Hammond
Lady Lavery

Pond's 4 delicious Aids to Swift clean Beauty of Skin

SWIFT, CLEAN-CUT, runs the modern rhythm. Young, clean of line is the modern silhouette. Alert and beautiful are modern faces—eyes bright with zest of life, clear skin kept firm and young with modern care.

Pond's famous Method is the open secret of the meticulous grooming of skin that modern life exacts, yet must achieve upon the wing.

No time? No matter!

Pond's four simple steps, once fixed in habit, are swift yet scientific in the precision of their effect.

Pond's four delicious aids to beauty are the utmost modern science can offer in exquisite fineness, in amazing efficacy.

Light and pure, Pond's Cold Cream cleanses your skin immaculately, and Pond's new Tissues, soft, absorbent, remove the cream with welcome economy of laundry and towels.

Pond's Freshener is a delightful new discovery to keep your skin fresh and young looking, and a touch of Pond's delicious Vanishing Cream makes your powder cling for hours.

Chic and beautiful women everywhere use these famous four products in their daily régime for home treatment of the skin. They owe their lovely, clear, smooth, fresh complexions to these four simple steps.

FOLLOW POND'S METHOD: *One!* Cleanse thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream . . . *Two!* Wipe away cream and dirt with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues . . . *Three!* Close pores, tone, firm the skin with Pond's new Freshener, banishing oiliness . . . *Four!* Smooth on a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection.

Give your skin this complete care as often as you need it through the day. At bedtime thoroughly cleanse with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues. Try this swift, sure Method!

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 exquisite preparations

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When an Entrance Hall dares to be *Different*...

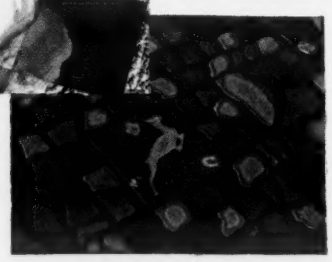
It becomes a bright introduction to every room in the house

THE moment you open your door to guests, their eyes take in your entrance hall. Does it speak well of your home-planning skill? Does it add a cheery warmth to your own friendly handclasp?

Space may be small. Openings to other rooms may take up much of the wall space. Yet there's still plenty of room for eye-appealing beauty if you but give the floor its chance.

You can make it glow with a golden marble effect in Armstrong's Linoleum—one of the new designs first introduced this year. Perhaps a bolder black and white block, a textured flagstone Embossed Inlaid, or one of the exotic modern motifs would add that touch of originality you seek when you plan your decoration.

Telltale stains won't mar this new Armstrong Floor design, an inexpensive De Luxe Marble Inlaid, No. 13012. Its surface is Accolac Processed.



Right—One of the new designs in Embossed Inlaid Linoleum, No. 6102. Freely textured. Colors go clear through to the burlap back.

Just to see these new Armstrong Floor designs now showing at good department, furniture, and linoleum stores near your home will start you imagining, planning, doing rooms that win the full admiration of your friends.

From fond fancy to fact is but a short span. A few hours, and your new Armstrong Floor is installed—permanently cemented in place over a cushioning lining of builders' deadening felt—built in to fit your room . . . a charming, cheerful introduction to your home.

You'll soon discover happy housekeeping virtues, too. Your new Armstrong Floor won't water-spot. Careless feet may track in mud—it wipes right up. For the surface is now protected by the new Accolac Process.

This Accolac Processed surface needs no constant cleaning care—merely a light waxing and polishing. Even in kitchens and other rooms where dirt is constantly tracked in, your floor-cleaning is now made quick and easy. Just go over such floors occasionally with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

Don't you just want to peep into all the other rooms when you see this most unusual entrance hall? How interestingly it whispers of home-planning skill! Much of its brightness, its welcoming warmth, is contributed by the golden-hued floor—a Handmade Marble Inlaid, No. 65 —one of the newest designs in Armstrong's Linoleum Floors.

"*New Ideas in Home Decoration*," the latest book by Hazel Dell Brown, will suggest many simple ways for transforming your entrance hall—or any room in your house. It brings you a simple method for planning correct yet distinctly original room schemes. It also tells you how you can secure the author's personal help and advice. If you would dare to be different when you decorate, write for this color-illustrated guide. Sent for 10¢ to cover mailing costs. (Canada, 20¢.)

Address your request to Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 916 Mary Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

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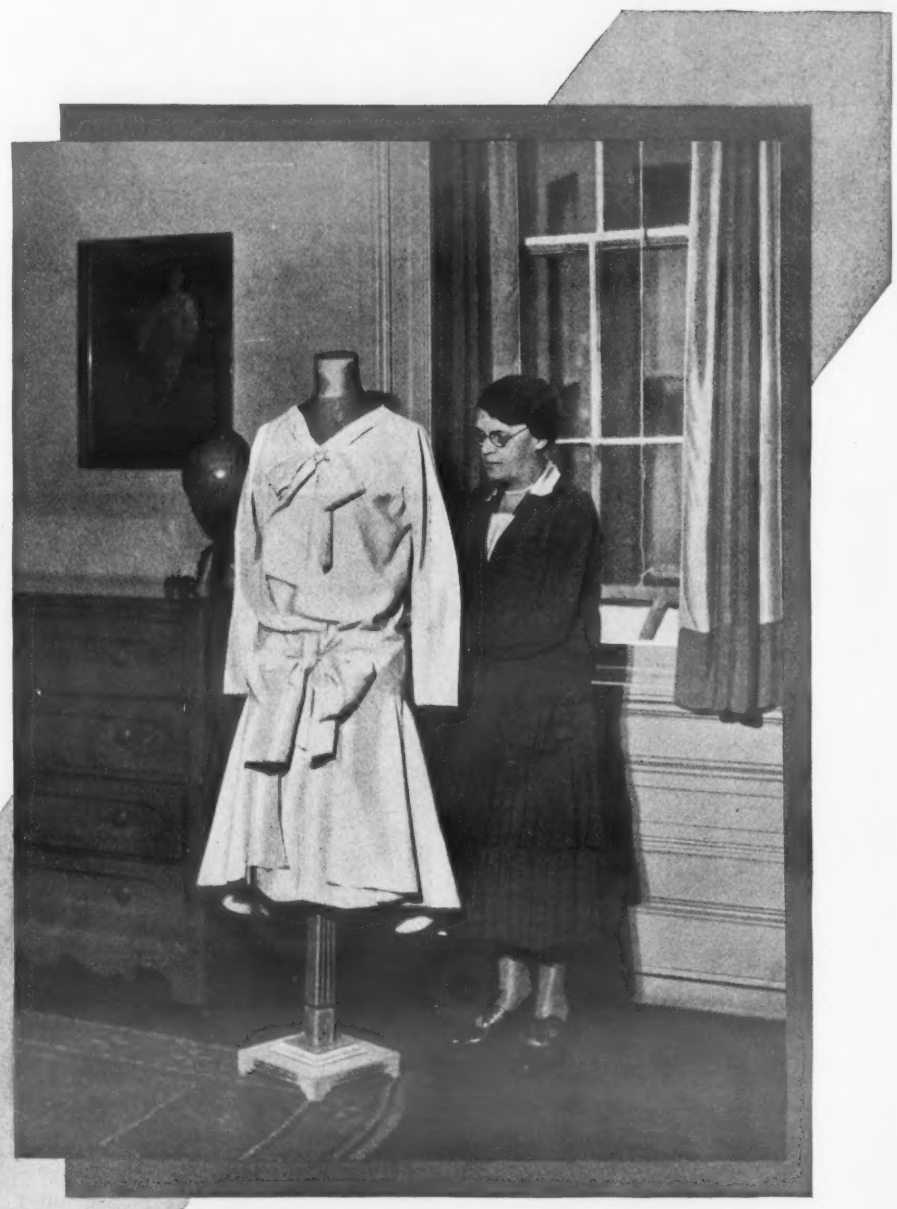
for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · PRINTED · · ARABESQ · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

Tested!

SPRING preparations for wardrobes—you've fixed what really is the current mode firmly in mind, considered the color demands of your type and wardrobe in relation to what's being worn, and selected the French design which, coming straight from the ateliers of the great Paris dressmakers, brings to you authentic expression of this mode. Then comes the question of material. Your fabric is perhaps expensive, colorful, beautifully woven. It lies before you, and as you look from it to the pattern that you've bought to guide you in making the dress, the horrible thought assails you: "Suppose I don't get this cut quite right? Suppose I cut into the material and ruin it? Suppose the pattern isn't right? Perhaps I'd better take it to the dressmaker after all."

Because it is our desire not only to give the readers of the JOURNAL authentic, truly Parisian fashions, but to make the reproduction of these French models practical and easy, we have protected you as much as is in our power. One pattern from each design is made up in muslin and is completely finished to make sure that measurements, fabric requirements and cutting directions are correct, and that instructions are clear. On the right of this page the photograph shows a dressmaker fitting a muslin which she has just made from one of the French patterns to a dress form for which the pattern was carefully chosen in size. The photograph in the lower left-hand corner shows this same muslin and another muslin made from a French pattern, worn by two models. The sketches



Photographs by Dooner

show the patterns developed in soft silks, the final step in the test. This is as far as we can go. Follow the directions carefully and you can't go wrong.

Of course, in measurements the question of the ideal and the variations from the ideal must be considered. Before you buy a pattern, or at least before you cut into one, measure yourself very carefully—or better still, have someone else take the measurements. Then compare your measurements very carefully with this chart of ideal or normal measurements, by which, as is obvious, patterns must be cut.

Bust	32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44
Waist	27, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38
Hips	35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47½

Your bust measure may be a 36, but your hips larger than 39. We are none of us absolutely perfect in all our proportions. Having found out where you differ, allow for these variations in cutting.

Another help is a correctly sized dressmakers' form. Made-to-measure ones are very expensive, and you can have just as helpful a form very inexpensively. Buy an inexpensive dress form and pad it to correspond to your measurements. Not only your measurements must be considered, but also your contours. Are you a little more round-shouldered than the dress form? Is your chest high or deep and low? If your hip girth is larger than that of the form, just where is it larger—front, back or on the sides—or is it well distributed? If you first find out all the facts that you need in remodeling your dress form by carefully measuring yourself, you are certain to be much more successful in making your dresses fit.

Miss Rose Baird, an authority on dressmaking, has prepared some directions for bringing the dress form up to your own measurements. If you are interested in reading this article, it will be sent to you upon receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope, by the Fashion Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Four girls speak out in meeting about complexions

And these famous skin specialists agree with them

FOUR of us were attending what business men call a "conference"—four girls and six men.

One of us is tall and slim and cool. She is an authority on fashions. Another is small and soft, but such a tiny dynamo of energy that her husband calls her "Little Tug-boat." Another is an artist, who always looks dressed for tea at the Ritz. And the fourth—well, she has a warm voice and a quick smile and a generous ear for everybody's problems.

What were we doing in the meeting? We were there to represent *you*, because the largest soapmakers in the world, The Procter & Gamble Company, realize that men often don't quite understand what women feel about things. So they called us in to advise them.

What the men thought

Camay, their wonderful new soap, was at last in nearly all the stores and they were ready to talk to you about it in the magazines you like best to read.

There were lots of opinions—there always are in these meetings. But, as sometimes happens, the men and women didn't agree.

One man wanted to tell you about the 10 long years of experimenting it took them to make this really new *kind* of soap. Another was sure you should know about the new process they had discovered to make the world's finest soap oils even finer. Still another thought you'd surely want to hear about Camay's delicate perfume that is pressed from living flowers when they blossom on their sunny French hillsides.

But long ago I'd fallen in love with this lovely new Camay for a very different reason. Also I'd been talking to a lot of girls about it—friends, casual acquaintances, even complete strangers. And I knew

that what I had found so marvelous about Camay was the one thing these girls most especially wanted to know:

Will Camay help me keep my skin fresh and lovely and outdoor-looking?

My idea

So I spoke out in meeting for you—at considerable length, if I remember rightly! And the other three girls backed me up. Finally, after a lot of discussion, these men said, "Well, Miss Chase, we believe you girls are right." Then I *did* have an idea!

A few days later I went to the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States, himself one of the best-known skin specialists in the country.

He was most sympathetic with Procter & Gamble's desire to give you a complexion soap of the proper quality—that would give your skin the *right* kind of care to keep it fresh and clear and lovely. He agreed to have Camay analyzed for me, and to test it thoroughly in use.

But he really did much more! He sent copies of Camay's analysis to the dermatologists whom he regards as outstanding in their profession today and asked them to examine it and test Camay, too. Most of these doctors are the heads of the department of dermatology in the leading universities and hospitals of the country.

Why leading dermatologists approve Camay

And now I am very happy to tell you that because these skin specialists approved Camay's formula and the gentle way Camay cleanses even the most delicate feminine skins, they have given Camay their unanimous approval.

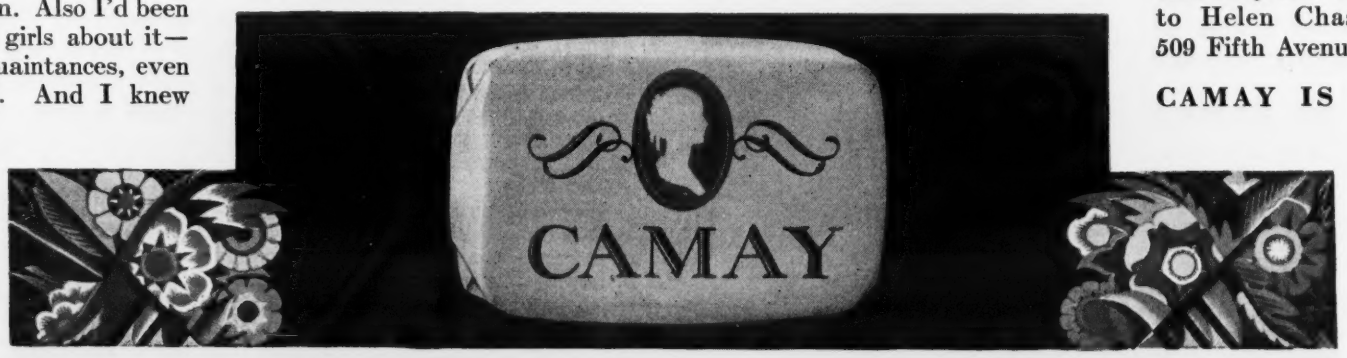
So every time you cleanse your face with Camay's velvety lather, you can have the very pleasant reassurance that you're using just the kind of soap these leading skin specialists would recommend to you if you paid them a personal call and asked their best advice about a soap for your complexion.

If you think any other soap can give you an assurance more important than *that*, I wish you'd write me about it!

Helen Chase

Free! For you—Complexion help from famous skin specialists. Into a smart little book I've put all the things I learned about complexions from the famous dermatologists I consulted about Camay. Dry skins; Oily skins; Sensitive skins are all discussed. Care in Winter and in Summer; with Hard Water and Soft. Also Diet; Exercise; Rest; Sleep and their effect on complexions; the Way to Use Cosmetics and many other important subjects. Write for Booklet A to Helen Chase, Dept. YJ-49, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

CAMAY IS 10¢ A CAKE

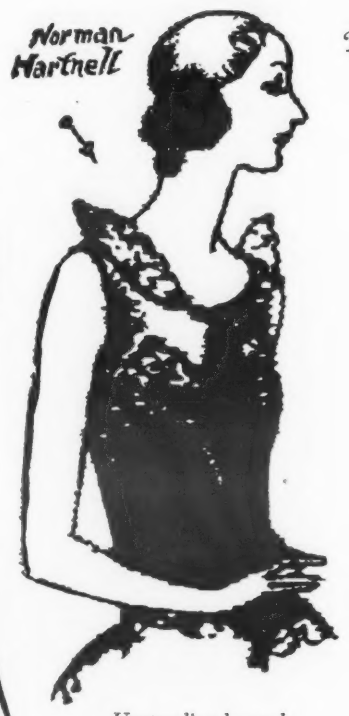


By Radio and Cable

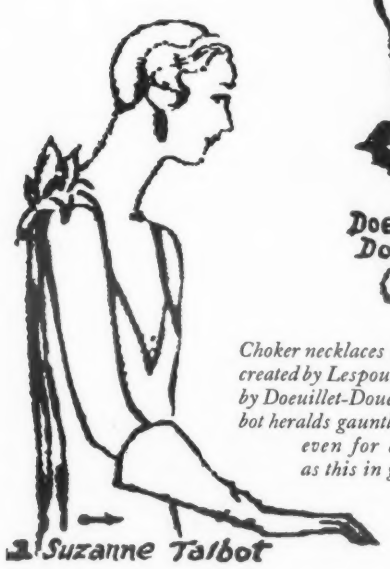
From Paris Openings

Drawings on this page were transmitted to the Journal by radio.

Left—Lenief develops figured taffeta in rose and white for this gown with crossed bands covering shoulders and long sweeping points in skirt.

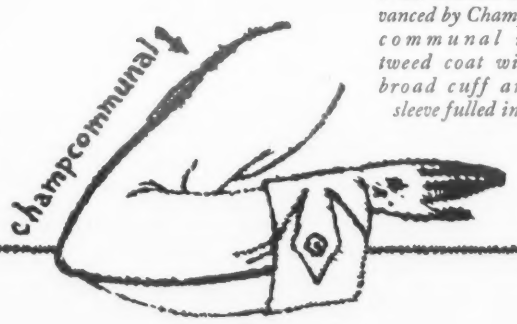


Upstanding lace collar for evening by Norman Hartnell.

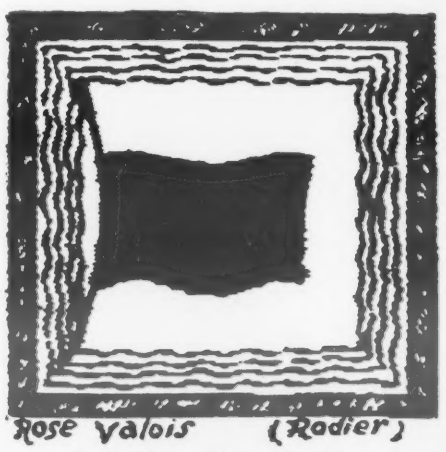


Choker necklaces in vogue created by Lespous, shown by Doeuillet-Doucet. Talbot heralds gauntlet gloves even for evening as this in gold kid.

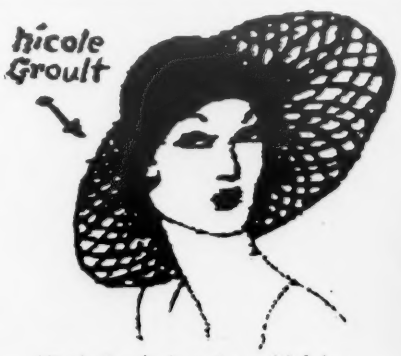
Schiaparelli reverses geometric motif in black on deep beige in this new sweater.



Wide armhole advanced by Champcommunal in tweed coat with broad cuff and sleeve fulled in.



Rodier flag scarfs wave everywhere. Shown by Rose Valois.



Nicole Groult shows hats with brims of open weave straw which can be removed when small hats are needed.

PA65 CABLE PARIS 51 4 1643
DAY MODE CLOSE TO THROAT NECKLINE. BOTH SEVEN-EIGHTHS AND FULL-LENGTH COATS MATCHING OR CONTRASTING. CAPELETS PRESENTED AS SUCCESSOR TO SHORT JACKETS. LINEN SHIRTWAISTS AND SILK GILET BLOUSES IMPORTANT FOR SUITS. LARGE FLOWER BOUTONNIÈRES REAPPEAR FOR COSTUMES. LINEN-WEAVE WOOLENS AND SILKS.

PA67 CABLE PARIS 51 4 1643
SPORTS MANY SLEEVELESS FROCKS, JUMPERS, JACKETS, ONE AND TWO PIECE FROCKS, FULL-PLEATED OR CIRCULAR-GORED SKIRTS, LONGER THAN HERETOFORE. MANNISH BLOUSES, SOFT COLLAR AND MAN'S TIE. PHEASANT FEATHER NEW BOUTONNIÈRE. TWEED MIXTURES GREATLY FAVORED, LACE JERSEYS, LIGHTWEIGHT WORSTEDS AND TULLE WOOLENS.

PA72 CABLE PARIS 51 4 1643
COLORS FOR SPORTS—WHITE FROCKS, PLAIN, BRIGHT OR PRINTED JACKETS, BEIGE, YELLOWS, GREENS, BLUES. DAY—NAVY, MEDIUM BLUES, SOFT GREENS, SOFT BROWNS, BEIGE. AFTERNOON—PRINTS, BLACK, GREENS, RED. EVENING—BLACK, PINK, OLD ROSE, RED, PURPLE, SOFT PRINTS, OFTEN TWO TONES GRAY WITH GREEN.

PA67 CABLE PARIS 51 4 1643
AFTERNOON—MANY PRINTED CRÊPE DE CHINE, SATIN, CHIFFON FROCKS. MORE NORMAL WAISTS THAN HERETOFORE ESPECIALLY FOR YOUNG WOMEN WHILE MATRONS' TYPES ARE HIP TOP. SKIRTS LONGER, OFTEN HALFWAY KNEE TO ANKLE. BACKS EMPHASIZED MORE THAN EVER, MANY RUFFLES, FLOUNCES, PANELS AND SQUARED HANDKERCHIEF POINTS.

PA74 CABLE PARIS 51 4 1643
EVENING—PRINCESS LINES, FLARE HEMS, HIGH NECKLINE FRONT, LOW OR WIDE SQUARE BACK. UNEVEN HEMLINES, DIPPED SIDES, FRONTS OR BACKS CONTINUE. TAILORED, DULL NET IMPORTANT. MANY PRINTED AND PLAIN CHIFFONS, TAFFETA AND TAPESTRY, FAILLE, CRÊPE, SATIN. REVIVAL JACKET IN PRINTS OR BEADED.

21AX D CABLE PARIS 51 1 1611
POIRET SHOWS BASQUE TYPES, MODIFIED PEPLUMS, FULL SKIRTS, CAP AND ELBOW SLEEVES. EVENING GOWNS REFLECT EIGHTIES. FULL-LENGTH SCARFS ATTACHED SIDE OF COATS. ENORMOUS HORSEHAIR HATS.

PA93 CABLE PARIS 1 1222P
LENIEF FEATURES HORIZONTAL, STRIPED JUMPERS, DISTINCTLY LONGER PLEATED SKIRTS, LARGE MONOGRAM ON JACKET SLEEVE FOR SPORTS. GAUNTLET OR NOVELTY CUFF EFFECTS JUST ABOVE OR BELOW ELBOW FOR DAY DRESSES. FLOWER PRINTS FOR EVENING COMBINE SAME PATTERN, TAFFETA AND CHIFFON, MATCHING SHOES. REVERSIBLE SATIN CRÊPE FOR EVENING.

PA70 CABLE PARIS 51 4 1643
LANVIN FEATURING MOSAIC GEOMETRIC DETAILS DAYTIME INCLUDING BELTS, BAGS, AND FULL SHEATH SOLID BEADED MOSAICS IN SEVERAL EVENING GOWNS OR OUTLINE IN STRASS EMBROIDERY DECORATIVE MOTIFS. THREE-QUARTER CIRCULAR BLACK FAILLE EVENING CAPES FULLY LINED BRIGHT COLOR. BLACK, PURPLE, FLAME-RED IMPORTANT EVENING.

PB5 CABLE PARIS 51 1 1611
PATOU FEATURES TAILORED EVENING DRESSES IN NEW TULLE. NEW COLORS—NASTURTIUM SHADES AND MUCH BLACK FOR AFTERNOON AND EVENING. ALL SKIRTS MUCH LONGER. LINEN AND ORGANDIE BLOUSES WITH TAILLEURS. JACKETS LOOSER AND LONGER. MANY THREE-QUARTER STRAIGHT COATS, FULL-LENGTH TYPES, FLARE BACK AT HEM.

PA84 CABLE PARIS 50 4 1755
WORTH FEATURING SPANISH RED AND GREENS THROUGHOUT, NEW SOFT WORTH BLUE AND FLAG OR CLUB COLORS. LARGE PRINTS, CHIFFON, SATIN, LISIA, TULLE AND LACE FOR EVENING. EVENING SILHOUETTE SQUARE DÉCOLLETÉ, LONG FITTED BODICE, FLARING HEM. LONG BACK OR SIDES EVEN IN COATS.

RXPA33 CABLE PARIS 55 30 1556
TALBOT SHOWS MANY LITTLE JACKETS AND CAPELETS, SOME WITH HOODS. MODIFIED BO-PEEP, ALSO SKIRT FLOUNCES, SLANTING OPPOSITE LINES CONVERGE LONGER ONE SIDE. SHOWS NEW CRYSTAL JEWELRY. ELBOW GLOVES SHOWN ON ALL ENSEMBLES INCLUDING GOLD KID AND BLACK LACE FOR EVENING.

CDV5 CABLE PARIS 51 25 1204
NICOLE GROULT ACCENTUATES FULLNESS SIDES AND BACKS IN SKIRTS, AND POINTED FRONTS FROM SQUARES OF FABRIC. VARIED OVERSKIRTS, PANTALETTES, BLOUSES BUTTON SIDES, VARIED CUTAWAY BOLEROS. COMBINES DARK AND LIGHT COLORS OR DARK PRINTS WITH PLAIN. MANY GREENS, MEDIUM BLUES, NAVY. FOR EVENING—PEACH, APRICOT, CHAMPAGNE, BLACK.

PA83 CABLE PARIS 51 4 1644
MARTIAL ET ARMAND SILHOUETTE MODERNIZED VERSION 1868 DIVIDED INTO TWO TYPES—ONE FOR YOUTH, WITH FITTED BODICE, NORMAL WAIST, FLAT FRONT, UNEVEN FULL SKIRTS, EMPHASIS BACK; OTHER FOR MATRONS—FLATTER WAISTLINE, LOWER SOFT, FLUID LINES. COLORS—BLUES, PALE TO NAVY, GREENS, YELLOWS, DOVE GRAY.

6051 6070 6123

Satin and Chiffon for the Bride and Her Maids

THE bride's desire to present the most enchanting and delightful picture on her day of days is only natural. She wishes to look her loveliest to her father, waiting to take her on his arm as she comes toward him down the steps of her home, to her bridesmaids as she joins them to begin the procession, to the old servants waiting to see her pass, to the guests assembled for the ceremony and to her groom, waiting at the altar.

We picture here for the bride, Design No. 6070, a one-piece dress of ivory satin, with a deep V neck with an inset vestee of old lace. The skirt fits snugly at the hips and falls gracefully in two circular flounces that dip low in the back. The long tight-fitting sleeves end in soft flares at the wrists, and there is a big bow of satin with long ends at the left side of the girdle. It is designed for ages 14 and 16, and for sizes 36 to 42. The soft, graceful lines of this lovely gown are shown most effectively if either satin, soft crêpe or moire is used for the bride's costume.

The diminutive flower girl carries her entrancing basket of spring flowers, dressed in a sweet little sleeveless frock, Design No. 6051. It is shirred on a narrow yoke and falls softly from the shoulders. Narrow lace is scalloped on the short skirt. Designed for sizes 6 to 14. The flower girl's dress would be adorable made up in soft pink, pale yellow or blue in harmony with the bridesmaids' gowns.

The bride's attendants are most picturesque in their lace-trimmed chiffon frocks, Design No. 6123. The tight bodice curves down in the back and the full skirt has two deep flounces with wide lace ruffles, which curve deeply in back at the hem. The lace-edged shoulder cape falls softly over the sleeveless bodice. Designed for ages 14 and 16, and for sizes 36 to 42. Innumerable fascinating colors may be chosen for the bridesmaids' gowns and they may be made all in the same color, in different shades of the same color and in combinations of pastel shades. The frocks may have lace ruffles in the color of the dress, or they may be made in pastel-colored chiffons trimmed with cream-colored lace. The large hats of French felt are most chic in colors that match the gowns, and the slippers should also be dyed to match. The bridesmaid's frock would make a delightful gown for the bride herself if her wedding is to be an informal one.

The days before the wedding are so full of perplexing problems for the bride and her mother that we have prepared a small booklet covering all the questions of etiquette, trousseau, menus and costumes for the bridal party.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Dresses, 50 cents. The Bride's Booklet, 5 cents, from the Fashion Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Why this penetrating foam

CLEANS WHERE TOOTHBRUSH CANNOT REACH

In a dramatic way science now proves what millions of people know —that Colgate's cleans teeth better.

A scientist recently made an important experiment with toothpastes.

He measured their power to penetrate the thousands of tiny crevices which are found in normal, healthy teeth and gums.

He found that some dentifrices merely scrub the outer surfaces of the teeth. Others go partly down into the larger crevices.

Then he discovered that Colgate's has a higher penetrating power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.*

This is the secret of Colgate's remarkable ability to clean—it gets down deep into the hard-to-clean places where the toothbrush cannot reach; where ordinary toothpastes do not go.

Colgate's penetrating power is due to the fact that it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent.

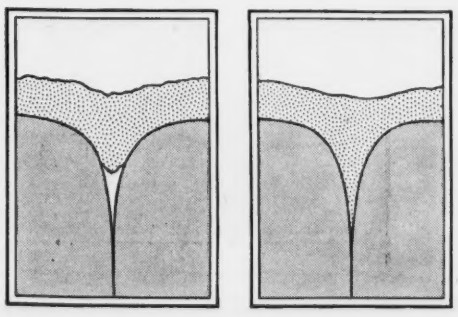
When brushed, this cleansing agent instantly bursts into a sparkling, snow-white foam that surges over teeth and gums. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to go deep down into the tiny tooth crevices where decay may start. There, it dislodges clinging food particles and mucin, sweeping away these impurities in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder—a polishing agent prescribed by dentists—which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly.

Thus Colgate's cleans and beautifies; purifies and refreshes the entire mouth, restoring natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

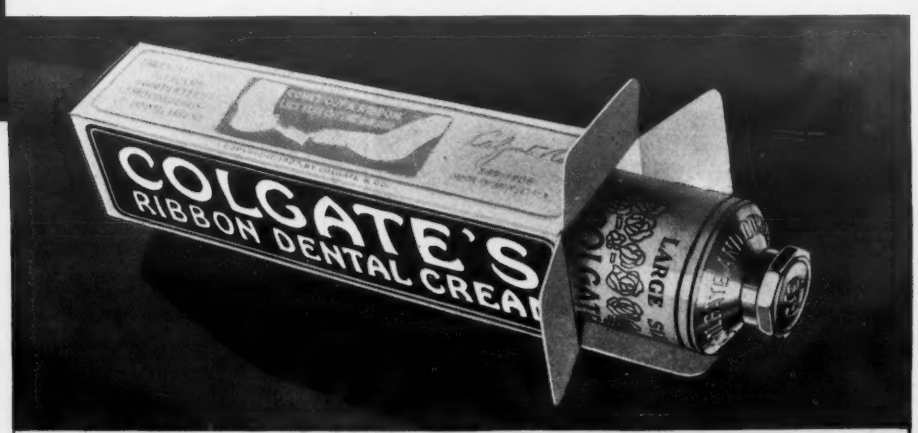
If you have never used Colgate's, please try it. Mail the coupon below for a generous free tube.

**How Colgate's cleans where toothbrush cannot reach*



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish tooth-paste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where decay may start.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



COLGATE, Dept. B-1659, 595 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name.....

Address.....

New Hats for Sports

Photographs by Nickolas Muray

MISS DOROTHY STONE, who has carried on with such enchanting mimicry the gay clowning of her father, Fred Stone, this winter in Three Cheers with Will Rogers, to the great delight of New York, is seen here wearing some of the very newest felt and straw sports hats for spring.

COURTESY, KNOX

Jaunty little turned-back hat of apricot-colored felt. One side of the brim crosses over and ends in a tiny felt bow.

COURTESY, KNOX

French hat in soft, black felt, trimmed with a narrow grosgrain band. The brim is cut short in front and back and deepens at the sides.

COURTESY, J. BLOOMFIELD CO.

Melon-shaped hat of black ballibuntl straw. Two little plaits over the ears give a soft, piquant line to the becoming, narrow brim.

COURTESY, KNOX

Finely woven straw in sunburn tone used for hat with medium mushroom brim. Scalloped crown is set over band of golden-brown satin.

COURTESY, KNOX

Left—Sport hat of cream-colored straw with brim tilted in front and drooped on sides. Brim bound with ribbon. Very suitable for wear with summer frocks.

Right—Bonnet-shaped hat of almond-green felt with three rows of stitching across crown, surmounted by tiny bow.

If you are unable to find these hats in your local shops, further information will be sent on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope by the Fashion Editor, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

COURTESY, J. BLOOMFIELD CO.

The foundation of good housekeeping and *Healthful Cleanliness*

Domestic science and the laws of hygiene demand that the home be *healthfully* clean as well as neat, orderly and attractive.

Good housekeeping and *Healthful Cleanliness* are inseparable. Old Dutch is the foundation of both—because it embraces every element essential to cleaning ease, safety, efficiency—and *Healthful Cleanliness.*

There is nothing else like Old Dutch. It is distinctive in quality and character. It is wonderfully efficient. Because the flaky, flat-shaped Old Dutch particles possess remarkable detergent properties. With a clean, smooth sweep, they wipe away the visible dirt and the health-endangering invisible impurities. The result is—*Healthful Cleanliness.* Old Dutch is safe because it contains no harsh, scratchy grit, acid or caustic. Cleans without injury to the surface and does not harm the hands.

Old Dutch is your big help for house cleaning. Saves time. Conserves energy. Less effort is required. For example—in cleaning painted walls or woodwork. Simply sprinkle a little Old Dutch on a damp cloth or sponge—wipe gently. You'll be surprised how quickly stubborn dirt and finger prints disappear. Floors are made spotlessly clean with a little Old Dutch and a few strokes of a mop.

Old Dutch is perfect, too, for snow-white or gayly colored porcelain, bath tubs, sinks, wash bowls, tile, marble, enamel, windows, metal, cooking utensils, refrigerator, stove, etc. Preserves the modern beauty of the home. Protects the health of the family. It is economical—because a small amount does an extra lot of cleaning.

Old Dutch Cleanser brings Healthful Cleanliness—the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency.

Lelong *Molyneux* *Louiseboulanger* *Lanvin*

Grandes Toilettes for Grand Occasions

THE Lelong gown called "Eunyce," in midnight-blue chiffon, has two bands on the top of the bodice that are extended on the left side into long spatulate panels. This theme is repeated in the skirt with stitched bands that sweep to the floor.

The Molyneux gown has been designed in gold moire lined with a soft shade of brown satin. The belt is formed by two rows of stitching and the panels are outlined in the same way. The skirt has been miraculously cut to fly out in long tiers in the back from a squared yoke.

Louiseboulanger's lovely puffed gown, made in brocaded white moire, has a new note in its turned-back revers.

Lanvin created this fascinating model in white chiffon. The skirt is made in tiered handkerchief panels and the pointed girdle is embroidered in strass.

A LETTER to the town's best housekeeper

YOU'VE certainly done a lot for us. That's why we're writing to thank you.

We don't know your name. "But," we told ourselves proudly, "a letter to the town's best housekeeper will surely reach the woman who, probably without even realizing it, has helped us sell so much Fels-Naptha Soap."

Perhaps you think the only help you've given us is to buy Fels-Naptha yourself. It isn't. You've done lots more than that. One sight of your spick-and-span house—one glimpse of the snowy clothes on your line—these have meant more to the women who know you than anything we could write.

And when they say, "How *do* you do it?" how cheerfully you've said a good word for Fels-Naptha! How convincingly you've told them (far more convincingly than we can) that this golden bar with the clean naptha odor gives extra help that makes clothes look—well, just the lovely way *your* clothes look!—without hard rubbing.

Maybe—just maybe—you're the very one who coined the phrase we've had written and repeated to us so often we've taken to using it in our advertising—"Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

In any case—thank you! Thank you because *your* good example, *your* good advice, have helped Fels-Naptha Soap to give its extra help to millions of women everywhere.

Sincerely yours,

FELS & COMPANY

Philadelphia, Pa.

P. S. *for brides only* . . . . . .

Maybe you haven't used Fels-Naptha yet! You should—because it will give you *extra* help too! Fels-Naptha isn't "just soap"—it's good golden soap *and* plenty of naptha (the dirt-loosener dry cleaners use) combined in one golden bar. You can tell there's plenty of naptha—you can smell it. These two safe, active cleaners, working together, naturally give *extra* help that does your wash with less work and effort on your part. Fels-Naptha works excellently in machine or tub; in hot, cool, or lukewarm water. It's gentle to your hands. It's fine for general cleaning, too. So put Fels-Naptha Soap on today's grocery list—the ten-bar carton is particularly convenient.

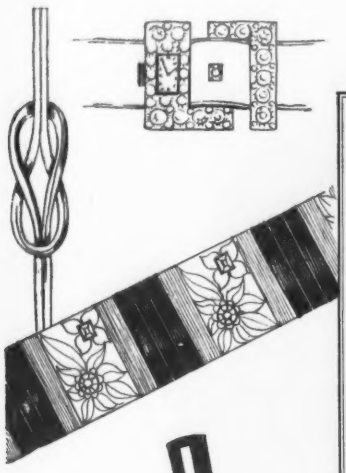
FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR
WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© 1929, Fels & Co.

Details for the Chic Costume

Morning, Afternoon and Evening

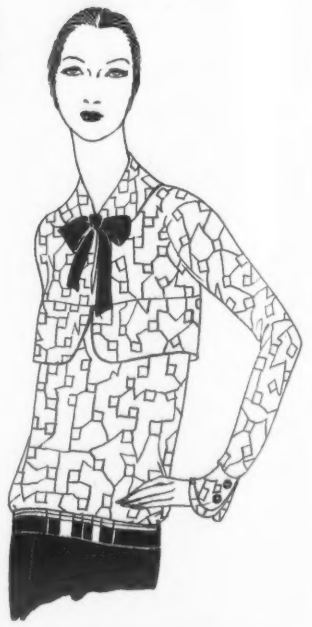


SCAIONI, PARIS

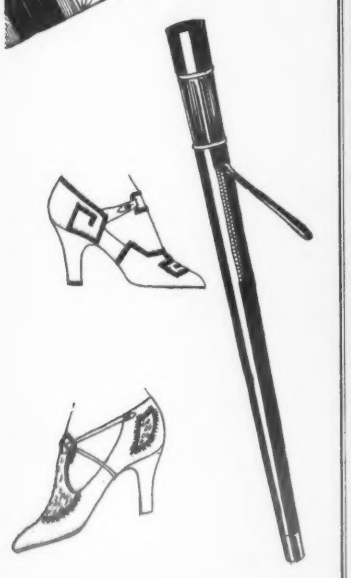
Mary Bendelari, who designs the smart Sandalari shoes, wears a Champcommunal frock of printed crêpe de chine. The diagonal movement of the sloping hem and bolero jacket, the hip bow, loose sleeves, and the piping are noteworthy style features.

Black-suède bag, gold monogram, pocket for handkerchief under flap. From Florence Walton.

Above—Black felt and colored ribbons for Dutch cap at left. Right, hat with felt brim and white velvet ribbon across straw crown. Hats from Florence Walton.



Right—Blouse for tailored suit from Jenny in figured silk.



Above at left—Diamond belt buckle with inset watch, and bracelet of jade and agate with diamonds, from Mauboussin. Chanel's looped silver pin for sports. Umbrella in glazed red leather from Henry à la Pensée. "Swastika," a slipper in beige leather. "Tropical" in beige leather with green-lizard insets stitched in brown. "Dragon Fly" in silver with diamond buckle. Shoes from Sandalari.

Above—A Mauboussin ring of crystals and two pear-shaped diamonds. A Worth belt of silk braid and square jeweled links. Black kid gloves worn loose to the elbow for evening. A charming boutonnière of natural carnations.

SCAIONI, PARIS

Worth's "Chant Hindou" in a large-figured gray-green taffeta, with its extended sides edged with deep flounces of green tulle, is one of the most successful evening gowns of the season. The belt and shoulder straps are in green velvet.

Left—An exquisite necklace of diamonds and crystals from Mauboussin. An evening cap from Talbot in fine copper-gold mesh and looped gold wires. "Une Nocturne" from Maria Guy, in shiny black straw and lace, shadows the face.

Other Women Will Tell You

how this new form of sanitary protection brings freedom, comfort, better health

A scientific method replaces hazardous, dangerously uncertain makeshifts—and brings new standards of health, comfort, fine grooming.

BECAUSE science has found a solution to woman's oldest hygienic problem: because doctors and nurses have discovered this new form of sanitary protection and women have told one another of its remarkable advantages—the hygienic habits of women have changed all over the world. Today, one takes quite for granted the comforts of Kotex, which plays so vital a part in new-found feminine freedom and peace-of-mind.

Mental as well as physical relief

Within the past year, further refinements have been made that assure greater mental as well as physical comfort.

Kotex has always offered these advantages: Cellucotton absorbent wadding, the super-absorbent filler, takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture; it is disposable, just like tissue . . . easily, quickly; wrapped in soft, specially treated gauze, it offers gentle, easeful protection; the filler is adjustable — layers can be removed to suit one's individual needs.

Use Super-size Kotex

Formerly 90c—Now 65c

At the new low price, you can easily afford to buy Super Size. Disposable in the same way. Super Size offers the many advantages of the Kotex you always use, PLUS THE GREATER PROTECTION which comes with extra layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. Doctors and nurses consider it quite indispensable when extra protection is essential. Buy one box of Super Size to every three boxes of regular size Kotex. Its added layers of filler mean added comfort.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Deodorization and a new cut

In Kotex Laboratories a way has finally been found to deodorize Kotex safely, completely. This process has been patented and is to be found in no other sanitary pad. Then, too, corners have been rounded and tapered so as to leave no evidence of sanitary protection.

A recently developed treatment of both gauze and filler adds to their softness. If you have not yet used the new Kotex, its superiorities will surprise you. And, at the new low price, Kotex is now so inexpensive that it actually costs less than home-made cheese cloth and cotton substitutes.

Buy a box today, at any drug, dry goods or department store . . . 45c for 12. It is sold, too, in vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co. Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago. Kotex Company of Canada, Ltd., 330 Bay St., Toronto, Canada.

Now John goes to parties – more clothes for the wash!

ACTUAL VISITS TO P & G HOMES *No.* 17

One bright, blowy day, in a pretty hillside town, we chanced upon a white, trim house where a spotless wash was flapping gaily on the line. So we hurried up the brick walk to ask the mistress what she thought about soap.

"I should know a *lot* about soap," Mrs. Fleming* exclaimed with a smile, "with my kind of children! Now that John spruces his hair and takes girls to parties he puts on a fresh shirt every day. And it seems to me that he uses dozens of handkerchiefs now—"

Here, remembering the gaily colored frocks we had seen on the line, we suggested, "And you have a little girl, too?"

"Indeed I have," she laughed, "and Peggy's clothes are the ones that really need a good soap like P AND G. That child is up trees and down banisters all the time. Dirty? I have to change her from the skin out—every day.

"With P AND G, I let the clothes stand in the suds a little while—then I brush the dirt out of the soiled edges. Brushing saves the clothes—and saves my hands from rubbing. And P AND G spares the colors. Why, Peggy outgrows her frocks and bloomers while they still look bright and new!

"My mother said I was biased about P AND G," she concluded, "so I tried another soap which cost more. But it wasn't half so white and fine. I couldn't get back too quickly to my good P AND G."

Yes, P AND G Naphtha is marvelously white, and firm, and long-lasting. It loosens dirt quickly in warm water or cold. Yet, this superior soap actually costs less, ounce for ounce, than soaps which do not offer its advantages.

This is the reason: More women use P AND G than any other soap. This means that it is made in such enormous quantities that production costs are lowered. Therefore you can buy it for actually less, ounce for ounce, than ordinary soaps.

P AND G is lower-priced because it is largest-selling. And it is so popular because *it really is a better soap.*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

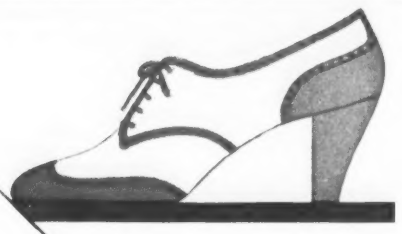
FREE! "How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with newest laundry methods, are discussed in a free booklet, *Rescuing Precious Hours*. Just send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. NJ-49, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

*Not her real name of course.

The largest-selling soap in the world

© 1929, P. & G. Co.

French Chic From Head to Foot



OUR eyes are directed this spring, as never before, to the shoes we wear. Feet are no longer hidden beneath trailing skirts, but are stepping out into the light of day. Each season the importance of footwear as a style feature is increasing, and this spring, with the advent of variety in color and fabric, footwear is of great significance.

Palm Beach reflects the fashions of the Riviera and indicates what will be worn at summer resorts, and we have shown here some of the smartest and most popular shoes that are seen at the Florida resorts. Brown-and-white and black-and-white combinations are the very smartest for sports wear, and silk and fabric slippers have come to the front for afternoon.

In the upper right-hand corner is a chic ensemble consisting of a scarf, purse, shoes and close-fitting hat made of crêpe de chine, printed with a labyrinth pattern. One must wear these ensembles if one wishes to dress with truly Parisian chic. The well-dressed American woman finds that it is only through the careful planning and assembling of the details of her costume that she can achieve real smartness. Shoes, purse, scarf and hat, though comparatively unimportant by themselves, assume an added significance when created to match. The ensembles sketched on this page illustrate how simple, yet effectively distinguished, may be the accessories from head to foot.

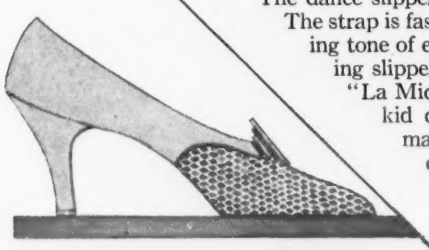
The shoes shown here have been chosen from the new spring collections and express good taste in smart conservatism. The sport shoe at the very top of the page is made in white buckskin, trimmed with tan calf. It has a built-up leather heel and is charmingly appropriate for morning and afternoon sport wear. Sun-tan or light beige stockings are suggested to accompany it. Silk hose are most acceptable for daytime wear, and French lisle stockings, plain or with colored clocks, are ever so smart for knitted or jersey sports costumes.

"Leoni" is the beguiling name given to the attractive afternoon slipper of navy kid shown above. To be in good taste it should match exactly the color of the gown and should be worn with a deep sunburn color or rose-tan silk stocking. The slipper is also made up in white crêpe, bound with collars of gold and silver kid, for evening.

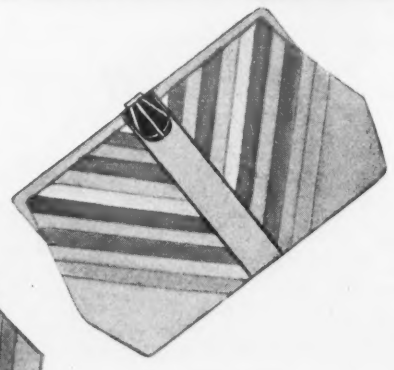
The "Walton Oxford" at the right is made in beige watersnake trimmed at the heel and toe with tan calf. This model should bear its owner very appropriately in the best of circles for afternoon tea, the horse show or for luncheon at the country club. Silk hose in a grayish-tan should match as nearly as possible the color of the shoe.

WHILE the weather is wavering, undecided as to whether it will "make very hot or cold," as the French put it, be cautious and smart and adopt this silk-and-wool ensemble shown at the left. Made in this lightweight hand-woven fabric with diagonal bands of contrasting color, this nobby little turndown hat has no other trimming save a narrow band fastened with a tiny buckle. The stripes are repeated most effectively in the pouch purse, with its smart little clasp of onyx and silver, and in the toe of the strap slipper and the pointed ends of the jaunty scarf.

The dance slipper at the top on the left is made of black crêpe, piped with silver. The strap is fastened with a sparkling rhinestone buckle. It is also made in a ravishing tone of eggshell satin with pipings of jade, cherry and turquoise. These dancing slippers with their gay pipings will match many light spring dance frocks.



"La Midi," the afternoon slipper at the left, has a lizard vamp and matching kid quarters. It is also designed with a blue or brown kid vamp and matching Boroso shark quarters, or in acajou lizard with heel and sides of matching kid. The unusual modernistic buckle and the high heel give the slipper a formal air. Because of this, it can be worn with more formal dresses for sports or the street.



"Santos," the shoe sketched at the bottom of the page, is one of the most popular models chosen for spring and summer wear. Made in white buckskin, it is trimmed with plain brown calf and bound with gored strips. The buckled strap and the sturdy heel make it admirably adapted for daytime use. White lightweight woolen hose, or French lisle stockings in cream or sun-tan color, should be worn with this strap buckskin. These sport shoes in combinations of brown or black and white have received the approval of smart women for wear with light spring and summer frocks.

If you are unable to find these particular models in stores in your vicinity, further information will be sent upon receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope by the Fashion Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

AZVL

Once in a Lifetime You Will Find Chocolate Recipes as Priceless as These!

EVERYONE likes chocolate, and chocolate cake is the most universally liked cake. There is a chocolate cake for every taste—a chocolate cake for every occasion. To some people chocolate cake means a delicate white cake with deep chocolate frosting. To others it means rich, dark devil's food. To a third group it means a chocolate fudge cake. Still others have their fondness for chocolate best satisfied by fudge squares or brownies.

On these pages, for the very first time, you are given the exact recipes which will enable you, yourself, to make the favorite chocolate cakes of the world. Each cake and frosting, you'll discover, is entirely different from the others, both in texture and in flavor, and yet no single recipe can claim superiority to the others—for each is the very finest in its class.

To make such master cakes as these—selected from thousands of the most delectable chocolate recipes—is the ambition of every woman who takes real pride in the excellence of her cooking. Preserve these recipes carefully, so that you may make every one of these four glorious cakes. In each of them you will have a veritable masterpiece of chocolate cookery.

Delicate White Layer Cake with Chocolate Boiled Frosting

The following recipe makes the most delicate of white layer cakes, worthy of the luscious chocolate frosting that makes it a chocolate cake *par excellence*. With its delicate flavor, its feather-light layers, its sides and top all generously coated with soft rich frosting, this cake makes an ideal dessert for a luncheon or high tea. With its air of luxury, well-being, and subtle sophistication, it lends itself to such occasions singularly well.

DELICATE WHITE LAYER CAKE

- 2½ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
- ½ cup butter or other shortening
- 1½ cups sifted sugar
- ½ cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 6 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and cream of tartar, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla; fold in egg whites. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 30 minutes. Spread Chocolate Boiled Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Double recipe to make three 10-inch layers.

All measurements are level.

CHOCOLATE BOILED FROSTING

- 2¼ cups sugar
- 1 teaspoon light corn syrup
- 1 cup boiling water
- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- 6 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted and cooled

Combine sugar, corn syrup, and water. Place over low flame and stir constantly until sugar is dissolved and mixture boils. Continue cooking until a small amount of syrup forms a soft ball in cold water, or spins a long thread when dropped from tip of spoon (242° F.). Pour syrup in fine stream over egg whites, beating constantly. Continue beating until stiff enough to spread on cake. Fold in chocolate.

Devil's Food Cake

For those who revel in the full-flavored richness of devil's food cake, here is luxury itself—a cake de luxe, piled high with the most delectable white frosting. On *any* cake this frosting is "good eating"; on the cake described here, it is superb. A delicious touch may be added by topping the entire cake with a thin bittersweet frosting made by pouring four squares of Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate over the frosting after it is firm. The Devil's Food Cake is perfect for Sunday night supper, either *en famille*, or for guests. It is the *pièce de résistance* of such a service.

Chocolate Fudge Cake

Then there is this temptingly dainty chocolate fudge cake—light and feathery in texture like the delicate white cake, but not so dark as the double-rich devil's food with its mysterious depths of chocolate. Here is a cake that is not too rich for those who shy at ultra-richness, yet a delightful cake to serve at such occasions as bridge parties, Sunday night suppers, or the informal family dinner. Crowned with its velvet-smooth fudge frosting, you will find it is as delectable a layer cake as ever melted on your tongue.

DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

- 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 cup butter or other shortening
- ¾ cup granulated sugar
- 2 cups sifted brown sugar
- 3 egg yolks, unbeaten
- 3 whole eggs, unbeaten
- ½ cup sour milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- ½ cup boiling water
- 6 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted
- 1¼ teaspoons soda

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, and sift again. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks; beat thoroughly. Then add eggs, one at a time, beating vigorously after addition of each egg. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Add boiling water to chocolate and mix well; add soda. Combine chocolate mixture and cake batter and beat vigorously for several minutes. Pour into greased loaf pan, filling pan ⅔ full. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour. Cover top and sides of cake with Divinity Frosting. This batter may also be baked in two greased pans, 8x8x2 inches.

DIVINITY FROSTING FOR DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

- 3 cups sugar
- 1 teaspoon light corn syrup
- 1½ cups boiling water
- 4 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine sugar, corn syrup, and water. Place over low flame and stir constantly until sugar is dissolved and mixture boils. Continue cooking until a small amount of syrup forms a soft ball in cold water, or spins a long thread when dropped from tip of spoon (240° F.). Pour syrup in fine stream over egg whites, beating constantly. Add vanilla. Continue beating until stiff enough to spread on cake.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
2 egg yolks, well beaten
3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted
1¼ cups sweet milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda, and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks and chocolate, then flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Fold in egg whites. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes. Spread Fudge Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Double recipe to make three 10-inch layers.

All measurements are level.

FUDGE FROSTING

2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, shredded
⅔ cup cold milk
2 cups sugar
Dash of salt
2 tablespoons light corn syrup
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon vanilla

Add chocolate to milk and heat gradually. When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary egg beater 1 minute, or until mixture is smooth and blended. Add sugar, salt, and corn syrup, and stir until sugar is dissolved and mixture boils. Continue cooking, without stirring, until a small amount of mixture forms a very soft ball in cold water (232° F.). Remove from fire. Add butter and vanilla. Cool to lukewarm (110° F.). Beat until of right consistency to spread.

Chocolate Fudge Squares

And here you are given the recipe for the famous Walter Baker chocolate fudge squares—rich and tender, simple to make, and delicious beyond description. With their liberal content of chocolate, and the crunchiness of nut meats, they are a cake-confection worthy of the universal popularity they have won.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE SQUARES

¾ cup Swans Down Cake Flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted
1 cup sugar
3 eggs, well beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup nut meats, broken

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Add butter to chocolate and blend. Combine sugar and eggs; add chocolate mixture, beating thoroughly; then add flour, vanilla, and nuts. Bake in two greased pans, 8 x 8 x 2 inches, in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes. When cool, cut in 2-inch squares. Makes 32 squares.

Perfect Chocolate Cookery Calls for Unsweetened Chocolate

These chocolate cakes are deserving of the finest ingredients—the freshest eggs and butter, Swans Down Cake Flour, sifted sugar, good baking powder, and—Walter Baker's Chocolate—rich, creamy-smooth, and with a true chocolate flavor that never has been equalled.

Always use *Walter Baker's* Unsweetened Chocolate—for this chocolate, made of the world's choicest cocoa beans, selected, sorted, roasted, and blended with the skill that 150 years have brought, has a flavor that has set the standard of excellence ever since 1780. A substitution of any other ingredient is certain to be detected. Your cake is bound to suffer if it lacks that full-bodied chocolate flavor that only the finest unsweetened chocolate can give.

Send for New 64-page Chocolate and Cocoa Recipe Book—Free

We have prepared for you a most delightful illustrated recipe book of novel chocolate and cocoa dishes. Fifty recipes—new, unusual, but every one of them delicious beyond words. This book tells you clearly just which recipes permit the use of cocoa and which demand the full-flavored richness of chocolate. It tells you how to mix your favorite soda fountain drinks at home, and how you can coat candies with the finishing touch of a professional. Lest your memory betray you, make sure of this book by mailing your coupon at once. The book goes to you with the compliments of Walter Baker.

DELICATE WHITE LAYER CAKE

CHOCOLATE FUDGE SQUARES

CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE

Fill in completely—print name and address.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Inc.
Dorchester-Lower-Mills, Mass.
Please send free copy of your 64-page "Famous Recipes."

Name .....
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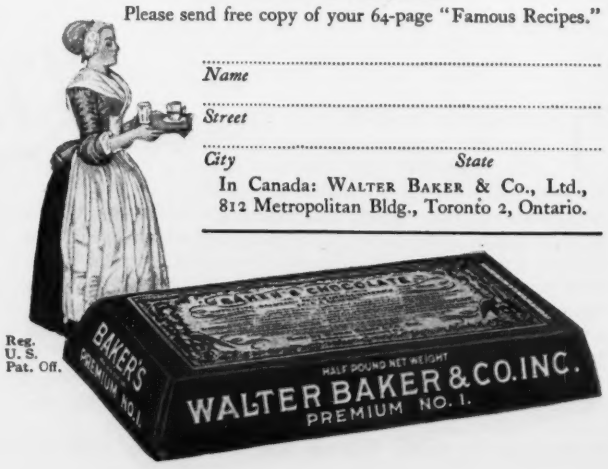
In Canada: Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario.



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BAKER'S CHOCOLATE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Lingerie for the Bride

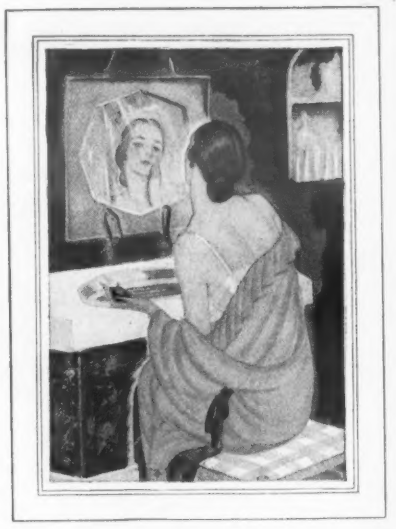
THE dainty matinée, No. 6130, is charming in a pale lettuce-green crêpe satin, trimmed with bands of écru-colored lace which are inserted across the shoulders, on the sleeves and across the back, forming a shallow yoke. This model has been designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. Design No. 5538 is a slip made with an overlapping skirt with the side edges left free. Designed for age 16, and for sizes 36 to 42. The night dress, Design No. 4160, is a straight model made with clusters of tucks at the shoulders and a perky satin bow on each shoulder. Designed for all sizes. Design No. 6047 is a lace-trimmed evening brassière made with an elastic band across the back. The models drawn in the center of the page are the elaborate notes of this trousseau scale. Design No. 6093 is an entrancing ensemble consisting of nightgown and negligee. They would be charming in peach-colored crêpe georgette, trimmed in sand-colored lace. This ensemble has been designed for ages 14 and 16, and sizes 36 to 44.

Design No. 6047 is a lace-trimmed panties-and-brassière ensemble. The panties are made with the side edges open and gathered to a lace waistband. Designed for ages 14 and 16, and for sizes 36 to 44. The lounging pajamas, Design No. 6109, are a suggestion of chic advised for every bride. The tuck-in blouse is trimmed with the contrasting color of which the long, wide trousers are made. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 44.

The attractive and very practical combination, No. 5914, is designed for ages 14 and 16, and for sizes 36 to 44.

Design No. 6132 is a useful combination step-in and petticoat. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38. The dressing gown, Design No. 6129, is very simply made, trimmed only with tucks and bands of stitching. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Negligees, 45 cents; Pajamas, 50 cents; Lingerie, 35 cents.



Why Ordinary Beauty Treatments Fail

—*you must wash your face, too*

The olive oil content of this complexion soap guards against modern dangers to skin beauty

THE secret of a successful beauty treatment lies in protecting the natural loveliness underneath rouge and powder. Cosmetics can enhance beauty but they cannot create it. And many women, unaware of the importance of washing for beauty, are unconsciously endangering complexion loveliness every day.

Your pores must breathe

Face creams, rouge, powder, form a surface layer between your skin and the air. Unless they are thoroughly removed, they sink further into the pores and accumulate with dirt, dust, and oil secretions, into tiny, stubborn masses. Soon these masses become blackheads, pimples, blemishes. And all surface beauty treatments fail to get at the true cause.

Olive oil—natural beautifier

The right way to care for your skin is to wash twice every day with this facial soap containing olive oil. The rich lather of Palmolive Soap searches out all impurities in the pores, softens and gently eliminates them. It stimulates as it cleanses, bringing out lovely natural color. You run your hand over cool, velvety cheeks after this treatment and the touch is sheer delight. A glance into the mirror is an added joy. You are learning to appreciate your natural loveliness!

Because it costs only 10c a bar, millions enjoy the advantages of Palmolive for the bath as well. Why don't you begin to use it this very day? Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

At night: make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, apply it to the face and throat. Rinse thoroughly with warm water graduated to cold, until you actually feel all impurities carried away. Then dry the skin tenderly with a soft towel.

In the morning: repeat this treatment and add a touch of finishing cream before putting on rouge and powder. That's all! A simple treatment, but it must be observed twice every day to keep the skin lovely. At 10c Palmolive is the world's least expensive beauty formula.

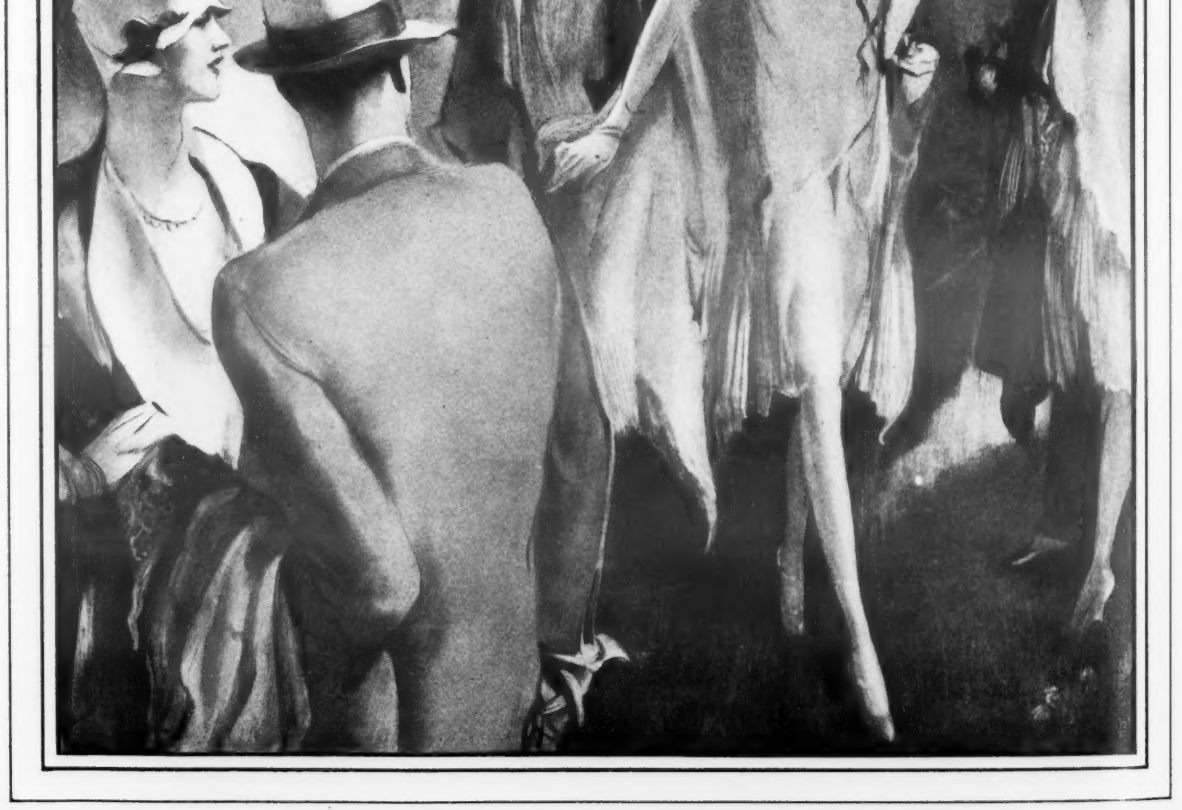
Retail Price
10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

4229 KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

. . . she came across the paddock

as gloriously graceful as any two-year-old that ever ran a race



. . . *superbly fluent . . . above all, beautifully* natural

I HAD BEEN watching her, entranced, as, with the grace of a thoroughbred, she stroked the glossy neck of the favorite at Jefferson Park . . . and now, as she came toward the stand, I marveled that any woman in motion *could* be so beautiful!

Every pace, a poem. Light as a kitten's, her footfall, yet buoyantly firm . . . perfectly poised, yet superbly fluent . . . above all, beautifully *natural*.

Later, at the St. Charles, I pointed her out to Jack Denton as she *floated* across the lobby. Jack laughed:

"Why," said he, "she is my sister-in-law, and if she were to hear you commenting (as many people do) on her graceful carriage, her flowing walk, she would explain that, in her case, *shoes* are the better part of beauty."

And Jack was right. For, later, my goddess of grace *did* actually explain that a beautiful bearing, a lovely, effortless walk are almost always the result of shoes that fit the feet perfectly in action as well as in repose . . . shoes that allow a woman to walk with *natural* grace. "Red Cross Shoes," she added, in triumph!

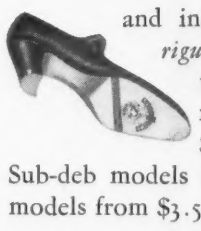
* * *

So many women, it seems, won't allow themselves to walk with *natural* grace. They sacrifice foot-freedom to foot-fashion. They have yet to discover Red Cross Shoes!

Designed by Frenchmen and scientifically shaped over the famous, exclusive "Limit" lasts—derived from an exhaustive study of thousands of feminine feet—Red Cross Shoes are beautiful shoes to look at and beautiful shoes to wear.

Every woman who has worn The Red Cross Shoe knows that the exclusive Arch-Tone support gives the instep just the right uplift, while the Natural-shaped heel clings with caressing snugness.

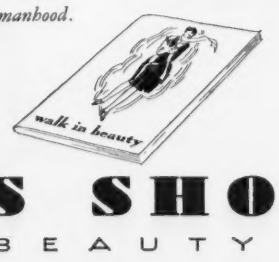
For the street, pour le sport, for occasions formal and informal, Red Cross Shoes are *de rigueur*. The smartest shoe shop in town will show you many lovely models, at prices ranging from $10.00 to $16.50. There are also Sub-deb models from $6.50 to $8.50, and Junior models from $3.50 to $6.00.



BARBA

BEAUTY

THIS FREE BOOKLET—"WALK IN BEAUTY"—*is interestingly illustrated and gives the views of prominent educators on the importance of correct posture. It also tells how much a graceful carriage can add to the charm of lovely womanhood. Address Dept. J-16 for your copy.*



The **RED CROSS SHOE**

WALK IN BEAUTY

© 1929, U. S. Shoe Co.

PRODUCT OF THE UNITED STATES SHOE COMPANY, CINCINNATI

Here Comes the Groom!

By
SCHUYLER WHITE

Illustrated
By Earl Sargent

This bridegroom is dressed in a formal day turnout, which is also the correct attire for the men of the bridal party as well as of the male guests at a formal wedding.

IT IS the wedding day . . . and the great drama of life begins. Perhaps the scene is a church profusely decorated with palms and smilax and seasonal blossoms. People being ushered to their seats dressed in their best. The air heavy with the scent of gardenias and roses and lilies, and with that wonderfully expectant hush pervading all. The flicker of candles—mellow light filtering through stained-glass windows—The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden. And moving toward the altar the gorgeous pageantry of the always thrilling and inevitably picturesque procession of flower girls, bridesmaids and ushers and the bride, lovely as brides always are, in her gown of white with the long, diaphanous veil.

Or, the scene may be one no less dignified or romantic, but devoid of pomp and splendor and display, with but the two principals quietly pledging their troth.

But regardless of the scene, on this day of days what of the bridegroom? Let us not overlook him, who in his way is quite as necessary an adjunct to the wedding as the bride herself, even though everyone is apparently concerned only with the appearance of the bride and her bridesmaids and with the question that is so uppermost in the minds of all, as to who will be the bridesmaid to catch the bridal bouquet. For tradition has it that she who falls heir to this bouquet will be the next one of that number to embark upon the tandem voyage of matrimony.

Now men do have their moments—even at weddings. For without a bridegroom there could be no wedding, and no bridegroom likes to walk down the aisle without the comforting assurance that he is looking his best and that that best complies with the tradition as well as the mode of the day.

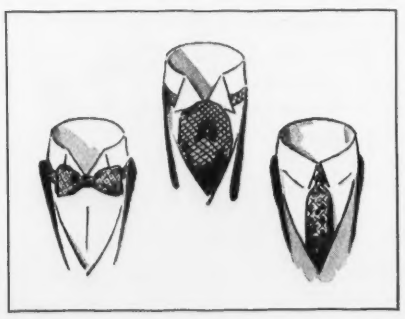
Weddings are festive occasions, and in view of the fact that the general effect of a formal turnout is conservative and rather somber, the bridegroom should do whatever he can, within the bounds of convention, to give a light touch to his attire. Though perhaps it is the most serious moment of his life, his appearance should be one of gayety. He should look as though he is attending the gala performance of his life. He should dress up to the bride, because a well-dressed bridegroom sets off the bride to the best advantage. The better he is dressed the better she looks, and in this important matter of sartorial perfection he is not only paying her a subtle compliment but also doing his part in adding a gay and debonair touch to the occasion.

Either the cutaway or a short black jacket, worn with the same accessories as are correct with the formal cutaway, may be correctly worn at an informal daytime wedding.

WHEN it comes to the attire of the men of the wedding party, the standard of formality is set by the bride's costume.

For the formal day wedding, with the bride dressed in the traditional gown of white with a long, trailing veil, the turnout of the bridegroom has been prescribed by many years of tradition from which no deviation is permissible.

The bridegroom, his best man and ushers, and the male guests at a formal evening wedding wear full evening dress, consisting of tail coat, white waistcoat and tie and white kid gloves.



The collars and ties illustrated above are the correct styles for both formal and informal day weddings. A white boutonnière should be worn by the men of the bridal party.

It consists of the conventional cutaway coat in black or oxford gray cheviot, the edges of which may or may not be bound with braid. In passing it should be noted that, according to the mode of the day in cosmopolitan centers, the coat which is not bound with braid is considered the smarter. The trousers may be of black-and-white or black-and-gray striped worsted, or of a fine black-and-white-checked cassimere which gives an impression of gray.

At spring weddings, however, it is customary to add certain small touches which tend to lighten the rather austere appearance of formal clothes. For instance, instead of wearing a waistcoat of the same material as the coat, waistcoats of fawn color or gray cloth, or of white linen, may be substituted, which, when worn with spats of a matching shade, add a very smart touch.

The wearing of spats with formal day clothes is not compulsory, but is a matter of personal preference. But unless spats fit perfectly they should not be worn, because they are very noticeable and because an imperfectly fitting spat draws attention to the wearer and detracts from what would otherwise be a neat and well-groomed appearance.

BLACK shoes, of course, are correct. They may be of patent leather or black calfskin. In either case they should have a toe cap. Patent leather shoes without a toe cap are correct only for evening-dress wear.

The question of a proper collar and tie for a cutaway is really a very simple one. If a wing collar is worn, the collar should be cut with a deep V opening and have large, bold wings. An Ascot tie or a bow tie of either striped or figured black-and-white or gray-and-black silk are the smart ties for this type of collar. Four-in-hand ties also may be correctly worn, but this combination is really more suitable for an older man.

A turndown collar may be worn with a cutaway, in which case a four-in-hand tie is correct.

A plain white shirt with a plain or pleated starched bosom, or one with a faint gray or black hair-line stripe is correct. If the shirt has a stripe pattern, the tie should be of plain gray silk or a black-and-white or black-and-gray figured silk if made in the form of an Ascot or four-in-hand. A bow tie worn with a wing collar and striped shirt should have a neat, geometrical design, such as shown in the accompanying illustration. A black-and-white polka dot pattern would in this case be an excellent choice.

Top hats are the correct headgear. Gray-suède or white-doeskin gloves should be worn. In this connection it should be stated that silk gloves are never worn by well-dressed men, as they are unsuitable for a man and are considered the worst possible taste.

A plain handkerchief of sheer white linen protruding

Jackets of navy blue or Oxford gray, worn with white flannel trousers, starched linen turndown collars and four-in-hand ties, may be worn at a garden wedding.

(Continued on Page 63)

WANTED:

HERE is Opportunity, knocking at your door! Now's your chance to make the kind of cakes you've always dreamed of making—delicious, tempting works of art. Yes—*you can!*—even though you've never made a cake before.

Ask any woman who has found the Swans Down way to success. She'll tell you what Swans Down Cake Flour means. Then try it yourself—make the Orange Cream Cake, exactly as the recipe says. In one experiment, you'll find yourself an expert!

—ambitious cake-makers!

It's almost unbelievable what a difference Swans Down makes. Such tender, fluffy lightness—such fine texture and taste, you'll never get with ordinary flour. Why?...

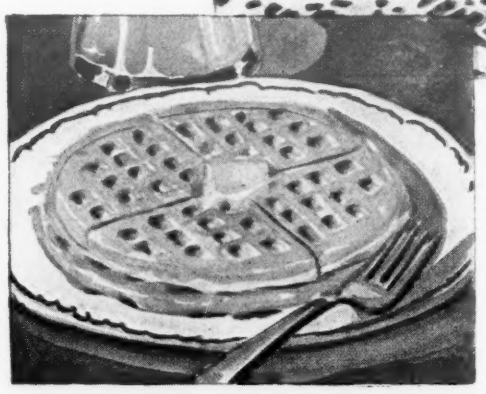
Swans Down is made especially for cakes and pastry, from selected soft winter wheat. Swans Down is sifted through finest silk—time and again—*until it is* 27 *times as fine as ordinary flour!* Nothing is added to it—Swans Down is flour, alone—but the careful selection of wheat, *plus* careful, superfine milling, brings sure perfection to cake-making.

Experience not required

A few cakes made with Swans Down will convince you of its real economy. It costs little more than ordinary flour—only 3½ cents more, per cake—and Swans Down not only assures success if you follow directions carefully, but makes the plainest one-egg cake a wonderfully delicious treat. Try it!

The best waffles you ever tasted—a Swans Down secret

Waffles—golden-brown—crisp—more delicious than ever!—and so easy to make if you follow the *Swans Down* way to success—



SWANS DOWN WAFFLES

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
3 egg yolks, well beaten
1 cup milk
4 tablespoons melted butter
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt together twice. Add egg yolks mixed with milk; then butter. Fold in egg whites. Have both sides of waffle iron hot. Grease well. Put tablespoon of batter in each section and let top down. When batter is baked on one side turn iron to brown other side. Remove waffles with fork. Serve with butter and Log Cabin Syrup. Makes six 4-section waffles.

ORANGE CREAM CAKE

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
2 egg yolks, well beaten
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks; then flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla; fold in egg whites. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375°F.) 30 minutes. Spread Orange Filling between layers and cover with boiled frosting. Decorate with candied orange peel or fresh orange sections. Double recipe to make three 10-inch layers.

ORANGE FILLING

5 tablespoons Swans Down Cake Flour
1 cup sugar
Grated rind 1 orange
½ cup orange juice
3 tablespoons lemon juice
4 tablespoons water
1 egg, slightly beaten
2 teaspoons butter

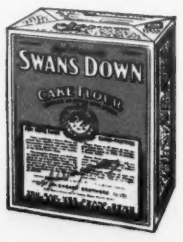
Mix ingredients in order given. Cook in double boiler 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Cool before spreading. Makes filling for two layers.

(All measurements are level.)

SWANS DOWN

CAKE FLOUR

IGLEHEART BROTHERS, INC., Evansville, Ind.
Established 1856



A brand-new bargain from the Swans Down Kitchens!—For only 50c—(money order preferred)—we'll send you our new edition of "Cake Secrets", filled from cover to cover with tempting recipes; also a special, patented Angel Food pan, well-made and substantial; and a wire cake tester. *Don't miss this bargain!* If not entirely satisfied with these articles, you may return them, carrying charges prepaid, and your money will be promptly refunded.

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MAIL THE COUPON TODAY

IGLEHEART BROTHERS, INC., Evansville, Indiana. L. H. J. 4-29

☐ Please send me Angel Food pan, wire cake tester, and copy of "Cake Secrets", for which I enclose 50 cents.

☐ Please send me "Cake Secrets" alone, for which I enclose 10 cents. (Check which you prefer.)

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address.

(Continued from Page 61)

from the breast pocket, and a white boutonnière, such as a gardenia, camellia or carnation, in the buttonhole add the finishing touches to the turnout of a man correctly dressed for a formal day wedding, whether he is a bridegroom, an usher or a guest.

For the informal day wedding which takes place in a church or at the home of the bride, the correct wedding attire of the bridegroom and his best man, as well as of the male guests, is identical with that worn on any other occasion when formal day dress is required. But in place of the cutaway, at an informal wedding—where there are no ushers—men may wear a short black jacket with gray or striped trousers. Gray trousers made of flannel are not correct. They should be made of worsted or cassimere. The jacket should be single-breasted to be correct and may have either one or two buttons.

In all other items of his turnout, however, the same rules apply as when a cutaway is worn, except that an Ascot tie is not correct with a short coat. It is reserved for wear only with a cutaway.

There are three choices of hats for the short black jacket and striped trouser combination—the silk top hat, a bowler or a gray felt Homburg hat. The snap-brim hat is not correct, as it is worn only for sports and traveling.

At a formal evening wedding, which takes place after seven o'clock, in a church, a large house or even at a hotel, the bride wears the long veil and white-satin gown that she would wear at any formal wedding regardless of the time of day the ceremony was performed. But the bridegroom, his best man, ushers and male guests wear full evening dress.

Full evening dress consists of a tail coat made of black or very dark blue cloth. A stiff-bosom shirt of white linen or piqué, a white waistcoat of the same material as the shirt, made either single or double breasted, a white bow tie and a wing collar, are correct accessories for full evening dress.

Black waistcoats and black ties are never correct with full dress, and are correct only with a dinner jacket. Black patent-leather oxfords or pumps should be worn and the hat should be a silk top hat. White kid gloves are correct.

The Informal Wedding

PARTICULAR care should be taken with the evening jewelry worn, because the only correct jewelry is made of pearls or mother-of-pearl set in platinum or white gold, with small diamonds or crystals. Colored jewelry for the evening is incorrect.

The question is sometimes asked as to what is considered the correct dress for informal evening weddings. The answer to this question is that for young people of small means a wedding should be so informal, without any attempt at grandeur, that any type of wearing apparel will do, so long as the bride is not overdressed in comparison with the groom.

A bride in a white satin gown and a long veil should be accompanied by her young husband equally well groomed for the occasion, or else she should be married in the simplest "going-away" costume. It is an unmistakable breach of good form for the gentlemen of the wedding party to be underdressed in comparison with the women.

During the spring and summer months it is frequently the very pleasant custom to have the wedding ceremony performed in the garden. If the bride is dressed in white satin with a long white veil, then the attire of the men of the bridal party is exactly the same as though the ceremony were performed indoors.

White flannel trousers may be worn by the men of the wedding party only on the occasion of an extremely informal wedding, where the ceremony is performed in a garden and when the bride does not wear the conventional wedding gown of white satin with a train and a long white veil, but wears a gown of organdie or some other diaphanous material and wears a large hat.

At such an informal wedding there would, of course, be no ushers and it is permissible for the groom and his best man to wear white flannel trousers and a dark coat of navy blue or Oxford gray. But both the groom and the best man should wear coats of the same color and the coats should preferably be double-breasted. As in the more formal wedding, a white boutonnière should be worn in the lapel of the coat.

With this combination a wing collar is not correct. A white shirt should be worn with a low, turndown collar and a four-in-hand tie of silk. White or white-and-tan or white-and-black shoes and white socks should be worn.

The Ushers' Duties

THE duties of the ushers are comparatively simple. They show the guests to their seats with the aid of a list which has been made out and which indicates the seating arrangements. If there are no definite seating arrangements for seating others than members of the families, then they merely escort the guests to any place. It should be remembered, too, that the ushers wear their gloves during the seating of the guests as well as during the ceremony. Their hats and sticks are left in the vestibule of the church where they will be at hand when the bridal procession leaves the church.

The ushers also assist at the reception in making introductions and seeing that the guests are served with refreshments, and making themselves generally agreeable.

If the groom wants his wedding day to be a smooth and successful episode, he will select for his best man that one among his relatives or close personal friends who possesses to the greatest degree the combined qualities of a great general and successful business executive. For upon the shoulders of the best man rests much of the responsibility for the success of any wedding. Not only must he support the bridegroom through what to many is a trying ordeal, but it is he who is directly responsible for the successful getting away of the, let us hope, happily married pair.

Immediately after the ceremony, providing it has been held in a church, the best man retires to the vestry, where he gives the officiating clergyman his fee and then sees that the clergyman is safely transported to the reception.

It is the best man who makes sure that the sexton will be waiting in the vestibule of the church to give the bridegroom his hat, stick and gloves as he leaves the church. In this connection it should be noted that the bridegroom and the best man do not wear gloves during the ceremony.

Before the ceremony it is the best man, unless a servant of the bridegroom has already done so, who has seen to it that the clothes to be worn by the bridegroom at the start of the wedding journey, have been delivered to the bride's house and placed in the room reserved for the bridegroom.

The best man retires with the groom after the reception to help him in his dressing and to put the last touches to the packing of his luggage. He also sees that the motor is waiting at the door when the newly married couple take their departure.

The groom gives the bride her bouquet, of course, and also a gift, usually in the form of jewelry, as a souvenir of the occasion. It is also customary for him to present his best man and his ushers with their neckties, gloves and boutonnières that all may present a uniform appearance. In addition he also gives them some souvenir of the occasion. These presents can be in the form of a cigarette case, a scarfpin, a key ring, walking stick or a pair of cuff links. Where possible, they should be marked with the groom's initials, the date of the ceremony and the recipient's initials.

if you really knew about Princess Pat powder you'd surely try it

[HERE WE SHALL TRY TO GIVE THE FACTS. READ CAREFULLY]

In the first place, Princess Pat is the *only* face powder that contains *almond*. Your *accustomed* powders likely have a base of *starch*. This change of *base* in Princess Pat makes a completely different powder. Almond makes a more *clinging* powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base. So *point one* in favor of Princess Pat is that it *stays on longer*. Every woman will appreciate *this* advantage.

Lillian Gilmore, Universal Film Star, is another of the many screen and stage beauties who use Princess Pat powder—and love it too! Just opening a fresh box here, with "I adore it!"

Almond makes Princess Pat a *softer* powder than can be produced with any other base. The softer a powder, the better its application.

So *point two* in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the peculiarly soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establish Princess Pat as the choice of ultra-fashionable women everywhere.

A deciding factor in choosing powder is perfume. Will you like Princess Pat—an original fragrance? Yes. For it steals upon the senses subtly, elusively. Its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation every woman has of finer things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume.

So *point three* in favor of Princess Pat is perfume of such universal charm that *every* woman is enraptured.

Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat possesses a special virtue which *should* make every woman choose Princess Pat as her *only powder*.

For Princess Pat powder is *good* for the skin. Not merely harmless, mind you, but beneficial! And once again the almond in Princess Pat is to be credited—the almond found in *no other face powder*.

You know how confidently you depend upon almond in lotions and creams, how it soothes and beautifies, keeping the skin soft, pliant and *naturally* lovely.

Almond in Princess Pat face powder has the *selfsame* properties. Fancy that! Instead of drying out your skin when you powder, you actually improve it. Constant use of Princess Pat powder is one of the very best ways to correct and prevent coarse pores, blackheads and roughened skin texture.

Princess Pat has been called "the powder your skin loves to feel." It is a most apt description; for the soft, velvety texture of Princess Pat *is* delightful—and *different*.

And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat, you will surely want to try it.

Your favorite toilette goods counter can supply Princess Pat almond base powder—in two weights. These are regular weight, in the oblong box, and a splendidly adherent light weight powder in round box. Both weights are made with the famous Almond Base.

PRINCESS PAT
PRINCESS PAT LTD., CHICAGO

Princess Pat Ice Astringent is the one vanishing cream that acts like ice to close and refine the pores. Ideal as the powder base—effective longer—cool, pleasant, refreshing as ice. Prevents and corrects coarse pores. Always use before powder.

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

Get This Week-End Set—

SPECIAL

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd.
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. A-824, Chicago.
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

Name (print).....
Street.....
City and State.....

Notice how long these rich suds *last!*

And - in machine or tub - *lasting* suds shorten washday

Millions of washing machine users insist upon Chipso because Chipso gives quick suds that *last* throughout the run. Chipso suds do not fall down shortly after the machine starts, as the suds of some soaps do. And, you never have to add more soap to revive them.

Chipso suds are so rich and lasting that they *can* be used for more than one batch if the clothes are not too soiled—and will still be lively and effective at the end of the run.

Of course there's a good reason why Chipso suds are so rich—why they last until every garment is clean. It's because Chipso is made of materials especially selected to give harder-working, more lasting suds.

The easiest way to loosen dirt . . . let these rich, lasting Chipso suds *soak* it loose for you.

Many washing machine users find that a 20-minute Chipso soaking right in the machine cuts their power bill about in two. Chipso suds are so rich, so lasting that they thoroughly loosen dirt in this short time, without harming color or fabrics. And, once the dirt is loosened, you run the machine *half* the usual time to get the clothes clean and white.

Tub-washing needs lasting suds

In tub-washing—Chipso does the really hard work of washday. Chipso suds are so rich and lasting that they *soak* the dirt loose—even greasy dirt. Then—a squeezing of suds through clothes a few times, a light hand-rubbing on extra soiled spots—and the dirt simply floats out. Chipso does away with hard rubbing on the board, hot boiling in a steamy kitchen.

Rich suds shorten dishwashing

Dishwashing is quicker the Chipso way. While you dry glass and silver, let the rich, lasting Chipso suds soak food traces from your china. Then, while you dry the china, Chipso will soak grease from pots and pans. This way dishes are done in a twinkling—and you've hardly had your hands in hot water.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE! Saving Golden Hours—"How to take out 15 common stains—save clothes by soaking . . . lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with the newest laundry *methods*, are discussed in a free booklet—*Saving Golden Hours*. Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. CJ-49, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Chipso—quick suds that last
Soaks clothes clean—
Dishes ⅓ less time

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The most amazing success in the history of household soap

Promoting Peace

(Continued from Page 4)

objective of all gunnery training is to hit an enemy rapidly and continuously.

Our Army can be small because we are peaceful at home and far removed from attack by land. Also an army can be assembled quickly. Our Navy is more extensive because our shores, our great commerce, and our distant possessions must be protected, and it takes years to build a warship.

We maintain these forces at a cost of about $670,000,000 each year in our general effort to promote peace. No sure way has ever been found to prevent war. We all realize that it is one of the most hideous afflictions to which mankind is subject. Opinions may differ as to whether nations with adequate military forces are more likely to enjoy peace than those which neglect their defenses. In the last analysis, this is a question of dealing with human nature. Every one knows that if there were no police our cities would be ransacked within twenty-four hours. I very strongly suspect that if there were but one nation in the world supplied with an army and a navy, and, to make the supposition as strong as possible, if that nation were our own, it would not be long before the other nations had been overrun. It seems to me that it is almost a moral certainty that we should find some excuse for taking that action. But when we know that other countries have a considerable ability to defend themselves, it is human nature for us to regard them with a more wholesome respect and be more careful about violating their rights. If we reverse this picture we can likewise conclude that if others know we are prepared to defend ourselves they will be less likely to commit offenses against us.

Adequate Defense

IF THIS is correct it affords some indication of the size of the forces required for adequate national defense. They should be large enough so that others would see that there would be a great deal of peril involved in attacking us. They should not be so large that our country would feel we would undergo no peril in attacking others. Disregarding all the other elements of a desire for peace and willingness at all times to try to do justice, and reducing the subject to the sole question of force, it is my belief that two nations are less likely to reach a stage of armed conflict if each has a moderate but still fairly adequate system of national defense. I have ventured the opinion that war would have broken out in Europe much earlier than 1914 if those countries had not been prepared to resist attack. I also believe that some of them were overprepared. Competition in armaments had become so intense that the burden of expense finally reached the point that there must have been overwhelming pressure to fight, because otherwise the cost was making it necessary to reduce armaments. Adequate defense does not require a return to the conditions which then existed, but rather requires their avoidance.

There is another lesson which we may well learn from a consideration of the World War period. One of the strongest traits of mankind is a determination to be free. That may be necessarily surrendered for immediate security, but it will always be regarded as a temporary expedient, and the determination will be constantly cherished to regain freedom at the earliest possible moment. If any nation or combination of nations overarms itself, so that another nation or combination of nations feels that its liberties are imperiled, a reaction of resentment and hostility will be created, which is a strong provoking influence to open warfare. This is a practical limitation to all attempts to preserve peace solely by great armaments. That the wrongdoer, whether it be the individual or the nation, can be checked by force is apparent, but no force will be found adequate for an extended period to impose upon any considerable body of people a system which is recognized by the general standards of humanity as injustice and servitude. Such an attempt would create a revolt in which it would be found that the victims would rather die than yield. While an army and navy can be very helpful to protect a nation from wrongful attack and unjust aggression, they cannot afford an absolute guarantee against war. Preparation for defense seems to me to be necessary in the world as we find it at the present time, and is useful, but it is well to recognize that there are limits beyond which it does not and cannot go in preserving peace.

Public Opinion

IN RELATIONS between man and man, the person who is injured can secure the decree of a court which directs the sheriff in civil actions to restore to him his property, and in criminal actions to inflict a penalty on the wrongdoer. The knowledge that this can be done is a great restraining influence. An analogous system of the administration of international justice is being perfected through methods of arbitration and the World Court. But irrespective of these, with the general diffusion of information, we have the even stronger and ultimate tribunal of the public opinion of society. The knowledge throughout the world that the public opinion of a people has back of it an armed force which can be called on to execute its decrees is likewise a powerful restraining influence among nations. It has also been generally assumed that manifest weakness invited aggression, so that if a government does not or cannot protect the rights of itself and its citizens they will very soon be so grossly violated that an aroused public temper will plunge headlong into war. In our own case it has been generally admitted that the Central Powers thought that a ruthless submarine campaign destructive of the rights of the United States would win the war for them before we could make our forces effective. While our lack of preparation demonstrated our peaceful intent, it seems probable that our chance for peace would have been greater if our preparation had been greater.

While I have discussed national defense very largely as a method of preventing war, it has another aspect which is likewise of extreme importance. Perhaps peace is an ideal that can come only to future generations which are much more perfect than our own. Meantime we should take every precaution to prevent war, of which adequate defense is one. But we should also take every precaution to protect ourselves to the fullest possible extent from its ravages, if it does come. The Army and Navy serve the double purpose of prevention and defense.

The individual and the race have not progressed beyond the point where they need the teaching and effect of discipline. We require not only the existence, but the outward manifestation, of authority. The uniform of the policeman is not only a symbol of protection, but it is also a strong supplementary reënforcement of the determination to do right. The ability to endure the imperfections of peace is greatly strengthened by the knowledge that the inflictions of war are likely to be even more severe. The parade at sundown, the fleet in the harbor, give a reflection of security and authority in the Flag which it could not otherwise possess.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the first of three articles by former President Coolidge dealing with the fundamentals of peace. The second, Promoting Peace Through Limitation of Armaments, will appear in the May Journal.

The tasks a Woman Loves

need never spoil
the beauty of her hands

Garden to your heart's content—paint furniture—do anything—but take care of your hands while you use them, with frequent applications of Jergens Lotion! You will find it wonderful for repairing skin wear and tear. It softens a rough, dry skin almost instantly—keeps your hands beautifully smooth and white. And it leaves not a trace of stickiness.

2 *famous ingredients give it instant power to heal*

YOU do not have to trust to faith—your own sensations tell you instantly how much Jergens Lotion is benefiting your skin.

Coolness, smoothness, comfort, instead of that dry, parched feeling. Every bit of roughness gone—a delicious velvety softness instead.

Two famous ingredients, long used in medicine, give Jergens Lotion its wonderful power to heal the skin and repair skin wear and tear. Blended with other soothing elements in Jergens Lotion, they form a fragrant, silvery liquid that makes your skin softer and whiter each time you apply it.

Use Jergens Lotion often while you work. When your hands get badly soiled or stained, use this effective method:

FIRST APPLY Jergens Lotion generously. Rub it well into the stained or badly soiled places, so that it will partly dissolve the dirt or stain. Then wash your hands in warm (not hot) soapsuds, letting your hands stay in the soapsuds for two or three minutes. Rinse, dry lightly, and again apply the Lotion. Repeat this until your hands are smooth and white again.

You can get Jergens Lotion for 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

JERGENS
LOTION

Made by the makers of
Woodbury's Facial Soap

***FREE!*— The large-size trial bottle**

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3007 Alfred St.
Cincinnati, O.

Please send me—free—the new large-size bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, "Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection."

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In Canada, send to The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd. 3007 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Quick, madam ..the scissors!

Cut your wash-day work *in half!*

ON THIS page there's a coupon. Get your scissors—cut it out. Mail it *today*. It will bring you La France—and La France will save half your wash-day work! For La France does your rubbing and bluing for you—gets you through in half the usual time.

La France is a marvelous cleansing agent that you use *with* soap. It quickly and thoroughly soaks away all grease and dirt—*and blues the clothes perfectly at the same time.* Makes them snowy-white, spotless-clean, deliciously fresh and fragrant.

La France works like magic on garments that are unusually soiled—things like grease-stained overalls, children's play suits, etc.

Yet it won't harm the frailest fabric or the daintiest color. Think—it is used for the laundering of priceless Museum fabrics! And of course La France won't harm your hands—in fact, it tends to soften and whiten the skin.

Use La France *in washing machine, washtub or boiler*

Dissolve in a saucepan of boiling water 2 heaping tablespoonfuls of La France and a cup of soap—chipped bar soap, flakes, powder. Add this to your water, then put in the clothes. Soak as usual or scald in a boiler if you prefer. (If you use a washing machine, run it *half the usual time.*) You don't need a washboard! You don't need bluing! Just rinse through two fresh, warm waters—and your washing is done. La France has soaked out the dirt and blued your clothes perfectly.

FREE TEST PACKAGE
MAIL COUPON NOW!

L. H. J. 4-29

LA FRANCE MANUFACTURING CO.
123 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me, free, a test package of La France—enough for a family wash—together with a sample of Satina.

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Grocer's Name_____

FOR EASIER IRONING ADD *SATINA* TO HOT STARCH

With the sample of La France we'll send you also a sample of Satina. Added to hot starch, it prevents irons from sticking, gives an exquisite gloss and finish to clothes. Your grocer sells both La France and Satina. © 1929, P. Co., Inc.

Dude West

(Continued from Page 15)

sombrero, and a gorgeous neckerchief borrowed for the occasion. All the rest had done the same thing; we glittered with the silver on our bridles and saddles, our gaudy shirts and neckerchiefs gleamed in the sun; leather-and-hair chaps, Indian belts, boots inlaid with bright colors, sombreros of every shade made us truly magnificent.

Even Kaysee had been groomed for the occasion; up to that time I had let Nature take its course with him.

But it was not to be. As we came in sight over a dust-colored hill the crowd first blinked and then greeted us with automobile horns. Bedlam was let loose, and Kaysee was the first to react. His huge sorrel body quivered, and so did mine. Each of us was apparently trying to outquiver the other, and I am inclined to believe that I won. And the battle had only begun. We were, Kaysee and I, to go down into that bedlam, to march in front of those shrieking monsters. Small drops of sweat formed on us both and mingled, and Kaysee's front legs suddenly stiffened. He had apparently lost his knees. I still had mine, but they were no good to me.

There was every evidence that I was about to make the first exhibition ride of the afternoon, but just as Kaysee was debating as to whether to break for the pop-and-ice-cream stand, a large car or the ladies' retiring tent, somebody halted the procession. I slid off and sat on the ground, because I could not stand.

They tell me the rodeo was wonderful, and I believe it was. But from where I sat on the hillside I could see that my horse, on the picket line, was only waiting for me to mount him to go somewhere. He didn't care where or how.

You see, I know him. Only a short time before he had wakened one morning in a bad temper, and with me only partly in the saddle had given one of the finest exhibitions of bucking, sidewinding and sunfishing so far seen. I was on the ground most of the time, staring up at the blue cerulean sky, and so I missed most of it. But I do know that during one of the fancier steps he came down on my right leg and detached a splinter of shin bone, which remained freely movable all the rest of the summer.

But do not judge dude ranch horses by Kaysee. He belongs to me, and his only fault is temperament.

Stalking Trout

MOST dude ranches offer fishing. Sometimes it is at the front door, again it may be a few miles off. Every trout fisherman knows that good fishing is always a few miles off. But who minds that? Tie the rod on the saddle and take the trail. The more remote, in a way, the better, for there may be something to see. Last year a bear and two cubs crossed just ahead of me, and the old she-bear was considerably calmer than I was.

One fishes with flies, of course, but when the water is muddy the keenest eyed of trout cannot see a fly. It was amusing to us to read of the furore when President Coolidge condescended to worms the summer he spent in the Black Hills. The streams were high that year, and until late in the summer he could not have caught a trout's attention with a fly even if he had rubbed it with an onion!

We are lucky, in that a good stream runs by our cabin. It is a noisy stream; we shout above its racket all summer, and keep on shouting for weeks after we get home. But it is wonderfully soothing at night. And it has trout in it.

A day or two after we arrived, therefore, I rigged up and went to the old swimming hole. It was still early in the season, the real experts had not yet arrived, and the water was high but clear. Rags accompanied me.

At my first cast I got a fish. Indeed, at first I thought I had two. That place in my second-best rod which had been repaired by tying on four hairpins as splints and then wrapping it with cord suddenly bent; the line shot out, the reel sang. Then, after an old habit, the reel came loose and fell into the water. Never mind. I dropped the rod, caught the line, worked it in hand over hand. Now I could see it. Good heavens, what a fish! My heart was jumping. I held on and looked around wildly for the net. I'd forgotten to bring the net. Never mind. Drag him up on the bank and fall on him. Get him out and stuff him and put him on a board. "Trout caught by Mary Roberts Rinehart, June 20, 1928." Come on, now. Easy. Easy's the word. Get out of there, Rags! Get out, you little devil! There! I'll half kill you for that!

Well, that's fishing. I went back after him again and again. I lost all sense of fishing ethics and tempted him with every fly there is, including one made of a peacock feather, although peacocks are not what one might call a trout's natural food out there; with spoons and spinners, with fish fins and fish eyes. I locked Rags up and dug worms, and after I had given up I sent fishermen, real fishermen, after him. They came away with doubt in their eyes; there was no such fish. But there was. There is.

Fishing and Hunting

WHO was the psychiatrist who said he never despaired of a patient who liked to fish? Fishing is the brain worker's salvation—that is, some kinds of fishing. I have no use for the sort which consists of dropping a hook over the side of a boat, and when something attaches itself to it, languidly pulling it up like a hoist raising a load of bricks. True fishing implies stalking your fish. But I no longer carry this to extremes.

A year or two ago, having been told that the best way to approach a good hole was to crawl through the brush on one's stomach, I suddenly found myself across a large and very cold and slippery snake. As a result I burst on that hole like an explosion, and since then I have done my stalking afoot.

In the fall there is usually shooting. Practically all dude ranches lie in hunting country, and bear, deer and elk may be found. In our state, Wyoming, after some years of complete protection, the elk have multiplied until now they are threatening to become a nuisance, and there has been a three-day open season declared. As the cattle herds are driven up into the mountains for summer grazing the stockmen need the grass for them, and so the elk must be diminished—the elk and the wild horses. They are killing the wild horses by the tens of thousands now, and there is a factory down the line where they utilize the poor corpses for everything from leather to fertilizer. That hurts me. These beautiful wild creatures with their lithe bodies, their flowing manes and tails, their high proud heads—is there no better use for them than to fetch three dollars f. o. b. on their way to destruction?

However, there are fewer hunters each year. We are advancing.

But how inconsistent we are! I still go duck shooting at the ranch on occasion, although those occasions are rare. I stand in the reeds by some cold pond holding a shotgun and wait for them to come in. The wind blows, my hands freeze, my feet are deep in chilly mud. Muskrats come and flirt with me, and blue herons circle anxiously over me. Then I see the ducks and get ready. I put a finger on each trigger, to be ready for both

(Continued on Page 68)

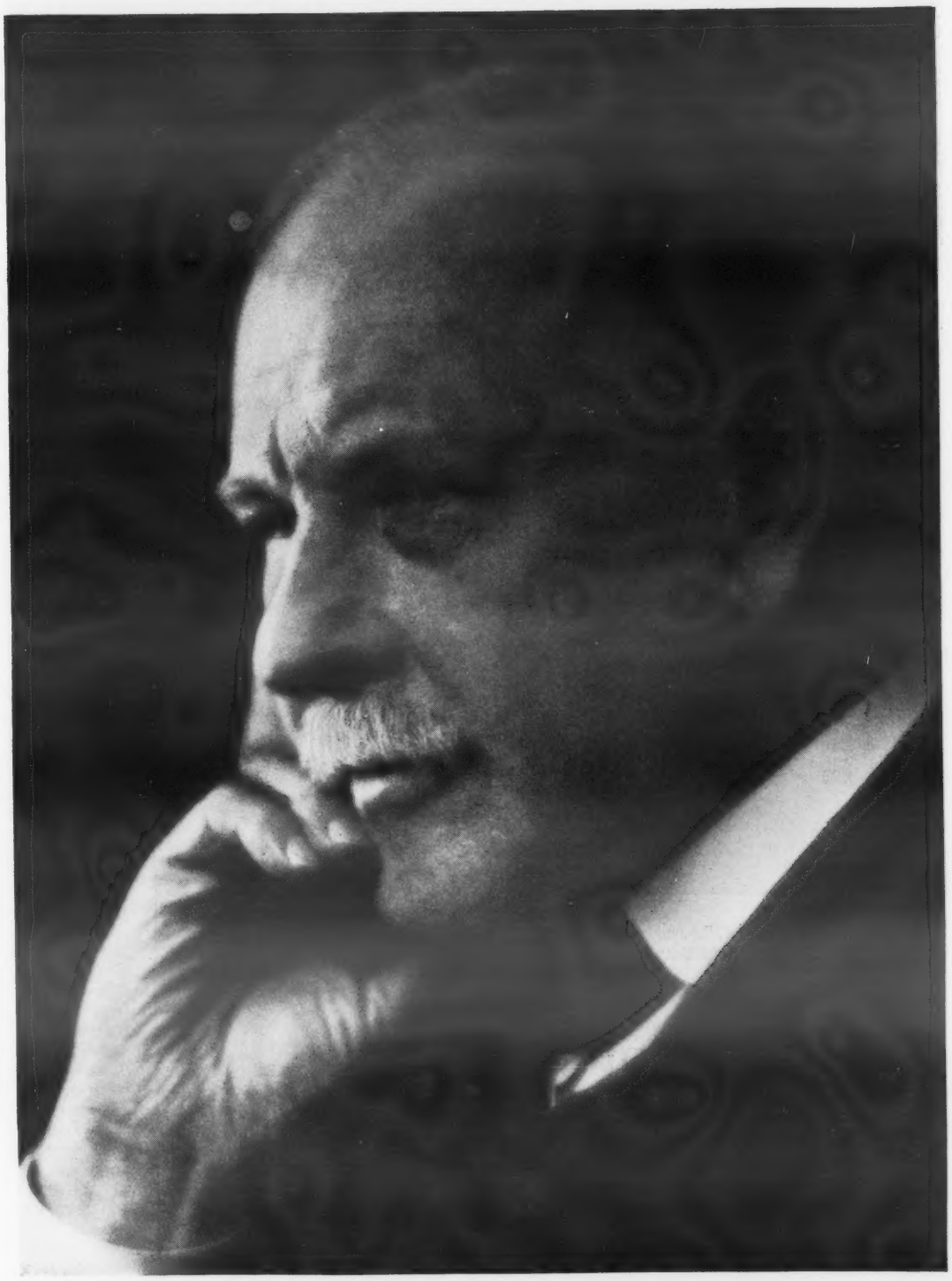
"I have recommended Yeast for 40 years"—

Dean H. H. RUSBY, *M.D.*

Professor of Physiology in America's largest university

PROFESSOR of Physiology and Materia Medica and Dean of the Faculty in the College of Pharmacy, Columbia University. Formerly Professor of Materia Medica, University and Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York; member, Pan-American Medical Congress, and expert on medicines for the U. S. Government. Author of many scientific and medical works and member of American and British scientific societies.

***"The laxative action of yeast is mild but reliable. Yeast cleanses the system. In continued small doses it is often of service in overcoming habitual constipation. Its effect is to promote both appetite and digestion, resulting in improved nutrition . . . For 40 years I have been lecturing to students on the value of yeast in these directions."*—Abstract from text book on "Materia Medica" by Dr. H. H. Rusby.**



DEAN HENRY HURD RUSBY, M. D.

DR. HENRY HURD RUSBY stands with the leaders of the American medical world. He is an authority on medicinal plants. His contributions to the practical literature of medicine are monumental.

Today he is a distinguished dean and professor of physiology at Columbia University.

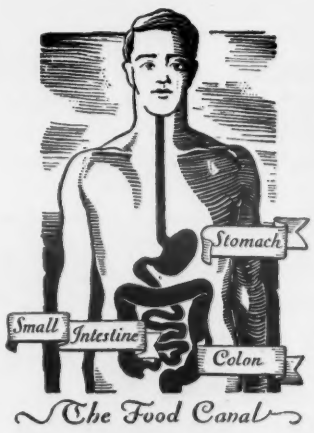
For 40 years, as Dean Rusby points out, he has been teaching and expounding the value of yeast as a natural food-corrective for constipation. And in corroboration, a recent survey in the United States showed that half the doctors reporting prescribed yeast as the great corrective food for clogged intestines and related ills—poor digestion, bad skin, depression, "nerves."

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these live yeast plants pass through your system daily, they combat the harmful poisons of stagnation and purify the whole body.

For renewed health and happiness eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one before each meal or between meals, plain or in water, cold or hot (not scalding).

To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Buy two or three days' supply, as it will keep in a cool, dry place. Start now and know what real health can be!

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. G-109, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.



FROM THROAT TO COLON is one continuous tube. Here 90% of all ills start, as poisons from a clogged intestine spread through the system! But here yeast works, helping normal elimination and purifying the whole body. Keep this entire tract clean, active and healthy with Fleischmann's Yeast daily.

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Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

ESTHER RALSTON, *Paramount star, whose skin shows flawlessly lovely in a close-up. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for keeping the skin delightfully smooth."*

9 out of 10 screen stars guard their skin this way . .

"EXQUISITE skin is woman's most compelling charm," says Malcolm St. Clair, director for Paramount. "Flawlessly beautiful skin is more appealing than any other charm."

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Nine out of ten screen stars use this white fragrant soap. You, too, will like the way it cares for your skin. Abundant lather even in hard water!

MARY DUNCAN, *Fox star—"Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin silken smooth—as 'studio skin' must be."*

MARIE PREVOST *says, "Lux Toilet Soap, delightful as the finest French soaps, keeps my skin satin-smooth."*

Lux Toilet Soap *Nine out of ten screen stars use it for smooth skin* 10¢

(Continued from Page 66)

barrels, and then in my excitement I pull them both at once. Suddenly I am sitting in the mud, the ducks have gone, and my right shoulder is black and blue for a week.

Nor is this the whole story. I rose once from my hiding place in a ditch by Perry Cooper's pond and fired directly into half a dozen cows. My morale was destroyed, and theirs, but that was all.

There is a story behind Perry Cooper. Perry Cooper is a wolfer, or was. For years and years he hunted wolves, gray wolves. The state—or the county, maybe—paid a bounty, and the stockmen paid another. For a killer it might be from a hundred to five hundred dollars; sometimes a group united, each paying his percentage on each wolf. A killer would be known, his methods and his tracks studied. Perry might be after one wolf for two years, getting others in the interval, of course, but always after the big fellow. Then one day his rifle would crack and he would blow his old horn to call in his hounds, and by and large a good many steers were saved for the cattlemen.

Yes, he blew a horn. At first it was an old oxhorn from the team his father used in Iowa when Iowa was the frontier. Later on it was brass or tin, I forget which. Anyhow he trained his hounds to come when he blew it; also how to follow and pull down the wolf, and a variety of other things. The dogs would be mangled and killed, and so he was always replacing and training, but he killed thousands of wolves. Not in packs either. The old days when forty-odd might run together were over. The lone wolf, or the female with pups in the den, was Perry's work.

He is full of queer tales and lore about wild creatures. Thus he says that Lewis and Clark were correct when they claimed to have seen white bears. For, says Perry, you take an old silvertip grizzly and get the sun shining on him right, and he sure looks white.

But Perry's days of wolf hunting are over. He is getting old and lives alone in a remote place. We have tried to arrange a signal for him, if he needs help in the night. He is to fire his gun, the gun he used so many years against the wolves. It may still be useful to him.

The Romantic West

THE WEST is still a trifle restive under the invasion of what it calls the dude. There is no particular opprobrium in the word; a dude is an Easterner, a tenderfoot. But there is still, as may be expected, no intimate mixing of West and East.

The Westerner is apt to like the dude, and in a country where the days of fortunes in cattle are over, to appreciate the money he brings. The towns flourish, the railroads benefit by the long haul. But as a rule he fails to understand him. The Easterner is insistent on seeing a West which the West is trying to outgrow and forget. He wants his cowboy in chaps and sombrero, not in overalls; he is disappointed when he finds paved streets in the towns, straw hats and automobiles. He passes with indifference the civilization which has been worried with such travail out of the barren country and searches for the crude living of the Old West.

To answer this demand the dude ranchers have tried to combine comfort with atmosphere; have just managed, and no more, to make their cowboys wear every day the outfits they would ordinarily keep for the rodeos, and by outraging the pride in progress of the towns, have succeeded in effecting their compromise. They build rough log cabins, but take care to have bathhouses close at hand with plenty of hot water. Included in their modest rates are horses and saddles, but the horses are thoroughly gentled.

As a by-product of this demand of the East for crudity, there is without doubt a fear on the part of the West of being patronized. It is that which lies behind their resentment when the dude exclaims over their good streets, good houses, electric lights and shops. And this resentment occasionally creeps into the press, or is shown in moments of excitement; as at a rodeo last summer when a "native" called to a group of Easterners who were shouting for a favorite cowboy on a bucking horse.

"Aw, shut up. *We* don't have to come West to get a sunburn!"

Now I grant that the American tourist abroad is often a pest, an arrogant, patronizing nuisance. But the Easterner in the West is in his own country. He has gone because this West has spelled romance and a certain bigness of men and country as long as he can remember. He goes in a humble spirit. At home he may ride a Thoroughbred horse, sitting on a flat little saddle that would give the average Westerner delirium tremens, but he says nothing about it. He gets on his horse, tries to get used to two reins instead of four and to the unnecessary and cruel weight of the cumbersome Western saddle, which he considers unnecessarily safe, and prepares to admire everything that he sees.

Adjusting Viewpoints

HE MAY be confused at first, for at once he is faced with something he has forgotten ever existed—that is, pure democracy. The cowboy is the equal of the capitalist, the girl who makes his bed is the daughter of a rancher; she is not a servant. The waitress may be a college girl. The owner of the dude ranch is his host, not a hotel keeper.

He makes his adjustments as rapidly as he can, but there may be a bad interval.

What the West needs is to understand this confusion and to allow for it. It wants the dude ranch and tourist business. Several states already realize that their future must lie in something of the sort. But it must not fall into the European custom of exploiting them only for what they bring. The press can greatly help in this. They need to remember, for one thing, that the word "dude" has an unpleasant connotation in the East. To offset this, a campaign urging genuine welcome to the visitor should be inaugurated. He should be made to feel not like an alien but that he is among his own.

The truth is that it is the West now which patronizes the East. The old tradition of scorn for the tenderfoot still survives and will not die. When the Westerner comes East the position is more than reversed. We welcome him as coming from the great open spaces where, as Eddie Cantor says, men are men and women are glad of it. We ignore the things that seem odd to us, because of this very tradition.

The West, on the other hand, cannot entirely forget. Yet it must. The interchange of viewpoints is too valuable. The Easterner goes West to see and learn about his country, and only incidentally to get a sunburn! Shut off on a ranch, confident and friendly, much of this undercurrent escapes him entirely. But it is there, and it must be changed if he is to continue to come.

Richer for the Tropic Sweetness of Coconut.. *a delectable pie.. a fruit compote*

JUICY—fragrant and fresh as the day it clustered near the top of a lofty palm—coconut comes to your table to blend its sun-ripe flavor with choicest fruits of the tropics.

Pies, compotes, and salads are more intriguing for its crisp, tender taste—its unaccustomed texture.

Baker's Coconut comes to you straight from the tropics—its white, milky meat sealed, cool and deep, in its own protecting shell.

At the Franklin Baker New York plant, it is shredded and packed—still moist and fresh—the native flavor magically retained. In this respect, Franklin Baker's Coconut is outstanding.

Tempting ways to serve these sweet, fruity shreds are given in a fascinating new recipe book recently compiled by the Franklin Baker Company. Delicious cakes, novel sandwiches for teas or parties, salads, pies, and hurry-up desserts—nearly a hundred suggestions—some for every season of the year.

Send for it at once. It is the most complete and useful little book of its kind ever prepared. For a free copy or a trial can of Southern-Style—see coupon.

Coconut Fruit Compote

1 cup Baker's Coconut
2 oranges, free from membrane and cut into small pieces
2 tart apples, pared, cored, and diced
2 bananas, sliced
¼ cup dates, chopped
8 marshmallows, quartered

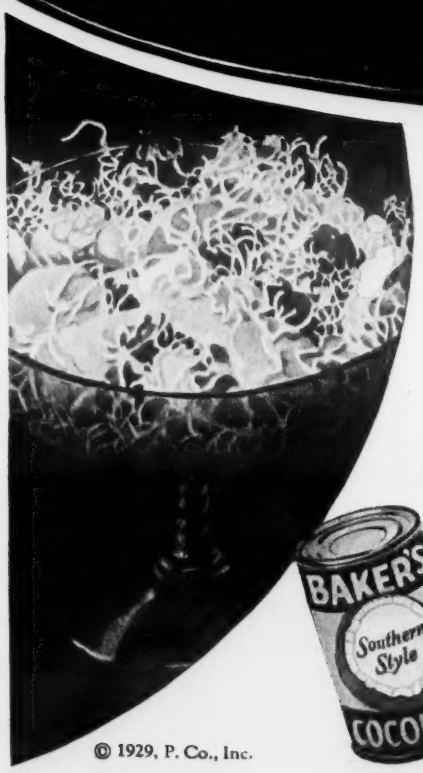
Mix coconut, fruits, and marshmallows together lightly. Chill. Serves 6.

Chilled Coconut Fruit

6 slices pineapple, diced
1 grapefruit, free from membrane and diced
2 oranges, free from membrane and diced
1 cup Malaga grapes, halved and seeded
1 tablespoon lemon juice
3 tablespoons sugar
1 cup Baker's Coconut
6 maraschino cherries

Combine fruits, fruit juice, sugar, and coconut. Chill. Top each serving with a cherry. Serves 6.

All measurements are level.



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Hawaiian Fruit Pie

Combine ½ cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour, 1 cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt. Add 2 cups scalded milk gradually, place in double boiler; cook until thickened; stir constantly. Pour small amount over 3 slightly beaten yolks; return to double boiler, cook 3 to 4 min. Add 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1½ cups grated pineapple, 1 cup Baker's Coconut. Cool. Pour into 9-inch crust. Top with meringue, made by folding 6 tablespoons sugar into 3 stiffly beaten whites. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 12 to 15 min.

All measurements are level.

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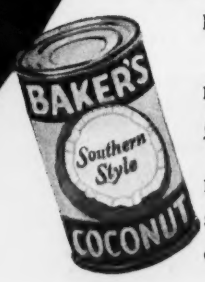
BAKER'S COCONUT

BAKER'S SOUTHERN-STYLE, *moist-packed in tins*
BAKER'S PREMIUM SHRED, *in triple-sealed packages*



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Here's why POST Toasties is called the "Wake up Food"

-its crisp delicious flakes bring quick new energy to your body

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Illusion

(Continued from Page 31)

twelve o'clock. Carlee had given them their money's worth. He would do one more trick—"The Astral Card."

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began with his elusive, satiric smile. "I will close my entertainment with something which I feel confident you have never before seen attempted. I will dematerialize a card, transport it through space, and cause it to materialize again."

On a small table on the platform lay two unopened packs of cards, one red, the other blue, furnished by the hotel along with several others which Carlee had already swallowed, torn to bits or otherwise used up. Taking up one of them—the blue—Carlee said:

"This pack is, as you will observe, in exactly the same condition as when supplied by the hotel. Any one of you may remove the wrappers, select a card, replace it in the pack and shuffle it, after which I will attempt to transport the card through space to a place selected by the audience."

A murmur of incredulity ran along the tables. Judge Smith was called upon to select the card. Standing up, so as to be observed by all, he ripped off the covers, discarded the "ad" card and joker, made his choice and shuffled.

"What now?" he asked.

THE next step in the routine as ordinarily followed was for Carlee to regain possession of the pack, ascertain the identity of the card and palm it while misdirecting the attention of the audience.

"Kindly come forward to the platform and place the pack upon the table without my touching it," he said to Judge Smith.

It is at this point that the magician ordinarily begins his patter about his seven years in India and the secrets learned from the ancient Tibetan lama, after which he asks the name of the card, indulges in more patter and palms it while the audience is trying to decide where the card shall be later found.

JUDGE SMITH now wheezed to the stage, deposited the pack as requested, and Carlee at once leaped into his patter, describing in detail the appearance and sanctity of the old, old lama who had been like a father to him.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, you will observe that I have had nothing whatever to do with the selection of either the card or the pack from which it was taken. The hotel furnished the last and your old friend—I almost said 'lama'—chose the card without interference from me. I have not been near the pack. Before deciding to what place the card shall be transported I must naturally know what card to transport. What card did you select, Judge Smith?"

"The ace of hearts," cackled the judge.

Carlee could hardly believe his ears. What a wonderful break! Until that moment he had entirely forgotten the card which he had thrust so unconcernedly in the president's pocket. By one chance in fifty-two the judge had named that very card! But was the ace in Dickinson's trousers pocket red or blue? It was red! Was all this wonderful luck to be absolutely wasted? And then his showman's instinct came to his rescue. He would turn the fact to his advantage and give an added mystery to the trick.

"Thank you, judge!" he said suavely. "The ace of hearts, ladies and gentlemen! The most elusive card in the pack! Now, in order to show you that there is absolutely no deception and that the judge and I are not in collusion I will even make use of an entirely fresh pack."

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!" HE DECLAIMED. "SCHMITTLAP'S CIRCUS—THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH—IS ABOUT TO START!"

This time he took the red, and, stepping to the edge of the stage, stripped it at arm's length and threw the wrappings among the diners, seizing the opportunity to steal the ace of hearts. Then he handed the pack to the nearest lady and requested her to hold it where all could see it.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" continued Carlee. "Now comes the really difficult part of our experiment. I must dematerialize this ace of hearts now in the hand of—I did not get your name—of my charming assistant, Miss Maddix, and cause it instantly to materialize again in—wherever you choose, ladies and gentlemen! What's that, sir?" He looked intently at an imaginary spectator at one of the nearby tables. "Where do you say? Mr. Dickinson's trousers? Thank you, sir! The gentleman wishes me to transport the ace of hearts into Mr. Dickinson's right-hand trousers' pocket! He doesn't want anything, does he? Do you think that is quite fair, ladies and gentlemen, even if it is entirely proper?"

LOUD cries of "Yes!—Yes!—No welching!" arose from the tables. Carlee assumed an expression of mock despair. "You insist? Very well, I'll do my best! But remember the old lama never saw a pair of trousers! Where is Mr. Dickinson?" Carlee glanced helplessly about.

"Stand up, Prex!" shouted someone. "Prex! Prex! Don't be bashful! Show us your pants!" contributed the more facetious.

Mr. Dickinson in obedience to the call of professional duty arose complacently and leaned his abdomen against the edge of the box, just as he had previously rested it upon the billiard table.

Carlee approached it as near as the platform would allow.

"Good evening, sir! Ladies and gentlemen! Kindly give your utmost attention! Mr. Dickinson! First of all, will you give us your word of honor that there has been no collusion or prearrangement between us?"

Mr. Dickinson nodded.

"None," he said.

"This is the first time we have met? You have never seen me before? And, I suppose, you hope you never will again!"

THIS sally was greeted with cheers and further jocular remarks at Mr. Dickinson's expense. Carlee, having built up the trick and aroused a high degree of expectation, returned to the center of the stage. Then he continued:

"May I ask you to be so kind as to come up on the platform, Miss Maddix?"

Miss Maddix, a flustered virgin of fifty-odd, simpered self-consciously as Carlee held out his hand, like Mephistopheles to Marguerite, and pretended to have difficulty in overcoming her scruples.

"Go ahead, pet!" urged her mamma.

Miss Maddix having blushingly clambered upon the stage Carlee requested her to hold the pack at arm's length toward the audience.

"Are you ready, Mr. Dickinson?"

"Sure! Shoot!" replied the president.

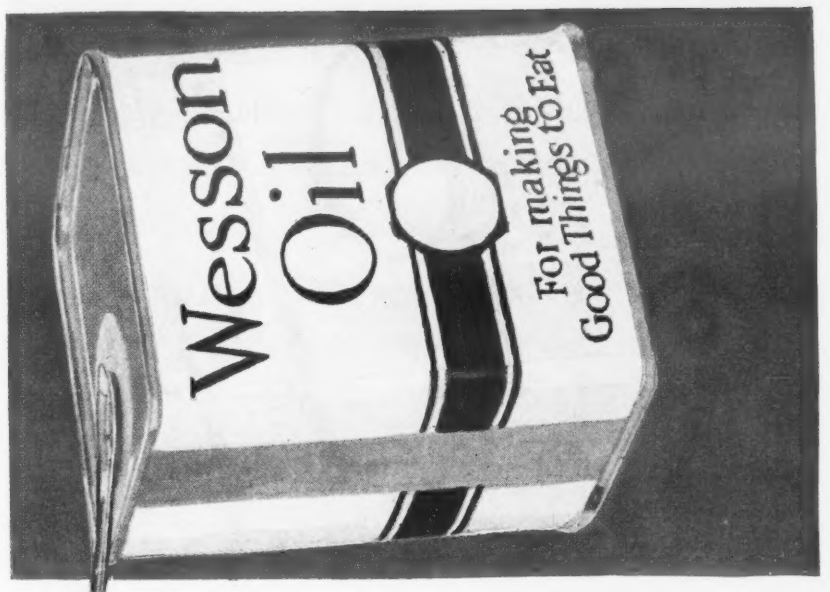
"Very well! Your attention all, please!"

Carlee took his wand and lightly tapped the pack held by Miss Maddix.

"Abracadabra!" he said in an awed whisper. "Hocus pocus conjurocus hononchrononthologus! Presto! Fly, O Astral

(Continued on Page 75)

It's spring salad time again and French Dressing time . . and WESSON OIL *time!*



Fresh vegetables on the market! New, delightful kinds of salad—gay and colorful. (The simple salad today is quite the thing) . . . And naturally—French Dressing.

Certainly, there is no dressing more delicious or one which accents so piquantly the flavor of the salad itself. Or, indeed, that can be varied so delightfully to meet one's individual taste.

Wesson Oil, of course, for the base—you'll scarcely find a more choice salad oil. Then your vinegar or lemon juice.* And then whatever your imagination suggests—chopped almonds, a little honey, for a touch of sweetness. Paprika, of course, for color . . .

Mayonnaise also. Wesson Oil makes it rich and smooth and creamy. Indeed it distinctly adds to any salad dressing.

You'll like Wesson Oil—the clear pale straw color of it, the exquisitely delicate flavor. It's as pure and wholesome a salad oil as one could wish. And *deliciously* good to eat.

In fact, in thousands of homes you'll find that Wesson Oil is also used for frying and making cakes, biscuit and pastry. This use of a fine salad oil is decidedly the modern way of cooking. It's easy and convenient because with Wesson Oil you simply *pour* to measure and *pour* to mix—and your measurements are always exact.

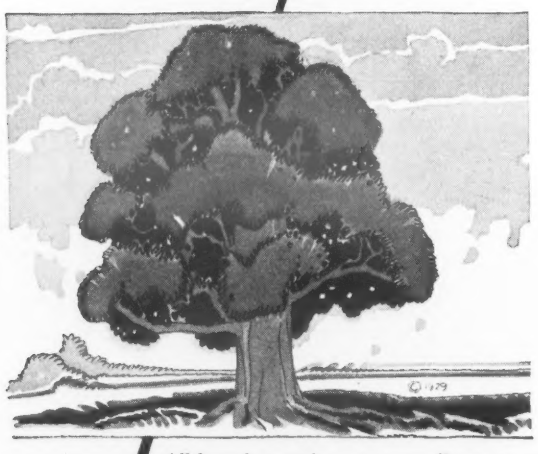
And because Wesson Oil is so good itself it makes food taste better . . . Send for the new cook book full of our delicious recipes. Address the Wesson Oil—Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

* FRENCH DRESSING

6 Tablespoons Wesson Oil • 2 Tablespoons Vinegar or Lemon Juice
Dash of Paprika • ¼ Teaspoon Pepper • 1 Teaspoon Salt

Pour the Wesson Oil and vinegar or lemon juice into a bowl, add dry ingredients and beat with a fork or an egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Stir well each time before using.

Chrysler Motors



All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

CHRYSLER MOTORS now makes available in every price group—and through every Chrysler Motors unit—the smartness, style and simplicity of operation which attracted women to Chrysler from the outset.

Chrysler introduced modish and exclusive new style and appearance. Chrysler performance gave a new sense of ease—by reason of smooth speed, alert acceleration, light-action braking, and facility in driving, stopping and parking.

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FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS . . CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES

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WOMEN everywhere are irresistibly attracted to the new De Soto Six — not only by its classic beauty and its unmistakable smartness—but also because they are thrilled by its riding comfort and driving ease.

The new De Soto Six drives with a simplicity, a sureness that greatly lessen strain and fatigue. Parking, even in cramped quarters, is easily and quickly accomplished. Deep, restful upholstery, long flexible springs and hydraulic shock absorbers combine to achieve smooth and comfortable riding.

To milady's sense of thrift, De Soto makes its final and perhaps most important appeal, because at its price, nothing so fine, so fashionable and of such obvious high quality has yet appeared from any other source.

Seven Body Styles, $845 to $955 at the factory

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DE SOTO Six

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Throughout the United States and in Canada, every day, in thousands of communities served by A&P stores, the women who discriminate, buy their needs at their nearest A&P.

The positive assurance that everything bought at A&P is so reliable . . . so satisfying to the appetite . . . and so reasonable in price, is causing thousands of women to adopt this new way of shopping . . . one store, the A&P, for all their food needs. Store to store shopping is a thing of the past.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA COMPANY

[*At the A&P you are sure to find the popular, nationally advertised brands of groceries.*]

(Continued from Page 70)

Card! The ace of hearts ought to be already in Mr. Dickinson's pocket!" Carlee turned once more to the self-conscious spinster beside him.

"First, let us see if it has left the pack. Will you kindly look and tell us if the ace of hearts is still there, Miss Maddix?"

Miss Maddix made a bad mess of her examination, but at length, having twice dropped all the cards on the floor, was able to assert positively that the ace had disappeared. Carlee nodded confidently toward the box in which President Dickinson was standing.

"Then we all know where it must be!" he caroled. "Kindly feel in your—h'm!—rear right-hand trousers' pocket, Prex—I beg pardon!—I mean President Dickinson!"

The president of the Interstate Bar Association, with a smile at once lofty and supercilious, reached his hand in the region designated and shook his head in a patiently reproving manner. These fellows always overreached themselves. Mr. Conjuror had picked the wrong baby that time! Then the audience saw his forehead wrinkle, his mouth twist, and his expression change to one of stupefaction. The hand thrust behind his coat tails reappeared with something in it. Sheepishly he held up a card—the ace of hearts!

"Yessir!" proudly declared Mr. Isaacson in the lobby fifteen minutes later. "That feller is a real magician! I understand that's no bunk about his having studied out in India, either! Got him through the best-known agent in New York. Had to pay a bit of money for him too!"

COINCIDENTLY, upstairs, Mr. Dickinson with affected good humor approached Carlee, who was dismantling his apparatus on the platform.

"Well, young man," he said, "that was certainly a good trick you played on us. Would you mind telling me how it was done?"

"I'm sorry, sir," answered Carlee. "I promised the old lama ——"

"Old lama be damned!" snorted Mr. Dickinson. "I'll give you twenty-five bucks, if you won't let on I asked you!"

Carlee smiled graciously at him.

"The money is not the consideration," he answered. "I should be very glad to explain the secret to you; the only trouble is that you wouldn't believe it!"

It was generally agreed among the visiting attorneys and their wives that they had all had a swell time and that Nero was a knock-out. The entertainment committee even tentatively considered inviting him to attend the meeting to be held next year at Tallahassee. Indeed, had he wished, Carlee could have booked himself for the next ten days in Philadelphia, Albany, Buffalo and intermediate points.

WITH three hundred dollars in his pocket, the plaudits of six hundred delighted spectators ringing in his ears and the knowledge that more "dates" would follow, Carlee, after changing his costume, strolled into the cool night. The constellated lamps on the amusement pier flickered against the running black ridges of the moon path on the water. Behind him the lights of the great hotel threw his shadow across the boardwalk, and the humid night breeze whisked about him scraps of jazz, the raucous wheezings of a phonograph, the muted harmony of a radio. Even at that hour there were plenty of pedestrians about. The world seemed alive and vibrant, full of mystery. His world! Of lights, music and laughter! He sure had baffled 'em! What a marvelous break about that ace of hearts!

He experienced a deep and satisfying pleasure—that of the master workman who has done a good job and is honestly proud of his superior skill. Showman! Showman!

There was a touch upon his shoulder and he turned. A slender, elderly figure, immaculately dressed, was standing just behind him.

"Well, Mr. Tharp," said Mr. Pepperill pleasantly, "I certainly must congratulate you on giving us a most excellent entertainment this evening!"

Carlee was startled, but he was actually less astonished at being found out than at his own indifference to that fact. If anything, he was pleased and not a little proud.

The feelings of the old lawyer were equally complex. He was shocked and rather resentful, but, after all, amused. Well! At last his original question of who the devil was the fellow had been answered! A curious thing was that, in a way, Mr. Pepperill was inclined to hold himself responsible for it.

For two hours they walked up and down the boardwalk in the moonlight while the old man listened for the first time to the story of the elopement of Jane Carlee's only daughter with Tyrone Tharp, the Mississippi gambler. Poor Jane! What a queer thing life was!

SUPPOSE that evening in his house on Washington Square when he had bidden her good-by fifty years before it had been given him to see ahead into the future? Had he known what was going to happen to her—and to him—he would never have let her go away! They would have been married and Carlee would have been their grandson. Already Mr. Pepperill regarded him more or less in that light. He felt a great tenderness for the boy—a tenderness such as he had felt for no human being since he had lost Jane Carlee. His house on Washington Square was a lonely place. He'd have to leave his money to someone. Emily was an old woman. If Carlee wanted the world of Fifth Avenue —— He cleared his throat.

"How would you like to come and visit me for a while?" he asked.

"You can't mean it! You wouldn't want me hanging around there all the time!" returned Carlee incredulously.

"Indeed I would!"

"That's terribly kind of you!" He shook his head. "But I can't."

"Why not?"

"On account of Fel—my stepsister, Felicity Jernigan. Somebody has to stay and look after her. I promised her father to. She's very young. Anyhow, I wouldn't want to leave her—I couldn't."

"H'm! So you have a stepsister! Tell me about her."

AND then Carlee consciously, for perhaps the first time in his life, tried to picture Fel. As he warmed to his description the old lawyer peered suspiciously at him. He had not spoken in any such way of Hilda Schmittlap! Carlee half forgot that he was talking to another than himself. He lapsed again into his usual vernacular.

"I've been kidding myself!" he admitted, and his thoughts expressed themselves in broken sentences between his cigarette puffs. "It was all bunk about the money racket! I just ate up that Fifth Avenue stuff! It appealed to my dramatic sense. And then Hilda panicked me! Swept me off my feet! You know how it is! I didn't stop to think about anything. You see, I was absolutely sure of Fel! She's a knock-out, sir! I've done her dirt! Gee, she's a swell girl!" Once more he lost himself.

Mr. Pepperill broke the silence.

"What you tell me of Miss Jernigan makes me want to meet her. She must be a delightful young woman."

"The best there is!" answered Carlee fervently.

"I wish I could invite her to live with me, too," went on the old lawyer, "but I'm afraid it wouldn't do. However, I shall hope to meet her. What is she doing at the moment?"

"She's going back into vaudeville."

"With you?"

"No," stammered Carlee. "She's in another magic act."

(Continued on Page 77)

LADY QUEENSBERRY

adds Pond's two new products to her daily régime

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is one of the smartest women in London, a favorite hostess there and at her father's country estate in Buckinghamshire.

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"Everyone I know gives her skin a complete treatment every day.

"I am delighted that Pond's have added to their famous Two Creams their enchanting Freshener to tone and firm the skin, and dainty Tissues to remove cold cream.

"Thanks to this beauty foursome I never miss my daily régime in town or country, at home or abroad."

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Chic women stress the importance of regular daily treatment of the skin. The daily "facial" is no longer a luxury. Now Pond's delicious Freshener and exquisite Tissues with the famous Two Creams complete Pond's Method of caring for the complexion.

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THE Cleansing Tissues, for removing cold cream, are such an economy of towels and laundering! Marvelously absorbent, they wipe away in an instant all dirt and oil. And they are generously large and firm, yet silken-soft for sensitive skin.

The fragrant Freshener is a tonic and mild astringent for use after each cold cream cleansing. It is the most exhilarating thing that ever touched your cheeks! It closes the pores and banishes any lingering trace of oil. A faithful use is magic to clear and brighten faded, sallow skin.

Add these two exquisite new preparations to your daily régime as follows: *First*, the pore-deep cleansing with Cold Cream. *Second*, wipe away with the dainty Tissues. *Third*, close pores and tone with Skin Freshener. *Last*, for powder base, a breath of Vanishing Cream.

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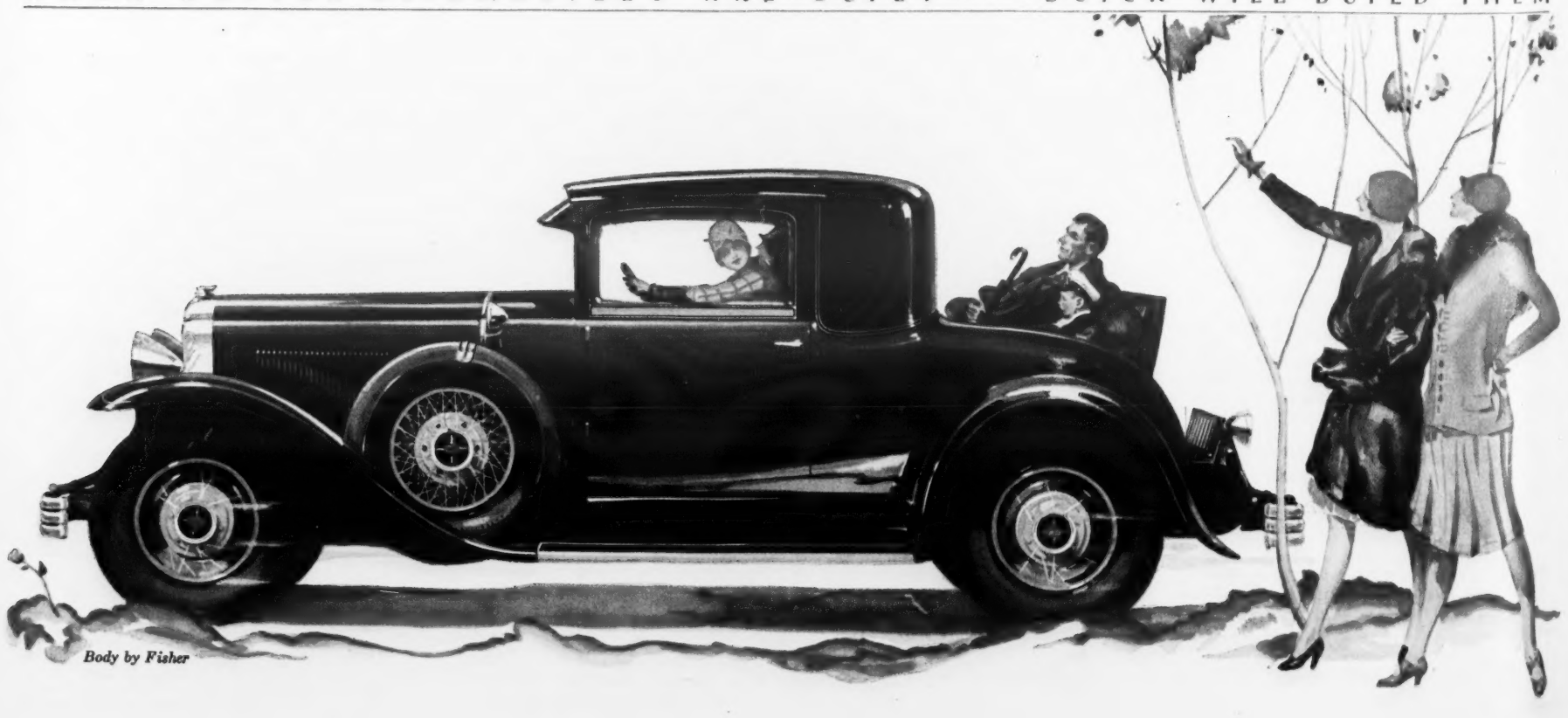


Body by Fisher

(Continued from Page 75)

"That seems rather a shame, doesn't it," remarked Mr. Pepperill, "when you two were such a successful team—as I believe you call it?"

"Well, I can't do everything!" said Carlee bitterly. "I can't be everywhere at once! Sometimes I wish I'd never seen Fifth Avenue!"

They had reached the porte-cochère of the hotel and the watchman was regarding them reproachfully.

"I suppose it's time to go to bed!" Mr. Pepperill offered Carlee his hand. "Why don't you stay down here a day or two and talk things over? A rest will do you good, and," he added with a twinkle, "you may pick up some business!"

"I might take an extra day," replied Carlee. "I'd like to have another talk with you, sir."

"Very good! Lunch with me tomorrow here at one o'clock. Good night!"

PROPELLED by a negro so lackadaisical that at times their locomotion seemed purely theoretic, Mr. Pepperill and Carlee Tharp sat side by side in a wheeled chair continuing their conversation of the night before.

"You seem to have one foot on Fifth Avenue and one on Broadway!" said the old lawyer. "You're straddling now, half in one world and half in another. You can't live in both. You've got to choose between them. You can't go on this way without letting people know who you are. Forgive me if I seem to be butting in on your affairs. I don't know exactly what's bothering you, but from what you've said I can make a pretty shrewd guess. It's even possible that I can see a little more clearly than you can. Perhaps your troubles may be that, involuntarily, you find yourself obliged to make a choice on which at the moment, at least, it seems that the whole future depends."

He cleared his throat.

"I was born, I suppose, into what we call the world of power. I achieved in a measure its ideal of success. I chose what I thought made for happiness—security and wealth. I ought to be happy, but I'm not. I threw away the one great prize life has to offer, 'a pearl, richer than all my tribe!' I would give everything I've got if I could go back fifty years and hazard the future by telling someone that I loved her. Life is a great adventure, but in the end you have to live it with your own thoughts and in your own heart. What makes you rich or poor is inside, not outside. It's not where you live, but how. Friendships, the memory of good deeds and hard work, the consciousness of integrity, love—those are the 'great possessions.' Have the courage to choose the world in which you're most apt to find them. Choose the right friends, and the right wife and stick to her! It may be that all worlds are illusory, as Radek said that night at my house, but at least choose the one that seems most worth while to you and make it as real as you can. Don't give your life to encouraging illusions that make for fraud or unhappiness. You're a professional magician. But you frankly tell your audiences that you're deceiving them. You don't try to delude them with bogus bonds or false friendship. It may be that in this world of illusion the least of all illusions is illusion itself!"

FEL returned to Jernigan's, having dragged herself listlessly through her distasteful Sunday night rehearsal with Magus. She had fought for weeks against the growing conviction that Carlee no longer loved her, if indeed he ever had. Now she blamed herself that her rebellious pride had driven her to defy him by carrying on the affair with Eric. She had meant no harm by it, she had only wanted to show Carlee that she was capable of amusing herself as well as he. Eric had seemed such a nice boy that at first she had resented Carlee's imputations upon his character. When at last he had revealed his full weakness she blamed only herself for her predicament. Carlee had warned her, yet she had wilfully persisted, foolishly believing that by making her situation appear sufficiently dangerous he would come back to her. Convinced at last that he wanted to marry Hilda she had become desperate. Very well, then, she would accede to Eric's continuous requests that she marry him! And then suddenly it appeared that Eric did not want to marry her after all! He had become rough and violent. She would have left him for good had it not been that by so doing she might have injured Carlee with Hilda. She had been on the point of doing so that Friday night in the Jungle Room. He had been drunkenly coarse and surly all the evening.

ERIC had returned to their table from his encounter with Carlee puffed up with pride. He had put the damn fellow in his place! His insults now turned to endearments even more offensive. At first Fel had meant what she said when she had told him that if he would leave Carlee alone she would go wherever he wished, but once outside his flat her soul had revolted. There had been a violent scene on the sidewalk at the end of which she had hailed a taxi and driven home, Eric following her in his own car and taking up his position on the front steps to waylay his supposed rival. What had appeared to her to be Carlee's deliberate apostasy had crushed her. Evidently he did not care what happened to her so long as he was undisturbed in his affair with Hilda.

When, next morning, she discovered that he had calmly gone out of town without making any attempt to find out what had happened to her, her heart had been broken. She knew then that he no longer cared for her. He had deliberately deserted her for another woman—a woman who could offer him something besides the squalid life of a theatrical lodging house. He had gone out of her life. He had split their act forever. He would not come back. She had lost not only her father, but her brother, her beloved.

What duty did she have to go on through life alone? They still had gas at Jernigan's. There was a small gas cooking stove and a pipe upstairs in the sitting room. She planned all the details as she dragged herself up the flight of stairs from the ground floor to the front hall. You stuffed the door and window cracks with newspaper and fastened the end of the pipe in your mouth with a handkerchief over your nose. It would not be hard to do. Not so hard as living on without Carlee.

SHE stumbled up the last steps into the front hall. Doc Pedersen's door was open. She would fool him too! And Eric! All of them. Ta-ta, doc! No use trying to put anything over after this! Take a last good look! Positively Mystic Myra's last appearance! Exit laughing! Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha! The walls were going round and she clutched at the door jamb as it flew past. Doc Pedersen caught her and swung her into a camp chair.

"Tired out, eh? All in, dearie? Here you are! This'll fix you up!"

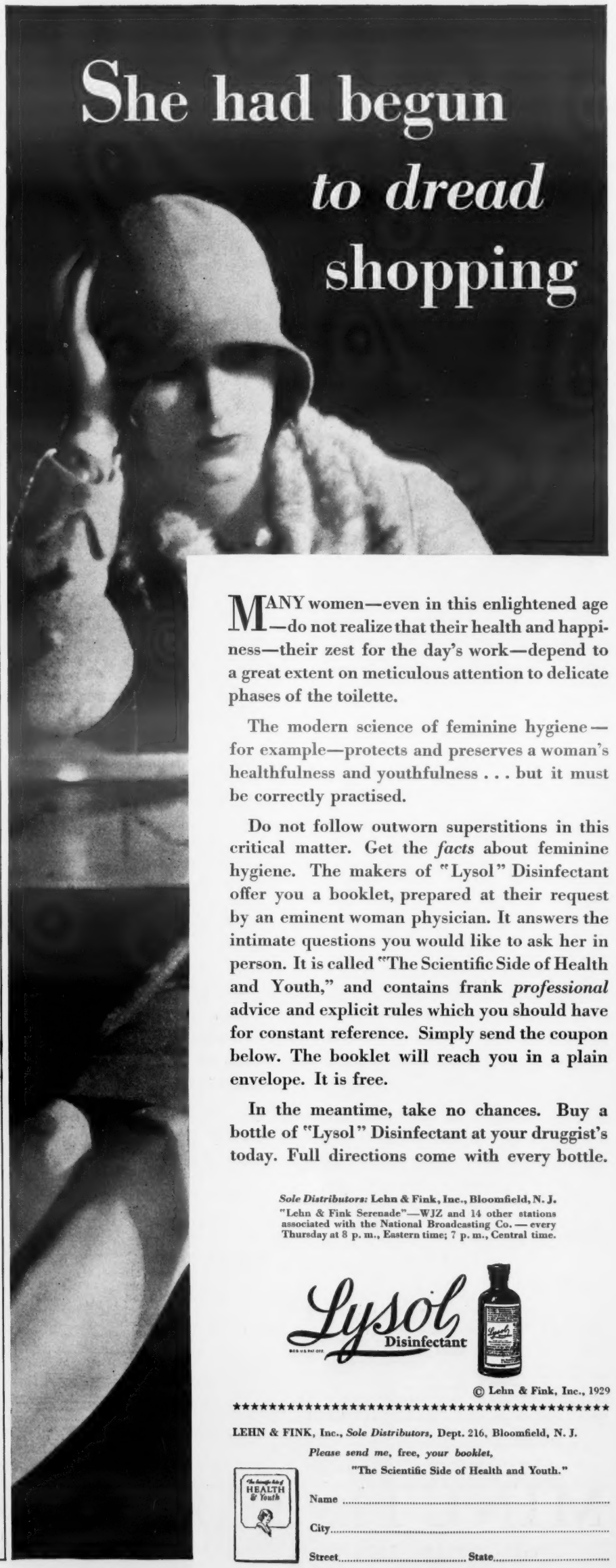
He poured a few colorless drops from a vial into a glass of water and held it to her lips. She drank part of it and felt instantly revived.

"Better rest a minute before you tackle the other three flights!" he advised her. "Sit down over there where you'll be comfortable."

He helped her across the room and she sank into the depths of a big leather armchair which was like sitting in a hole in the ground. She had only been in the room a couple of times before and then in the daytime. Now she noticed that the windows were covered and that the air was full of a queer smell.

"Just had a see-ance," he explained, with a grin. "My guides were very active tonight. Ever seen my effects?"

The closeness of the air was beginning to make Fel feel rather drowsy. Still, she was very comfortable and it was a long way upstairs to the sitting room.



MANY women—even in this enlightened age—do not realize that their health and happiness—their zest for the day's work—depend to a great extent on meticulous attention to delicate phases of the toilette.

The modern science of feminine hygiene—for example—protects and preserves a woman's healthfulness and youthfulness . . . but it must be correctly practised.

Do not follow outworn superstitions in this critical matter. Get the *facts* about feminine hygiene. The makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant offer you a booklet, prepared at their request by an eminent woman physician. It answers the intimate questions you would like to ask her in person. It is called "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth," and contains frank *professional* advice and explicit rules which you should have for constant reference. Simply send the coupon below. The booklet will reach you in a plain envelope. It is free.

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CHEESE SOUFFLÉ

3 tablespoons Minute Tapioca; 1 cup milk, scalded; 1 cup grated cheese; 3 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored; 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten with 1 teaspoon salt. Add Minute Tapioca to milk, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add cheese and stir until melted. Cool. Add egg yolks and mix well. Fold in egg whites. Bake in greased baking dish, placed in pan of hot water, in moderate oven (350°F.) 50 minutes, or 30 minutes in ramekins. Soufflé is done when it shrinks a trifle and is brown. Serves 4. When made with Minute Tapioca and properly baked, soufflés do not fall.

All measurements are level

How "precision ingredient" principle helps make a better soufflé!

EVEN wonder-working cooks often find soufflés treacherous at the last minute! Yet here is a cheese soufflé that is a miracle of tenderness, of delicacy, and that just won't collapse during serving.

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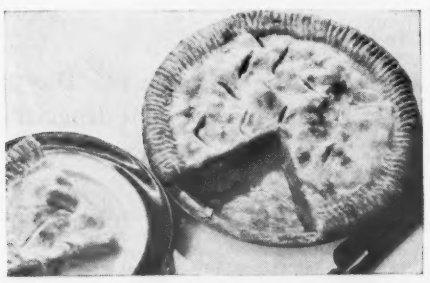

RHUBARB PIE

1 recipe Plain Paste
3½ cups rhubarb, cut in ½-inch pieces
1 cup sugar
1½ tablespoons Minute Tapioca

Line a 9-inch pie plate with ½ of paste rolled to ⅛-inch thickness. Combine rhubarb, sugar and Minute Tapioca, and fill pie shell with mixture. Moisten edges of paste with cold water. Roll other half of paste to ⅛-inch thickness. Fold half the pastry back on other half. With sharp knife make several incisions to permit escape of steam. Place upper crust on filled lower one, opening out folded half after it is placed on pie. Do not allow crust to sag along inner edges. Press edges together. With sharp knife trim off surplus pastry. Again press edges together with fork dipped in flour. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 20 minutes, then decrease heat to moderate (350°F.) and bake 30 minutes longer, or until rhubarb is tender.

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MINUTE TAPIOCA

THE DESSERT AND "PRECISION INGREDIENT"

"Want to see 'Ol' Mammy'?" he asked.

"I don't mind."

Indeed, Fel minded nothing any longer. From now on she was immune to all life's dangers.

Doc closed the door into the hall, walked toward the alcove in the rear and disappeared behind the black-velvet curtains. Click! The lights went out. There was a fresh smell of brimstone, a rattle, a sigh followed by a groan. A nebulous greenish glow appeared in the direction of the alcove, gradually assuming an indistinct resemblance to human features—a negro's head wound with a turban.

"Doan' you recognize yo' mammy, honey?" inquired doc, wreathing his features into a smile of maternal benevolence.

He turned on the lights. Fel laughed heartily. It was certainly a good effect!

"Want to see another?"

"Sure!"

Darkness again. The curtains rattled back on their wire disclosing a slowly revolving crystal globe flooded with light.

"Watch it close!" doc instructed her. "See what you can see!"

Fel watched as intently as she could. The ball began to gyrate as if on the periphery of a cart wheel. She tried to follow it round and round with her eyes, round and round, but it spun too fast for her—faster and faster—a wheel of fire. She felt herself growing dizzy—and very sleepy. She could hardly keep her eyes open. She closed them for a moment and in that instant became aware that something had happened. The wheel of fire had disappeared and in its place was now a glowing human face, with black teeth and eyes with tiny points of fire where the pupils should have been—the face of Doc Pedersen. Slowly, rhythmically the head swung from side to side. Fel's eyes were staring now. She could not remove her gaze from that fiendish, malignant face.

BACK and forth it swung, coming nearer and nearer—until it was directly above her. Fel tried to rise from the chair, but her body seemed paralyzed. She endeavored to cry out, but her tongue would not obey her. She was numb with terror, for she saw that the face before her was the face of the snake in her dream. It was going to strike. Now she was afraid, deadly afraid. The eyes were blinding her now, devouring her. They merged in hers. She struggled vainly. Carlee! Carlee!

Through the thick darkness which enveloped her she heard a smothered pounding mingled with sharper sounds. The circle of light which had lost itself behind and about her reappeared and, receding rapidly, drew to a point. The poundings grew louder. The lights came on. She could see everything clearly now. Doc came toward her and pulled her arm with a brusque movement. Then he threw open the door. Hans Schluderbach was standing there. The dog Spider started to dance in on his hind legs but at sight of Pedersen dropped upon his belly and crawled away whimpering.

"Hello, comic! What are you making all the noise about?"

"What's this!" cried Hans. "Are you all right, Fel?"

"I was just showing her one of my illusions," interposed doc.

FEL perceived that she was no longer in bonds. She moved her hand, turned her head, smiled faintly, but she felt dizzy and weak.

"I'm all—right, Hans!" she stammered attempting to rise. "I just stopped in for a minute ——"

Hans put his arm around her and helped her to the door.

"What are you so steamed up about, comic?" demanded doc with a forced laugh.

"Keep your hands off her," cried the clown. "If I ever find her here again I'll hand you over to the police."

Carlee did not awake next day until after twelve. The paper told him that Fel was playing the "Albee" with Magus in Brooklyn that afternoon. He resolved to see her at once and explain everything, but although he took the first train to New York that he could get it was nearly four o'clock before he reached the Pennsylvania Station. But the act was spotted next to closing; with luck he might catch her in her dressing room before she went on.

HE CHECKED his bags at the cloakroom, and caught the Subway, which was jammed. He fought his way among the swaying mass of home-going shoppers and stood clinging to a strap. Nine minutes after four. How slow the train was!

He debated getting out and taking a taxi across the bridge but decided against it. No, the Subway would be quicker in the end. There was nothing to be nervous about anyway! Thank heaven, the train had started again! They would be in Brooklyn now in a few minutes—were probably under the East River already. Could the train be slowing down once more? It ground to a standstill, but none of the passengers seemed to object except himself. What could be the matter? Were they going to stay there all night in that tunnel when Fel might be in some danger? Terror took hold of him. He must get out and go to her no matter where they were!

He began forcing his way toward the door. He must get out—get out! A man deliberately opposed him. "No use, friend. We're stalled." The sweat poured from him. He knew now that Fel was in some frightful peril, while he was held there powerless to help her. The people about were looking at him curiously. He tried to get a grip on himself. Ah! The train was moving! Slowly it gathered headway. He told himself that the engineer would make up for lost time, that everything would be all right, but above the roar of the wheels he heard Fel's voice, "Carlee! Carlee!"

THEY had already reached Fulton Street. People got out and came in. Nobody was in a hurry. Only a few moments now. He went to the platform and stood there waiting, wiping his forehead, inclined to laugh at himself for all that excitement over nothing. Montauk Square! The instant the door was opened he leaped up the stairs and hurried across the street to the theater. Outside hung a large sign: "Boy Scout Day." The ticket seller, an old friend, shoved him a pass with a smile.

"We don't often see you this side of the olio! Show's most over—next to closing."

"I want to see Magus."

"He's been on fifteen minutes already. You may get the finish of the act."

Carlee surrendered his pass to the doorkeeper and hurried inside. He was enormously relieved. At least Fel was all right. The huge theater was as hot and crowded as the Subway had been. He looked eagerly at the stage. Yes, there she was in her scarlet costume! Four boy scouts stood upon one side of the stage with rifles in their hands; they looked very small and the rifles very large; he had arrived just in time to see the big finale, the Chung Ling Soo shooting illusion.

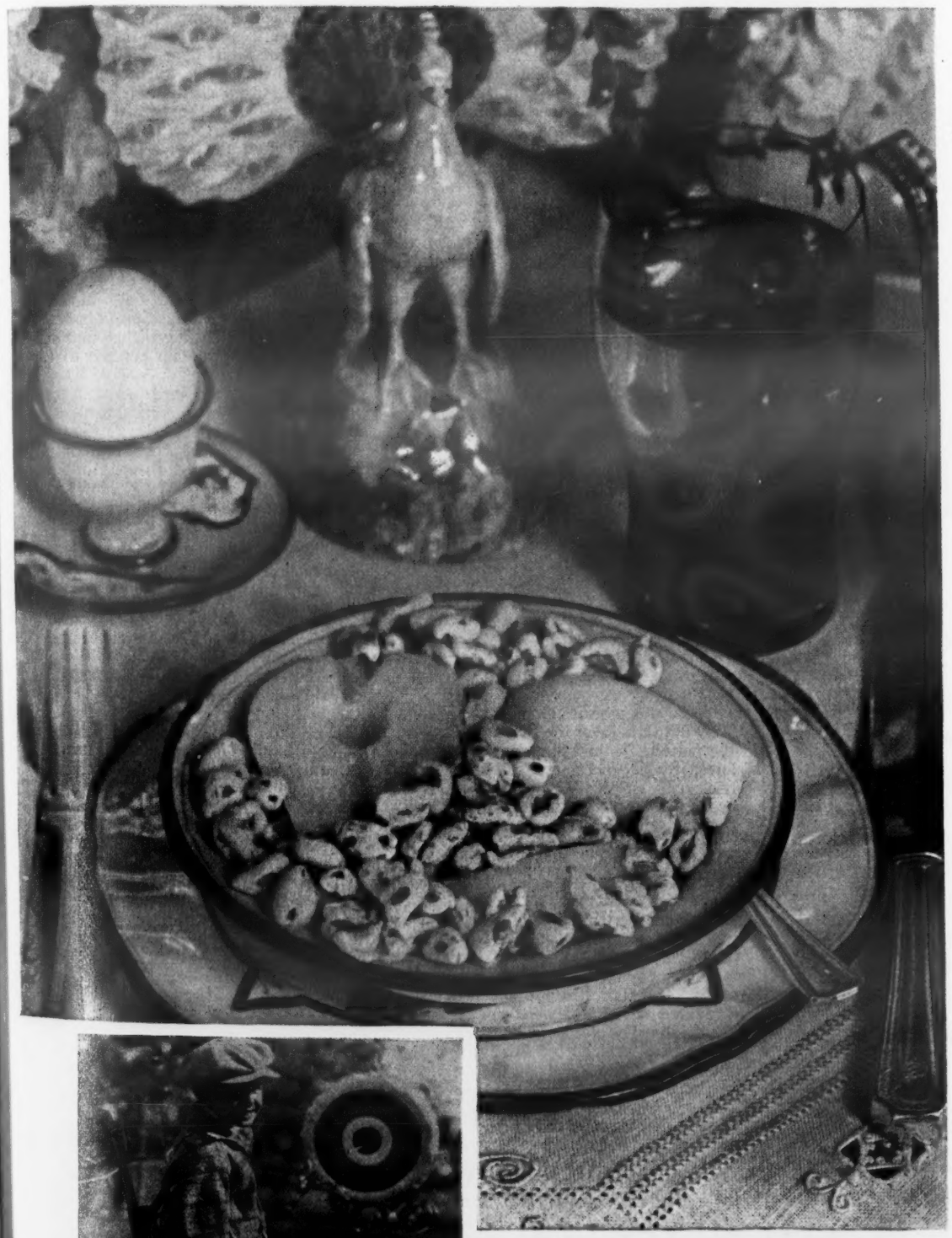
Magus stepped forward and lifted his stubby arm.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen!" he announced in dramatic tones. "You are going to have a chance to see the most sensational feat ever performed on any

(Continued on Page 80)

Tastes Good
Digests Readily
Nourishes Quickly

This altogether different breakfast food



Bobbie Arnold's mother discovered that he "just loved Quaker Puffed Wheat," though he wouldn't touch any other cereal. "No more child feeding problem in our house," writes Mrs. Arnold, "thanks to Puffed Wheat. The whole family eats it now."

By a unique process these grains are actually shot from huge guns . . . and puffed to 8 times their normal size, 8 times their usual deliciousness.

BECAUSE they *look so good,* because they *taste so good*—you don't realize how much actual nourishment there is in these delicious grains of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Rice. As a matter of fact, here is a breakfast that supplies ready energy in a most attractive form: whole wheat made wholly digestible; plump, white rice made light and airy—but not an iota of its food value lost.

The minerals and needed food elements of whole wheat are saved for you in Puffed Wheat. Every bit of the energy-giving carbohydrate, the tissue-building protein is here, but puffed to a delicate fluffiness, oven-toasted, delicious! The bran you need for roughage is here, too, though you'd never guess it. Puffed Rice gives all the nourishment of boiled rice but children think it's a confection, it tastes so different. Mothers in 42 states report that, of 11 prepared cereals, Quaker Puffed Grains are the children's first choice. No coaxing to get them eaten!

Why they digest so readily

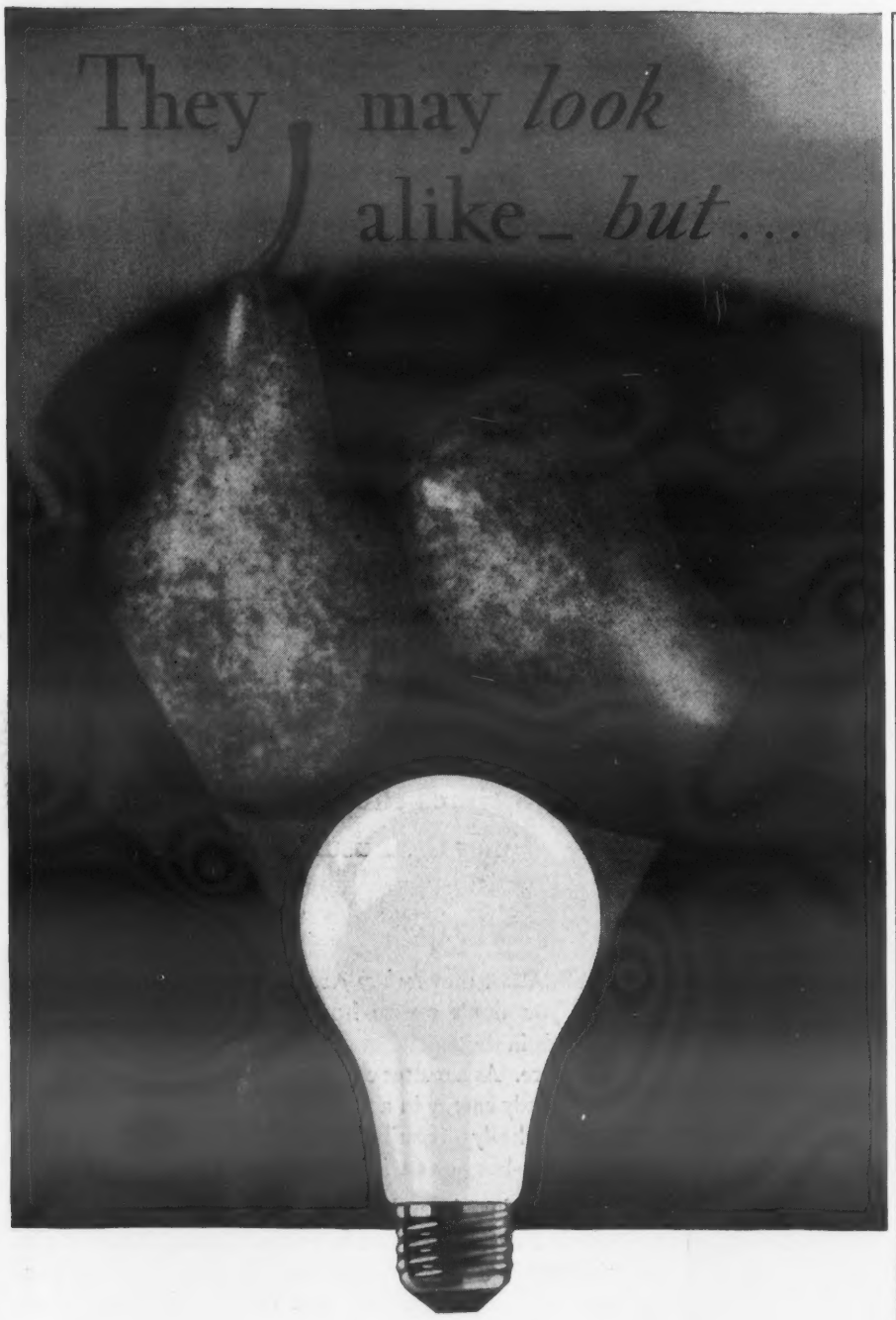
Of all prepared cereals, these are quickest, easiest to digest. This is why:

Wheat and rice are honeycombed with millions of tiny cells. Each cell must be broken open before its food contents can be easily, completely digested. Puffing causes 125 million steam explosions within each kernel. This releases every particle of nourishment for quick assimilation by the body, makes every bit of nourishment which the grains contain available for food.

Delightful variety with Puffed Grains

Always keep Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat on your pantry shelf. Serve them with milk. Combine them with the choice fruits of the season. Try crisping them in butter like popcorn. Order Puffed Grains from your grocer today.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY



ALMOST every housewife has at some time bought pears that looked sweet and juicy, and found them hard, pulpy and tasteless. Although pears *may look alike,* they may be greatly different in quality.

Likewise, lamps that look alike may be greatly different in quality. But there need be no guessing when you buy lamps. All Edison MAZDA Lamps have the name MAZDA stamped on the end of the bulb. MAZDA assures the highest quality and this quality guarantees you *the full value of the current consumed.*

Buy Edison MAZDA Lamps in the carton of six. It's the safe way . . . it is convenient . . . it assures a supply of lamps on the shelf whenever sockets need refilling. Avoid empty sockets. They are unsightly. Where there are empty sockets, there is likely to be dangerous eyestrain.

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievement of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

1879-1929 . . . 50th Anniversary of the invention of the Edison Lamp

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 78)

stage. My partner, Mystic Myra, here, is going to allow these soldier boys to fire their rifles at her from the balcony, point-blank range, and catch the bullets in this plate before they reach her. To make it all the more remarkable I will first blindfold her by tying up her head in this black bag!"

He turned, took Fel by the hand and led her to the lights. She walked forward smiling with all her customary grace and assurance and stood waiting for Magus to adjust the blinder. Carlee was calm now—merely an interested spectator—and he could not understand why the trick which he had done a hundred times should make him nervous. Mob psychology probably! He'd never seen it out front before.

No, something—he couldn't tell exactly what—was different; a slight change in the technic probably. Magus took the bag, opened it, and held it above Fel's head. She raised her eyes, and as the black cloth came down over her face it seemed to him that there was a look upon it he had never seen there before. It was not fear, but awe rather. The bag once fitted and tied, Magus handed her a plate and posed her in front of the orchestra leader. She stood there motionless, her hands clasped over the edge of the plate, holding them almost as if in prayer. Why was she holding her hands that way? It wasn't in the routine.

"Come on, boys!"

MAGUS led the boy scouts down the temporary steps from the stage up the aisle. As they passed him Carlee could smell the grease on the rifle barrels. It gave him a queer turn. Until then he had not fully realized how sensational the trick was.

The quartet of scouts had appeared at the front of the balcony. Now at the instructions of Magus they leveled their rifles. A shudder ran through the audience. There could be no hocus-pocus about the boy scouts who had loaded the rifles in plain view of everybody.

"Are you ready?" called Magus above.

The scarlet figure on the stage trembled.

"Ready."

The answering voice was hardly audible. The drums in the orchestra began to roll—louder—louder.

"Are you ready?" he asked the boys.

"Yes!" they answered in a shrill excited chorus.

Carlee shut his eyes. He knew that something was wrong. Too late!

"Fire!"

There was a series of reports. Silence. Why didn't he hear the bullets ringing on the plate? Instead there was a gasp followed by a general cry of horror. The trick had flopped! Carlee with an effort opened his eyes. Fel lay motionless upon the stage, a crumpled scarlet heap.

MOST of the audience were already upon their feet, Carlee among them. Women were screaming all over the house. A stage hand in overalls, a fireman, an electrician ran out and bent over the splotch of red behind the footlights. "Jump that next act on quick!" came harshly from the wings. The orchestra had swarmed back into their seats and were sawing away frantically. The oleo began to rattle down. A bearded man forced his way along one of the rows of seats to the aisle and hurried toward the back of the house. The "flicker" changed to "Moe and Abie." The cry that sprang from Carlee's lips was drowned in the general uproar as the oleo cut Fel off from him. The act was over!

For a moment he stood there staring at the printed advertisements of drug stores and cabarets upon the fallen curtain. Dead! Fel—his beloved—lay dead behind that canvas wall! Why dead? Why should the trick have flopped? Claws of steel seemed to be tearing at his brain. That change in the technic! Could she have —— Could she have intentionally omitted to switch the bullets?

He dashed to the back of the house, around outside to the stage door and on to the stage just as the stage hand was lifting the black bag from Fel's head. Her eyes were closed, but her face was unmarred. Blood was slowly trickling from a blue pencil mark on her bare white shoulder. Carlee took her head in his lap.

"Fel!" he whimpered. "Fel, darling! Sweetheart! Look at me!"

The bearded man appeared and, bending down beside them, loosened her dress and felt her wrist. He had kind blue eyes.

"It may be only a shoulder wound," he said. "Her pulse is all right. We must send for an ambulance."

Carlee lifted the limp body in his arms. He could feel the warm blood running down over his hands. There was a little puddle of it where she had lain.

"Better take her off stage," said the doctor, leading the way to the star's dressing room where Carlee placed her on a couch. The manager turned to the electrician who had followed them.

"Keep that door shut, Jim! Don't let anybody in!"

CARLEE knelt down by the couch. Was he too late, again? Too late ——! He lost track of what the others were doing. Presently he felt himself raised to his feet and assisted to a chair. There were several new persons in the room, among them a brisk young man in a uniform of white duck. Fel had already been placed on a stretcher.

"All right, Tom. You can start along!" he said.

"Where are you taking her?" asked Carlee faintly.

The interne looked at him whimsically.

"To the hospital. Where did you think I was going to take her—the Morgue? She'll be all right, buddy. Only a bullet in the shoulder. We'll have that out in a jiffy as soon as we can get her to the emergency ward."

Fel had not regained consciousness when placed on the operating table, and although the doctor told Carlee that this often happened from shock in shooting cases he was convinced, in spite of what they said, that she was dying. How could they tell that she was not unless consciousness returned? One could die from loss of blood alone!

They were just handing him a line to keep him quiet! Fel must have intentionally omitted to switch the bullets. Mistake was impossible. She had sought death deliberately. He was her murderer! If she did die he would kill himself for he would be responsible and he knew that he could not live without her.

HE SAT on a bench opposite the open door, leaning forward with his head in his hands, running his fingers through his hair.

He looked at his watch and found that he had been waiting forty-five minutes. Why should they keep him on the rack like that? He had a right to know if Fel was dead! He would go and ask.

A young man in a gray felt hat and business suit was lighting a cigarette at the foot of the stairs leading to the wards. By the flare of the match Carlee recognized the interne. What a nerve the fellow had! He rushed up and tried to speak but the words refused to come out. The interne looked at him, blew out the match and said:

"Hello! You still here?"

"Of course I'm here. Nobody told me to go away."

"Weren't you called?"

"No. Tell me—please—is ——"

The interne laid his hand on Carlee's arm.

"Say, that's too bad! I'm awfully sorry, old man! The nurse must have forgotten you. We were only in there ten minutes. I've just left Miss Jernigan. She's fine!"

Carlee gave a loud sob like the whinny of a horse.

"It's after hours," explained the interne, "but you got a bad break and I'll take a chance. Don't excite her now,

(Continued on Page 83)

"Naturally," says Mrs. Richard T. Wilson, "I am particular about the coffee"

From a rare Empire silver coffee pot after-dinner coffee is served to Mrs. Wilson's guests in the drawing room. Her butler pours the fragrant Maxwell House into fragile cups decorated with Mrs. Wilson's monogram, while a second man offers cream and sugar. The clear, rich color of Maxwell House Coffee, its depth and sparkle of flavor, obtained by mingling the flavors of selected coffees grown in many lands, make Maxwell House a "general favorite" with men and women alike.

Mrs. Richard T. Wilson, whose brilliant hospitality marks the New York and Newport seasons.

"Every dinner I give still seems to me something of a challenge. I rejoice in each one as a fresh opportunity to create an occasion with an atmosphere of its own; I try to overlook nothing that might contribute to a sense of well-being among my guests. Naturally I am particular about the coffee that is served; no single detail seems to me more important. I believe that it is the blend of many fine flavors in Maxwell House that makes this coffee a general favorite."

Mrs. R. T. Wilson

WHEREVER the season is at its height — New York, Newport, Saratoga — Mrs. Richard T. Wilson opens one of her magnificent houses and inaugurates a series of social functions of outstanding brilliance.

Out of her wide experience as a hostess has grown Mrs. Wilson's appreciation of Maxwell House Coffee.

The matchless *blended* flavor of Maxwell House pleases all tastes. It is a favorite with men and women alike — as good served with milk on the breakfast tray as it is "black" after dinner. No single coffee grown can equal it.

Years ago a gentleman of the Old South with a cultivated taste in coffee resolved to find the perfect coffee flavor—rich and full-bodied, yet mellow, too.

He tried hundreds of single coffee flavors—the many variations of "winy," "mild," "rich" and "pungent" coffees grown in the tropics of many different lands. No one alone was quite satisfying. So he worked for months combining, testing, rejecting, re-combining flavors and shades of flavors, until at last he made a blend of choice coffees that fully met his exacting standard.

That blend of selected coffees is Maxwell House named for the fine old hotel in Nashville where it first became famous. Now its fame has spread all over the United States and the most important hostesses in America serve Maxwell House Coffee.

Once you've tasted its delicious blended flavor, you'll insist on Maxwell House Coffee at your own table and on your own breakfast tray. Your grocer can supply you. It comes nicely packaged in tin to preserve all its rich fragrance and flavor.

A gentleman of Old Dixie tested and rejected, combined and re-combined selected coffees from many different lands until he achieved the matchless mellow blend of Maxwell House Coffee.

RADIO PROGRAM OF MUSIC EVERY THURSDAY

Famous weekly radio programs are broadcast by the talented Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra from WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WOC, WHO, WOW, KOA, WCCO, KSD, WDAF, KVOO, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WJAX, WEBC. Tune in every Thursday evening for the Maxwell House Coffee Program.

Maxwell House Coffee

"Good to the last drop"

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

You will be delighted also with Maxwell House Tea

Modern Laundries do not wring clothes

"But where do you wring the clothes?" Alice Gartley asked eagerly. "That's what takes the life out of garments, you know."

Indeed it does . . . but Mrs. Gartley found that the modern laundry *doesn't wring* clothes. They are removed from the washers and placed in large spinning baskets or "extractors" where the water is removed by a rapid whirling process which makes it almost *impossible* to damage buttons or fabrics. Another good reason why laundry-washed clothes last longer.

Go with Alice into Laundrland

This delightful journey booklet may be had from any modern laundry displaying on its trucks this picture of Alice in Laundrland. A telephone call will bring you your copy.

© 1929, L. N. A.

Let the LAUNDRY *do it!*

SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

(Continued from Page 80)

whatever you do. She's just out of the ether."

Carlee followed him to the farther end of the ward where a screen had been drawn about the last cot in the row. The interne poked his head over the top and nodded.

"All right. You can have three minutes. I'll wait outside in the hall. If you stay any longer I'll come and drag you out."

Carlee tiptoed to the head of the cot. Fel lay on her back, her eyes closed, her left arm and shoulder heavily bandaged. Her right arm lay outside the coverlid. Against the dark background made by her hair her face had the blue-white tint of snow. An overpowering wave of love swept through him. He flopped on his knees by the side of the cot and laid his cheek against her hand.

"Carlee! You here!"

Fel was looking at him through blurred eyes.

He scrabbled nearer on his knees, leaned over and gently kissed her. The ether hung round her head in a heavy cloud.

"Fel, darling!"

She smiled faintly, lifted her hand to his cheek and touched it.

"Gee! I'm glad you're here!" she whispered.

"I'm never going away again, sweetheart! I'll be with you always, if you want me!"

She seemed half-dazed.

"But I thought—I thought ——"

"I DON'T care for anybody in the world but you, Fel. I'll never leave you as long as I live."

The tears gathered and slid down her cheeks.

"You're not going to split the act?"

"No! Never! The Mysterious Romeros!"

He wiped away her tears. She gazed at him miserably.

"Carlee! I'm so sorry—for trying to—you know!"

"Forget it! It's all my fault!"

"They were rotten shots!"

"You mustn't ever think of it again!"

"Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you! Oh, Fel!"

Then he forgot where he was entirely until he felt a hand on his shoulder. "Haven't you any sense?" demanded the interne indignantly. "To treat a girl like that who has been nearly killed."

Fel looked at the little doctor with a smile. "It's all right, doc. He didn't hurt me! Honest, I didn't feel a thing!"

Fel's recovery was so rapid that she was able to be removed from the hospital to Jernigan's within forty-eight hours. The bullet had done no serious damage and the doctors assured Carlee that, if she were kept in bed for a few days, she would be as well as ever in a fortnight. He had her moved into the sitting room where she now lay, looking pale but lovely, and attended by himself, Mother Fay, Hans and Lilly McVeigh, at least one of whom was always at her bedside.

GUS BLOOMBERG called daily, filling the sitting room with flowers and cigar smoke and giving them all the latest news.

"Say, Fel!" he said as he hung his bowler carefully on the gas jet one afternoon about a week after the accident. "You sure have the luck! The publicity you got out of bein' shot is going to be worth a million dollars to you! Believe it or not! I can book the Mysterious Romeros forty weeks solid big time—June first to April first—at a thousand bucks a week! Who's the sugar daddy now! Isn't that a wow!"

Fel looked out of the window. "You'll have to ask the male half of the act, Gus. I don't know what his plans are—yet."

"My plans depend on you, kid!" said Carlee, leaning over and kissing her on the top of her head.

She lifted her face, drew down his head against her cheek as she had been used to do.

"All right! You can book the Mysterious Romeros!"

"Gosh, Fel!" declared Carlee. "That'll mean forty thousand dollars! A year from now and we won't owe the creditors a cent!"

"Well, I got to toddle," said Gus, reaching up and detaching his bowler. "I got some real business to attend to. I might even ring you in on it, if Fel was strong enough by Saturday."

"What is it?" she asked.

"You know the Schmittlaps, the folks what gave the show last winter for the queen—where her dog crabbed your act? Well, they're going to have another down at their country place on Long Island next Saturday—and this time it's going to be a circus, a real one. The same woman that handled the other—Paxton is her name—is managing it. I'm furnishing the whole thing, from freaks to elephants. Some order?"

TWO unexpected visitors arrived that same afternoon at Jernigan's—Mr. Vincent Pepperill and his sprightly cousin Mrs. Brice-Brewster.

Carlee was reading to Fel when Hans came wheezing up the stairs to announce the new arrivals.

"What a pretty room," panted Mrs. Brice-Brewster as she sank down in an armchair. "I wish I had as sunny a place to live in! I'm so glad to meet Miss Jernigan. My cousin has done nothing but talk about her since we were at Atlantic City."

"It's swell of you to come to see me," said Felicity, who in her Japanese kimono was lying propped up in bed.

"Not at all!" grumbled the old lawyer. "Pure curiosity. We wanted to find out if there really could be anybody half as charming as Carlee described you as being. I see that he didn't exaggerate. I had only a glimpse of you at the Schmittlaps'."

"That sure was a swell party!" she replied.

"Very swell!" agreed Cousin Emily. "They're going to have another on their island—a circus! I've made Vincent promise to take me. I wouldn't miss it for the world."

"I have a better excuse for going to Schmittlap's," said Mr. Pepperill. "I'm his official receiver."

MR. PEPPERILL'S old heart sang in answer to the trill of the canary. He had a gratifying conviction that as far as Carlee and Fel were concerned all was right with the world. The beggar had or was going to make the right choice. He gave his characteristic little cough, that cough that had struck terror to the heart of many a judge.

"So you're going back to vaudeville, you two?"

"For a year or two, anyhow," answered Carlee. "We've got a swell booking that'll net us good money, and meantime I'm going to try to finish a play. Sometime of course I'd like to be a regular playwright. Fel wants to kick into the legit. There's no better training for either an actor or playwright than vaudeville. Look at George Cohan and George Kelly."

"So you're not going to—er—'split your act,' I believe you call it?"

"Never, I hope!" said Carlee, sitting down on the bed and slipping his arm about Fel. "We're going to do what they call a 'happy married act' just as soon as Felicity can toddle down with me to the Bureau of Licenses!"

"Congratulations to you both!"

Mrs. Brice-Brewster grabbed a hand of each with enthusiasm.

It was after six before the two old people said good-by.

Among those at Jernigan's who assisted in Fel's recovery by their ministrations two were conspicuous by their absence—Doc Pedersen and Brother Blandy, neither of whom had been seen since the afternoon of the shooting. They had simply vanished, abandoning all their effects without paying their last week's rent, saying

It's the fact that Vitamin D is now contained in a delicious NATURAL FOOD . . . that's important to mothers

There are at least three known ways in which this essential Vitamin D may be brought to your children. From the direct rays of the sun. From cod-liver oil. And now eminent scientific authorities have definitely proved that Vitamin D is contained in Cocomalt.

But the real news is not merely that there is another source of Vitamin D . . . but that this precious sunlight vitamin, so essential to health and vigor, is now found—in the necessary quantities—in a delicious *natural* food that should be a part of every child's diet.

VITAMIN D—THE BONE BUILDER · For just consider what this fact, that Vitamin D is contained in Cocomalt, really means.

No one knows exactly what Vitamin D is. We only know that without it, the mineral salts in our diet which go to form strong bones and sound teeth are not utilized by the body.

Milk, of course, is the most effective way of bringing these mineral salts to your children. And Cocomalt (note this) not only increases the milk minerals by more than a half, but it also furnishes the Vitamin D which *puts the minerals to work* in a way that builds bones, develops sound teeth, prevents rickets (soft bones, bowed legs) and assures the steady symmetrical growth of the whole body.

In addition, Cocomalt is so rich in proteins and carbohydrates that it actually adds 70% more *nourishment* to milk and combines, in scientific proportions, all the nourishing elements ideally suited to children.

A DELICIOUS DRINK—SERVED HOT OR COLD · Cocomalt, combined with milk, makes a delicious drink with a delightful chocolate flavor that children love. You can serve it hot or cold—for breakfast, supper or after school lunch. It is particularly necessary when children cannot play in the sunshine and absorb this indispensable vitamin from the direct rays of the sun.

Incidentally, thousands of mothers have discovered that Cocomalt is an easy way to make children take their daily required glasses of milk . . .

You may get Cocomalt from your grocer in half-pound, pound and five-pound cans. The half-pound size is 25 cents (30¢ west of the Mississippi). If your grocer cannot supply you, take advantage of the sample offer.

R. B. DAVIS CO., Hoboken, N. J. · *Makers of Davis Baking Powder*

A generous sample and booklet · Send 10 cents (to cover the cost of mailing) and we will forward you a generous sample can of Cocomalt—together with a fascinating book entitled "Children of the Sun." This booklet was prepared for the R. B. Davis Company by specialists in the field of medicine and nutrition, based on their own comprehensive research work on Cocomalt and Vitamin D, the sunlight vitamin.

R. B. Davis Company · Hoboken, New Jersey

Enclosed find 10 cents. Send me booklet B-3 and sample of Cocomalt mentioned above.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*County*_____ *City*_____ *State*_____

© R. B. D. CO. '29

Cocomalt

Adds 70% more nourishment to milk

Let them play as they learn

says famous psychologist to mothers

"THE easiest way for a mother to teach her children effective habits is to make a game of the whole thing," says Lillian M. Gilbreth, noted authority on child guidance. "Let them play as they learn."

What a responsibility it is for mothers—to see that their happy-go-lucky young things establish sound habits!

Yet it's surprising how many little problems of the child's day lend themselves to game making. Breakfast, for instance—that meal which authorities say is so important.

School tests have shown that the child best fitted for studies, most keen for play, has started out with one certain thing—a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast. That is why, in over 70,000 schools, this rule hangs on the wall:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot *cereal breakfast"*

So mothers sometimes say, "Eat your nice hot cereal. It's good for you."

Approached this way, youngsters have been known to give a push to their hot cereal—Cream of Wheat, or oatmeal, or whatever it is—and say "No-o-oh! I don't *want* it."

Today, coaxing is no longer necessary. The new psychology recognizes children's love of play and solves the problem. By making a game of *hot, cooked* cereal mothers are leading their children to eat the right breakfast.

© 1929, C. of W. Co.

For 32 years the choice of child specialists

Specialists in child health have for years recommended Cream of Wheat as an ideal *hot, cooked* cereal.

1. It is abundantly rich in the physical and mental energy children need. All real food.
2. With every harsh part of the grain removed, Cream of Wheat is amazingly quick and simple to digest.
3. Its creamy goodness is easily varied by adding raisins, dates or prunes while cooking.

Safeguard your boys and girls by giving them, regularly, Cream of Wheat for breakfast.

FREE—*this plan that gets results at breakfast*

A club that children work out for themselves. A plan that arouses children's interest in *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly. Badges and a secret, gold stars and colored wall charts. All material free, sent direct to your children, with a sample box of Cream of Wheat (if desired). Children cannot resist it! Eating Cream of Wheat becomes a fascinating game, then an enjoyable habit. Mail the coupon now.

CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY DEPT. B-35
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Gentlemen: Please send my child the free material for the H. C. B. as described above.

Child's name.....
First name *Last name*

Street.....*City*.....*State*.....

To get sample box of Cream of Wheat, check here.....

good-by to anybody, or leaving any forwarding address. Such disappearances not being uncommon in the theatrical district and attention being centered on Fel's return, their absence occasioned no comment among the lodgers until Messrs. Fallon and McGuire, two Central Office detectives, called unexpectedly to inquire after their whereabouts.

Carlee received the officers in the downstairs sitting room, afterward at their request admitting them with his pass key into doc's room.

"He's flew the coop, all right!" declared Fallon, making notes of what he found there. "We'd had him a year ago if he wasn't so foxy! Sure we got a warrant for him, three warrants—fortune telling, obtaining money under false pretenses, and practicing medicine without a license. What we didn't know was that he was running a swell uptown joint under the name of Doctor Kungunda and trimming all the swell dames by giving 'em advice on the stock market. We wouldn't be wise now if somebody, who didn't give his name, hadn't tipped us off—one of those mysterious telephone calls that sometimes materializes, y'know. Some guy that was sore on him, I guess! Hey! What you call this?"

Fallon threw back a portière, exposing a row of orange, green and purple robes with appropriate turbans, a crystal ball, and a cabinet such as are used for spiritualistic séances.

"Say, this fellow was a little bit of everything, wasn't he!" commented McGuire. "We'll have to send the wagon for all this junk. It'll have to go down to the property room at headquarters. Now, how about his side partner—Blandy?"

"Blandy!" Carlee stared at him. "What's the matter with Brother Blandy? You can't have anything on him!"

"Is 'at so?" inquired the officer. "Ever hear of the Omega Publishing Co.?"

"I DON'T think so, unless"—Carlee made a miraculous mental effort—"unless it's the name of the concern that publishes his books. The Road to Hell, and so forth."

"That's it. Well, Brother Blandy, as you call him, is the Omega Publishing Company. Its office is back of Kungunda's on Eighty-seventh Street and its business is selling gambling implements."

"Selling gambling implements! You must be crazy!" retorted Carlee. "Blandy spends his life preaching against gambling. He's quite a wonderful old man."

Fallon laughed.

"He's wonderful all right! Let's have a flash at his room!"

Although what McGuire had alleged did not seem possible to Carlee he remembered the close intimacy between the two lodgers. It had always seemed a little strange that so wholesome-appearing an old gentleman as Brother Blandy should have anything in common with a shady character like Pedersen. And here, also, his room was just back of his friend's. They found nothing incriminating in it, however. Indeed, it was practically empty save for a huge pile of his famous work, Gamblers and Their Wiles, several hundred copies of which were stacked in the corner behind the bed.

Fallon picked one up and ran through it.

"HE'S a slick one too. You see he gives the first hundred pages to tellin' what a hell of a fool thing it is to gamble because the bank always wins and you can't beat the game. That's where he sells you the idea of how easy it is to make money with any kind of a gambling device. Then in the last half of the book he explains what these devices are. There's a picture and full description of every kind from ring-the-cane and nigger-baby up to crooked faro pinch boxes and roulette wheels. He shows how you ain't got a chance in a thousand years playing against them. The reader naturally thinks, 'Why don't I get one and operate it myself?' As he reads he begins to smell a rat. So he writes or goes to The Omega Publishing Company and Blandy takes his order and fills it from some place out in Pennsylvania or Ohio."

"Anyhow," said Fel, when Carlee told her about it, "now, if they've gone for good we can give Mother Fay a better room. She's too old to climb all those stairs and she ought to have some sun. The one she has now looks into the air-shaft and is horribly gloomy. She can take the first-floor front—after we get it fumigated—and Hans can have the one behind it! That'll be swell, won't it!"

Carlee caressed her hand.

"Always thinking of other people!"

"HOW can I help it, when they're all so kind to me? And then there's poor old Hans. We must find something for him to do! Why don't we put him in charge of the house, Carlee? When we go on the circuit again I shan't have much time for housekeeping, and anyhow I hate it. We can pay him a regular salary or go shares with him, whichever he prefers. He does a lot of work for nothing, and he ought to be paid for it."

"That's a good idea, too!" agreed Carlee.

Nothing could have emphasized the passing of the ancient order of which Miss Goadby and her stamp-licking old ladies were the protagonists than Zelda Paxton's assured advice to Mrs. Schmittlap.

"If you want to be really smart, Agatha, don't write—telegraph your invitations!" And as a result of this royal gesture five thousand yellow envelopes—"reply prepaid"—had next morning fluttered over an enraptured world—including Jernigan's. Carlee's invitation had come the morning after the visit of Mr. Pepperill and Mrs. Brice-Brewster and it had brought him back with a bump to the realization of his position.

Hope you will come to our circus party Saturday evening, May sixteenth, ten o'clock, Woodlea, Snug Harbor, Long Island. Special cars from Pennsylvania Station. Please reply. AGATHA SCHMITTLAP.

The bump was a severe one. He had certainly treated Hilda rottenly!

HE HAD hardly thought of her since Fel's illness, whereas she no doubt regarded herself as practically engaged to him. The fact that he had not communicated with her for over two weeks must, in view of the nature of their last meeting, seem inexplicable to her. It was not her place to look him up; he ought to have telephoned her the very next day. If he hadn't left her that night to rescue Fel, he would probably be married to her already or well on the way to it! He had played no fairer with her than he previously had with Fel. He wished he'd never met her—that he'd never been nearer Fifth Avenue than Broadway! What had he got out of it? Not a thing! What were Diane of Dalmatia, or Princess Usopoloff, or even Mrs. Brice-Brewster to him? Nothing! He would never have been happy in that menagerie of doped animals in their gilded cages! If he were going to live among clowns and gamblers, snake-charmers and tattooed women—give him real ones!

But his heart sank at the ordeal confronting him. How could he ever explain his conduct satisfactorily to Hilda when he had deceived her from the very beginning—lied to her, in fact? He had made her love him, had repeatedly declared his own devotion for her, and was now deliberately going to jilt her! The telegram asking him to Woodlea was like a subpœna to court, ordering him to show cause why he should not be adjudged

(Continued on Page 86)

Voted the most fascinating *Young Sportswoman*

by

JOHN BARRYMORE

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

MISS LILIAS MORIARTY
of Boston, Mass.
chosen from Woodbury beauties in forty-eight States as the most fascinating young sportswoman

SHE is as full of contradictions as she is of bewitchment and charm.

She has close-cut, curling, bronze hair, a pure, fair skin,—no touch of rouge,—a laughing child's mouth. Her eyes are her most unusual feature—unusual both in setting and expression. They are rather long, set wide apart, of a curious shade of blue. Their calm, rather remote, far-seeing gaze gives the only clue to her pre-occupation with one of the most dangerous of sports.

No one looking at her would think of her as an "athlete." She weighs only a hundred pounds. She has a little slim, fragile, exquisite figure. Yet she is a bold and fearless horseback rider, a keen shot,—"but I only shoot clay pigeons,"—a self-possessed, passionately devoted flyer.

She was born at Budapest, where her father was stationed in the diplomatic service. She speaks five languages. She has traveled about the world ever since she was a baby, and likes being on the move.

She "always wanted to fly." She was never frightened but once—the first time she went up, when her pilot asked permission to do some "stunts." She cannot explain the fascination of flying. "It's being up above everything, and all alone . . . "

MISS MORIARTY, *snapped riding horseback in Central Park. "Woodbury's keeps my skin in perfectly splendid condition," she says.*

She uses Woodbury's Facial Soap because it is the only soap that does not irritate her skin,—a skin of almost transparent clearness and fineness.

"Woodbury's is a wonderful soap, for anyone who is out of doors as much as I am. My skin never gets rough or chapped, if I use it faithfully. There must be something unusually pure and mild about it, because it keeps my skin in perfectly splendid condition."

OUT OF HUNDREDS of beautiful Woodbury users, on whom we called in big cities, in little towns, throughout the country—three distinguished judges are choosing the loveliest of each type . . . Each month their photographs will appear, together with a brief story of their personality. They represent thousands upon thousands of women throughout America who today owe the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful complexion to daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . Commence, now, to take care of *your* skin with this wonderful soap! Begin, tonight, to gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"

WE SHALL BE HAPPY to send you a delightful Woodbury set, containing a trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial, for 10 cents and your name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 1807 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1807 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

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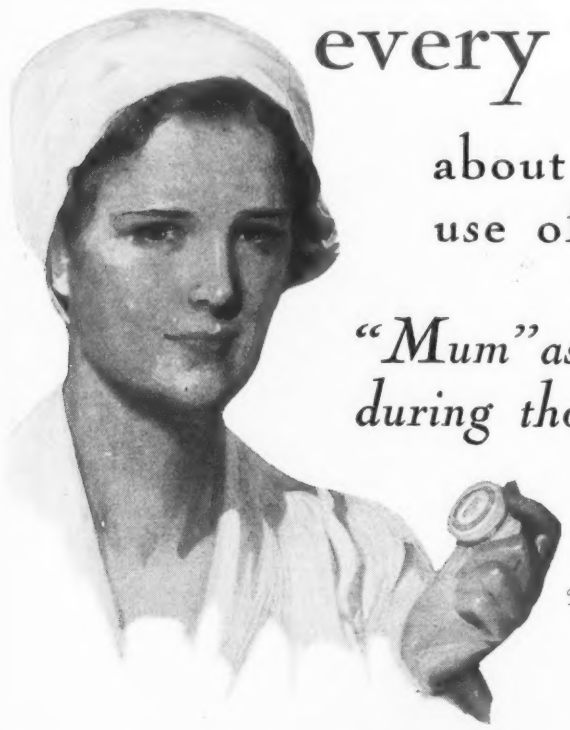
I want to tell every woman

about this special use of "Mum"—



"Mum" assures daintiness during those trying days

By WINIFRED SHERMAN
(*Graduate Nurse*)

IN those trying days, when you do so want to retain your poise and peace of mind, how often have you wished for just such a preparation as "Mum".

For "Mum" is the *true* deodorant that neutralizes *all* body odors, from whatever cause. You will find that just a little of this snow-white cream, spread on the sanitary napkin, gives you positive assurance that no unpleasantness can possibly embarrass you.

I can assure you that "Mum" does not interfere in the slightest with the normal functions of the body. "Mum" simply *neutralizes* every body odor—as the odor occurs. It does not cover one odor with another. "Mum" is a *true* deodorant cream. "Mum" definitely *neutralizes*, doing away with the odor altogether, not just for a short time, but for *all day and evening*. "Mum" is antiseptic, and soothing to the tissues of the body.

Recommended by doctors

Doctors and trained nurses have been recommending "Mum" for use on the sanitary napkin for over 25 years, and thousands of women have been grateful for this simple, safe and efficient way of overcoming this source of embarrassment.

You, too, will be most grateful to "Mum" for this important use when the occasion next arises. Just ask for a jar of "Mum" at your drug or department store—35c; extra large size 60c.

"Poise and grace born of confidence"

AND for Perspiration Odor
"Mum" is the word

And, of course, I hardly need to tell you that "Mum" is equally safe and effective in neutralizing the unpleasant odor of perspiration. "Mum" is a regular part of the everyday toilette of millions of women. A finger-tip of "Mum" to the underarm keeps your personal daintiness sweet and fresh for *all day and evening*—there cannot be the slightest suggestion of unpleasant perspiration odor to detract from your feminine charm.

"Mum" is the *true* deodorant. It does not check perspiration itself—simply the *odor*—and is entirely harmless to skin and clothing.

Knowing "Mum" as I do, and knowing the well-bred woman's fine sense of the importance of personal daintiness, I am sure that "Mum" will prove a true friend, both in those trying days and for the daily toilette.

Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 80 Varick St., New York

"Mum"

prevents all body odors

(Continued from Page 84)

guilty of conduct unbecoming a gentleman and a magician. He'd have to go sometime, have sooner or later to take his place at the bar and plead guilty of being an impostor as well as a faithless lover. He was paying now the penalty for his previous procrastination and lack of character. The only decent thing was to swallow his pride, make a full confession, beg her forgiveness and eat crow.

By Saturday afternoon he was in the bluest of blue funks. Had it not been for Fel he might have chucked it.

He went over and over the coming scene at Woodlea until it became a sort of obsession. He planned each step, each gesture, each word of the routine. "You see I thought I loved you, dear, but I found I didn't. Can't you forgive me?" Gee! It was hard to have to tell a girl you were going to chuck her! He would do it though! No welching this time! He'd come clean at last! He'd go down there like a man, render his excuses and get out. It would be a matter of only five or ten minutes. But no matter how he tried to encourage himself the thought of the interview filled him with dismay. What if she should make a scene and refuse to give him up? Her knowledge that he had first cared for Fel had not affected her. She might claim that he had given her his word. Then where would he get off?

ON THE night of the circus Carlee arrayed himself in full regalia for the first time since he had taken Hilda to the Congo.

"Positively my last social appearance!" he assured Fel as he kissed her good-by. "Anyhow, my last until you're a great actress and have people chasing after you like Ethel Barrymore."

The train to Glen Cove was crowded with people going to the Schmittlaps and several extra parlor cars had been put on for their convenience, but although he encountered many acquaintances and was urged to join one of several bridge games he declined. As he gazed through the window out across the quiet country sweeping by through the pale night he hated them all for a bunch of cheap snobs out for what they could get.

Throughout the trip, which occupied an hour, he sat moodily going over and over the phrases he expected to use in his coming attempt to square himself. "Honestly, Hilda, I thought I loved you. You can't doubt it, dear! (He must get in that 'dear' somehow.) And then—well, suddenly, I just found I didn't. Can you forgive me?" He must do better than that!

The whistle shrieked and the bridge players began hurriedly to total up their scores. Then the train stopped and he joined the scented crush in the aisles. Several motorbusses were backed up to the platform, but he did not join the scramble for seats and climbed into a dilapidated taxi by himself.

THE moonlight hung like a gossamer drop curtain over the fields. There was an odor as of honey on the air. It was a magic evening. Yet it held no magic for Carlee. Jolting along in his taxi he felt like a prisoner being taken in a tumbril to the place of execution. He saw now that he could not possibly have chosen a worse time to make his explanation. Why did he always pick a circus?

The procession of vehicles had slowed down to a crawl. The road behind him was choked with motors. Ahead an interminable line of red tail-lights led to where a yellow glare was reflected against the sky. Crowds lined the fields and fences. A bicycle policeman went popping by. Mingled with the roar of engines were hoarse shouts from the megaphones. "Keep moving!" Guards with flash lights made cursory examinations. "All right! Go ahead!" The bus shot forward leaving the taxi held in check by two policemen at the edge of a circle framed by grotesque banners, advertising freaks and side shows, garishly illuminated by flood lights projected from the hedges. They had reached the gateway to the grounds and for a moment Carlee almost fancied that he was back on "the lot" once more. A red-coated band was banging opposite a huge arch gleaming with red, white and blue lights. The roadway swarmed with rubes crowding around a blue ticket wagon. Hawkers were offering peanuts, pop corn and candy canes, and a spieler in cowboy costume stood on one side of the entrance bawling through a megaphone.

Gosh, what a sight! If only Fel could have seen it! He felt again that inflation in his chest, the *élan* which always came to him when he stepped to the footlights. His last social appearance! He was almost glad to make one even at such a cost to his pride as this would doubtless prove to be. It appealed to both his vanity and his dramatic sense to play once more the part of a gay young buck and man about town. Could any of them play it better? Showman! Showman!

THE taxi stopped before the stone porte-cochère and he leaped out. All his old stage confidence had returned. He thrust his coat check nonchalantly into the pocket of his white waistcoat and joined the throng pouring into the hall where Mrs. Schmittlap was standing with Hilda receiving her guests. She looked tired and nervous. But Hilda! She took his breath almost as much as the scene outside. He had never seen her look half so radiant. For a fraction of a second he felt a tiny pang, the echo of a past emotion. Gosh, she was beautiful! It was a terrible ordeal that he was about to face. Jarmon turned and recognized him. "Mr. Tharp!" he bellowed. Carlee shivered, then stepped gayly forward to his hostess.

"Good evening, Mrs. Schmittlap! It is a great pleasure to be here. What a magnificent night."

"How do you do, Mr. Tharp!" said Mrs. Schmittlap mechanically.

Next moment he had Hilda's hand.

"Hello, Carlee!" she said with her usual bright smile. "I wondered if I was ever going to see you again."

"When can I speak to you alone?"

"In just a few minutes. Wait for me on the balcony overlooking the terrace. I'll join you presently. How are you, Mrs. McGranahan! So glad you could come!"

CARLEE made his way to the staircase and climbed slowly to the landing. Evidently Hilda suspected nothing whatever. Her tone and manner were exactly the same as when they were last together. He would have been more flattered had she exhibited more emotion on seeing him, but, after all, how could she?

Lighting a cigarette he strolled along the corridor to the balcony and stood looking down upon the terrace, where a number of people had already gathered about the mouth of the tunnel leading to the reception tent. A great hubbub arose from below.

Carlee wondered why Hilda had selected precisely that place for their interview. Perhaps she thought it would be romantic. It would have been more so, he reflected, but for the smell of wild animals. The circus atmosphere predominated unmistakably. Already it was ten-twenty-five—time for the show to begin. What was keeping her?

He began to fidget. He would never be able to say anything to her standing right over the heads of that noisy gang. Just as on the night of the queen's party his knees had grown weak when Hilda had led him into the card room so they began to wabble now. He couldn't talk to her out there in full view of everybody. Besides, wouldn't she naturally expect him to kiss her? But how could he kiss her!

Ten-thirty! He was growing more nervous every minute. People were already beginning to surge into the tunnel toward the reception tent. If he were going to make his explanation it must be before the performance would begin. He could not

(Continued on Page 89)

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Better than 20 Miles *to the* Gallon!

The new Chevrolet Six has many outstanding qualities which appeal particularly to women.

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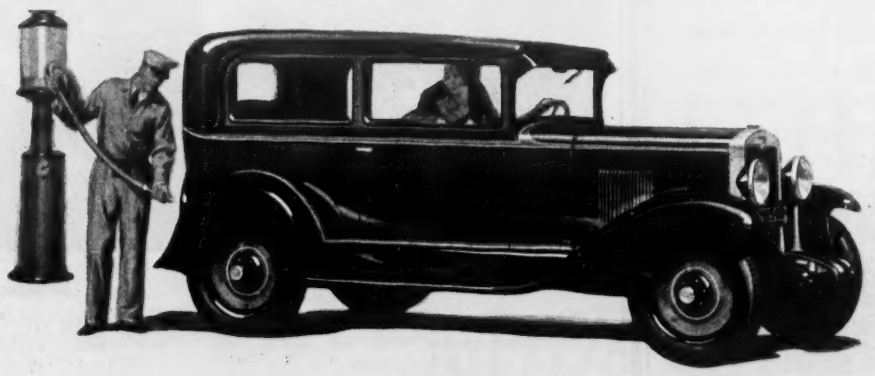

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Knowing so well the nature of all the beautiful new materials—fragile chiffons, lustrous silks and rayons, downy-soft woolens, colorful cottons—these clever women give their own precious things only the truly-proved safest care.

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An intimate glimpse into the Paris salon of Poiret, famous couturier, showing American department store buyers (seated) as they select the smartest styles for their stores.

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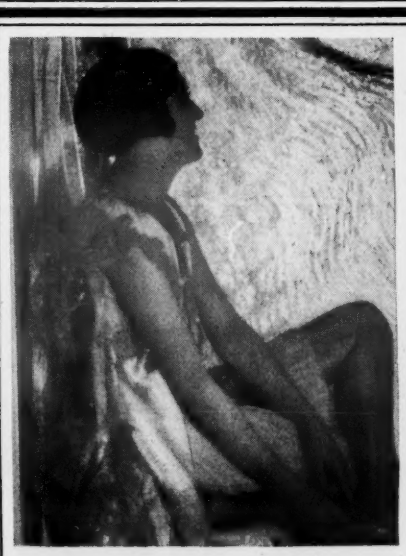

Famous Dressmakers

find mannequins' sheer lingerie and stockings, worn with the costly gowns they model, stay "exquisitely new looking *twice as long*, if cleansed with Lux." (Above) A lovely mannequin in imported underthings and hosiery.

All Musical Shows

in New York find stockings give *double* wear, cleansed always in Lux! Charming Dorothy Stone (above), co-starred in "Three Cheers." She heartily agrees with the wardrobe mistresses—says, "Lux keeps stockings *divinely* new looking."

The Movies

use Lux—to *double* the life of fabrics. (Above) Beautiful Renée Adorée—just as enthusiastic about Lux as the studios are! "Lux is perfectly grand," she says—"I wouldn't think of trusting my nice things to anything else!"

(Continued from Page 86)

wait any longer. But why make it? He tossed away his cigarette and stepped back into the corridor. Perhaps it would be wiser to steal away quietly and never see her again.

He walked slowly along the corridor to the gallery overlooking the great hall. And then he saw Hilda coming up the stairs and he became limp with fright.

"Sorry to have to keep you waiting!" she said lightly. "Did you ever see such a jam! Well, where shall we go?"

A short distance down the corridor was a writing room.

"How about this?" she asked.

They entered and she closed the door behind them. According to all the rules that was the moment when he should have taken her in his arms. But if she expected it, she gave no sign. For his part he stood as if embedded in a plaster cast. He was gagged, hopelessly stage-struck.

He tried to speak but could not even stammer. His heart was fluttering like an imprisoned rooster. How the dickens did you tell a girl you didn't love her any more? She saved him the trouble.

"LOOK here, Carlee," she said in a voice clearly meant to be kind. "There's no use our bluffing any longer. I know everything." She made a gesture as if in anticipation of his protest. "I don't mean merely about your stepsister—I mean—*everything*." She turned away. "Eric had you looked up after you had that quarrel with him. I'm not angry. I understand the whole business. It's my own fault. I told you I didn't want to know anything about you; in fact, I remember once I forbade you tell me who you were. But of course the thing is impossible. I was just a silly romantic girl. I—I could never marry you! And the fairest thing to you is to tell you so at once!"

The rooster in Carlee's torso suddenly stopped flapping its wings. The plaster cast fell in broken fragments about him. Carlee the Showman recovered himself.

"You mean ——" he asked. "You mean that—you—don't *love* me?"

She did not answer his question.

"What's the use fooling ourselves? We'd never be happy together. Of course I didn't mean literally what I said about not caring who you were. I supposed you came of a distinguished old family. You appealed to my sense of romance. I really did have an illusion about you. But I couldn't marry a vaudeville actor!

"I'm not the girl you think I am anyhow, Carlee," she said frankly. "I put it over you. I can hand out a pretty good line when I want to, but although I see as well as anybody how silly all this sort of thing is"—she waved her head toward the hall below—"I—well—it isn't that I don't like it but only that it isn't good enough! I want something better. You're a dear boy, Carlee, but frankly I can't see myself married to you!"

"You want something better!"

"Not better perhaps, but different!"

Carlee bowed. It was almost a flourish.

"I TRUST you find it!" he muttered. Had he added "madam" the scene would have been complete.

"Well, then"—she took a step toward the door.

"It's all over?"

He was reveling in it now!

"All over."

On the threshold she stopped, turned and held out her hand. To his amazement he saw that her eyes were wet.

"Anyhow, you're a dear, Carlee! You're the nicest man I've ever known! But it's for the best. I hope you'll forgive me!"

There were tears in his own eyes as he bent and kissed her hand in farewell.

From the terrace arose a hoarse tumult of shouts. "This way to the big show! This way to the circus!" Carlee could hardly grasp what had happened. He was free! Free—if a little stunned! Anyhow there was nothing on his conscience. He no longer had anything to conceal. Who or what he was could make no possible difference to anybody. Well, he'd baffled 'em anyhow! What would this gaping bunch say if they knew that for half a year they had been dining and wining a social hobo? He experienced an almost irresistible impulse both toward confession and toward challenge. If he could only square himself by letting them all know exactly who and what he was and at the same time tell them politely to go to hell!

He ran downstairs and forced his way until he was standing before the circus entrance beside the platform next the freak tent. A professional spieler began to address the crowd, but his attempt to get its attention fell flat. They wanted to go in.

CARLEE knew the importance of the opening spiel outside to arouse the expectation of the audience and put them in a good humor. This fellow was no good. He ought to make more noise. Carlee climbed upon the platform, slapped the spieler good-naturedly on the back and pushed him to one side. "Say, Bo! Let me spiel a bit!" he said. A burst of recognition assailed his ears.

"Why, it's Carlee Tharp!" "Hello, Carlee! Hello, old man!"

Thrilled, he looked down upon the sea of upturned white faces.

"Here you are, folks!" he shouted with a glance at Jake Schmittlap, who stood beside the gate with Mrs. Brice-Brewster. "Gather round! Come up closer, but hide your bank rolls! Step up and watch me carefully. Absolutely no charge for this! Watch me make something out of nothing, the world's greatest feat of manipulation!—The Miser's Dream!"

As they pressed forward obediently he took his hat and, reaching quickly out over their heads, caught a half-dollar out of the air—then another—and another.

He jingled the coins in the hat. Everybody was in there now, eager to hear what he had to say. Well, he'd give 'em an earful for once!

"Ladies and gentlemen!" he declaimed. "Schmittlap's Circus—the Greatest Show on Earth—is about to start! Embracing the world's most daring bareback riders, lion tamers, tumblers, high-school horses, the funniest clowns and a collection of strange people from all parts of the globe!"

He waved toward the line of freaks.

"HERE they are, ladies and gentlemen. Schmittlap's Great Conglomeration of Freaks—educational as well as entertaining—they all live together like one big happy family! And inside there will be others—when you arrive! For instance"—Carlee allowed his eyes to rest upon a bewhiskered old gentleman before indicating the real freak—"we have here the far-famed dog-faced boy, built like a man but makes a noise like a dog! And here"—he gazed in the direction of Mrs. Googins—"you have the celebrated fat lady with ten chins, who does nothing but eat and sleep. Here they are, ladies and gentlemen. Only a few of them—but mark my words, there will be others inside when you go in!"

He smiled blandly down upon them.

"Here is the bearded lady, the albino snake charmer, the Circassian beauty with her Eton bob"—he shot a single glance at Hilda across the tent—"otherwise known as the world's greatest vamp—the cowboy giant, the midget, the armless wonder, the sword swallower. Here they all are, folks, and as I said before, there will be more inside when you get there!"

The band had begun again. Two gorgeous flunkies threw back the gate.

"Move along, folks!" bellowed Carlee. "Step lively! Keep moving! The circus is about to begin—Schmittlap's Combined Shows. Step inside and join the strange people from the four corners of the globe—all living together like one big happy family! Schmittlap's Combined Shows of Freaks and Marvels, the like of which you have never seen before and never will again!"

(THE END)

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The Baptizing

(Continued from Page 17)

ears out of the big patch. He liked her better than his other kindred. "O Lord, look down and bring her through! O Lord, who knows the temptations, who knows we're po' things, just chil'ren who wants sweetness and'll snatch at it in the wrong places! O Lord, mind her steps till she can mind them herself! Amen! Let us sing!"

"Oh, rock Mount Sinai,
Oh, rock Mount Sinai,
Oh, rock Mount Sinai, in the morning.
Oh, come on, Moses, don' you get lost,
Smite the water and come across!
Oh, rock Mount Sinai ——"

Brother Boykin's lips moved, but no sound came forth. His hands were tightly clasped. His heart ached and swelled. "O Lord, bring her through and down into the waters of baptism!"

OLD Abner Shaw got up from the mourners' bench. "Oh, Ise through! O Lord, Ise through! O Lord, Ise coming just as I am!"

"Glory hallelujah! Glory hallelujah!"

Ailsa continued to bow down and rise up. The church was so dusky, with flaring lamps; the moon outside shone so bright.

"O the Holy Ghost, come help!"

"I pray the Holy Ghost bring you right through, Ailsa!"

"I sees hell fire! Oh, I sees hell fire!"

"Oh!" went the watchers. "She sees hell fire!"

"I sees Abraham and Sarah and the promised land. But I tastes the gulf! I tastes the gulf!"

"Oh! She tastes the gulf!"

"Oh! The devil is towering alongside of me!"

"Oo-h! The devil is towering!"

"Let us pray!"

William Howard Boykin prayed with all his might. Moriah Colored Church prayed—that is, most of it prayed. Adelaide Lily prayed, but she prayed against Ailsa. "O Lord, she actin'! She ain't gitting religion! O Lord, she want *him*, and she don't see no other way lef' now. O Lord, she ain't the one for him. She won't make him happy. She'd never help right in the church. She got all kind of opinions. O Lord, don't let her! She do mos' always what she set out to do. Ise 'feared of her. O Lord, I'll work, I'll work for you ——"

"Let us sing!"

"Oh, don' you hear the big bell ringing?
Come up, sinner, to the pleasant land!
Pleasant land, pleasant land.
Come up, sinner, to the pleasant land!"

Ailsa began to chant. "Oh, when I gwine see Jerusalem, Jerusalem? Oh, when I gwine see Jerusalem? They come from the north and they come from the south! Oh, when I gwine see Jerusalem? The sun's in the east and the moon's in the west, and the kingdom comes with the seven lamps, and the pathway shine into Jerusalem! But when my feet gwine find the way—oh, when they gwine to find the way?"

MORIAH COLORED CHURCH hung upon her paces round and round, and upon her thrilling voice. Young Ransom Moore at the mourners' bench came through, rose with a shout and passed to the salvation bench. Adelaide Lily made room for him. Her face was working. "It's scandalous, that's what it is!"

"What is?"

"What she's doing."

Ransom stared vacantly.

Ailsa stood stock still, then brought her long arms together over her head, clasped her hands and parted them. "Glory! Glory hallelujah! I'm through! I'm over the gulf! I got religion!"

"Glory hallelujah! Glory hallelujah!"

"Oh, bless Jesus!"

The moon shone and shone. The katydids began again. "*You know, you know we hab to work. You know we hab to work. You know, you know. We got nine sinners. We got nine sinners. Dey's saved, dey's saved. Judy Corbin, too. You know, you know. You know folk ——*" A whippoorwill struck in from the big woods. The Rev. Thomas Meiklejohn pronounced the benediction.

THE next day dawned clear with pink in the east and mist over the river and the town and the hills. Ailsa Craigie was up in time to see the morning star all still and pure and silver above Deadman's Hill. "I'm gwine up there. Pappy can get his own breakfast." She went, meeting no one, and lay down upon the short, burned turf and stretched her arm above her eyes.

"What's got in me? That's what I am asking. What's got in me? . . . *William Howard Boykin. William. William.* I reckon I love him. I reckon I think there ain't but one way to turn his head towards me. I reckon I work myself up and *get religion.* . . . But I ain't got any religion. Or is I?"

Adelaide Lily had reddened eyes that morning, and a drooping mouth. "What's the matter with you, gal? In my time when we knew we was saved we sung lak every bird in the wood."

"She 'fraid of de water," declared Thomas Jefferson.

"I ain't a thinking of the river, mammy."

"Then it's Ailsa. She's owdacious—that gal's owdacious!"

"I think she's bold, myself—getting religion thataway! Oh, mammy, you think she gwine mek him look at her?"

"No, I don't. I think he look at you. She bawn owdacious! But she ain't got the hang of it lak you. She mix something else with it."

When the morning was hot and bright Ailsa came down from the hill to the cabin with its sunflowers and zinnias and a great oak tree and the Moriah flowing by. The cobbler, her father, who had had to cook his own breakfast, was surly with her. "I hopes getting religion ain't gwine make you a fool!"

"Did I get it, daddy?"

"Did you get it? Well, it *look* lak you got it!"

Baptism Sunday drew on apace. The women had white dresses. All but Ailsa. It transpired that she didn't have a white dress and wasn't going to make one. Nor ask for one from the white folks neither.

"For the land's sake! Goin' down into the Moriah in er blue calico!"

"I heah she say if the Lawd's the Lawd he'll not be caring!"

ADELAIDE LILY wanted to wear her blue beads, but Sarah shook her head. "No, chile, you better not do that! You don' want to look *vain* when the river a-washin' away sin comes over you."

Old Aunt Betsy was standing by. "'Tain't de river. It's de grace ob Gawd dat meks yo' heart en mind des' spick-en-span. De Moriah neber clean lak dat!"

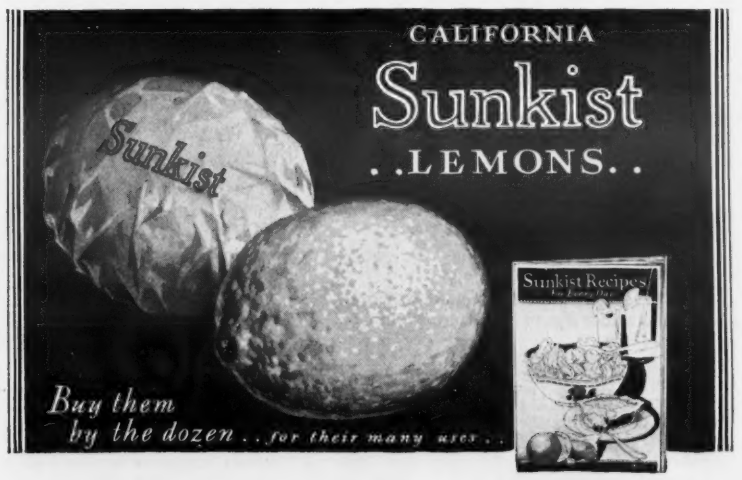
"Don't you think I knows anything, Aunt Betsy? No, chile, that white dress with angel sleeves is all you wants."

It was Friday, and that hot and bright! The Rev. Thomas Meiklejohn and the Rev. William Howard Boykin visited the converted, confirming their faith and explaining points of doctrine and the solemnity of Sunday. Adelaide Lily received them on the cabin porch. The roses and the pinks were blooming in the yard, the scarlet bean and the Madeira vine over her head.

When the two went away the pastor from Curfew Church up the river heaved a sigh. "I most envies you your charge here at Moriah, brother! You got fine souls, and they keeps up their places so well. And your young people do seem to me to have cha'm above what they have at Curfew."

"Adelaide Lily's been thought jest to be waiting for the pick of the bunch, brother.

THERE'S a charm about serving Lemons with tea that adds a dash of joy to this pleasing custom. It is universal in some parts of Europe, just as a teaspoon of orange marmalade in tea is distinctly Russian . . . The juice of fresh Lemon adds a piquancy to tea that increases liking for this popular beverage—a *tang* that nothing else can bring. You will note that at practically all social gatherings, at clubs, at hotels, Lemons are served with the tea, either quartered or in dainty thin slices . . . And, there is a still newer thought about the use of Lemon when tea is brewed. Place one teaspoon of grated Lemon rind in with the tea (green, black or mixed preferred). Pour over the desired amount of freshly boiling water. The result is a delight—a sort of revelation to tea drinkers. As the tea is poured into the cups it is noticeably orange in color, with fragrance and flavor as delicious as it is distinctive—not unlike one of the expensive teas. Try this new idea. It has become quite a vogue . . . Health also has a part in the use of Lemons with tea. Lemon Juice, like that of Oranges, while acid in taste, is alkaline in reaction in the body. Every drop of Lemon Juice is valuable in the correction and prevention of Acidosis, the modern malady due to our faulty diet of too much good but acid-forming foods like meat, fish, eggs, cereals and bread and too little alkaline reaction foods such as Oranges and other fresh fruits, vegetables and milk . . . You should send for "Telling Fortunes with Foods," which discusses Acidosis and presents normal Anti-Acidosis and Safe Reducing diets by a noted authority. Mark and mail the coupon . . . California Sunkist Lemons are sold in your market throughout the year. They are always uniform in quality. Look for the name "Sunkist" on the wrapper. © 1929 C. F. G. E.



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That ain't nothing against her. No, sholy not!"

"What counts with me," said William Howard Boykin soberly, "is that she's saved! A woman that isn't saved and in the church and ready to work in the church—such a woman might tempt me, but she couldn't *take* me, brother." He looked at the blue hills and the waving trees. "They's both saved."

With that they arrived at the cabin of David Craigie, who sat at his cobbling upon a bench beneath a giant sunflower. "Morning, brother! We desires to talk with Ailsa."

"She ain't here. She's gone to the big woods."

"The big woods! But everybody knew we was coming around among the candidates. It was given out in meeting ——"

"I know it was. I done reminded her. But she's gone all the same."

Blood to the face could not show in William Howard Boykin as in a white man, but it rose. He flushed. There is propriety in all things and this wasn't propriety!

That evening, in Moriah Church, three more were converted. Now there were twelve. "Oh, make it fifteen, my good Lawd! Make it fifteen!"

"Oh, what does you say, seekers,
Oh, what does you say, seekers,
About that Gospel war?
And I will die in the field,
And I will die in the field.
I'm on my journey home!"

Twelve sat on the salvation bench, in front of them all, in front of Moriah congregation; with the preachers just above them Adelaide Lily and Ailsa Craigie sat side by side.

WILLIAM HOWARD BOYKIN was a powerful preacher, and he did desire the salvation of the world, and he loved all people and anguished for them. Also in his heart, in his private and personal heart, ran behind the great things a little talking sweetness like a naked cherub. "They both is saved, and they both has got a desirableness. It's different. Miss Adelaide Lily is not Miss Ailsa Craigie and Miss Ailsa Craigie is not Miss Adelaide Lily. They gifts is different. But they both is saved. Then which, William Howard, then which is you going to take by the hand?"

"O Lawd, save out of the worl' fifteen! You got just tonight and tomorrow night which is Saturday and folks is tired! O Lawd, fifteen befo' Sunday and the baptizing! Fifteen, Lawd, to go under the water, under the water that's the token of their salvation!

"I look over yonder on Jericho's walls.
Rocks and mountains, don't fall on me!
I see dem sinners tremble and fall.
Rocks and mountains, don't fall on me!"

Saturday morning rode in, warmer and sunnier than Friday. The Rev. William Howard Boykin came without Brother Meiklejohn to the cabin under the big oak tree. David Craigie was gone to take a pair of shoes to their owner. Ailsa sat upon the bench under the sunflower.

"Good mahnin', Miss Ailsa!"

"Good mahnin', Mr. Boykin."

"After tomorrow, after you comes up out of the water, it will be 'sister' in the church, in the fold of the Lamb, Miss Ailsa!"

"I reckon so. I reckon I did get religion."

"Have you got any doubts, Miss Ailsa? Then let us pray ——"

HE PRAYED, and Ailsa bowed herself and shut her eyes tight and her hands tight and prayed too. He got up from his knees. "It would distress me powerful, Miss Ailsa, if you had been in anyways mistaken. I wants you for the Lord. Don't you think I knows that doubts will happen, doubts and despairs? But the little light keeps burning in the darkness. You follow that, Miss Ailsa. It'll lead you through the wilderness. You follow what God says to you, in you, and I believe certainly it will lead you down in the river tomorrow. The Lord'll give you that and give me that."

He looked very big and strong and earnest. She was tall, too, and supple and dark and clean of line. The sunflower held its disk and rays just above their heads. He pressed her hand and went away. She looked after him till she could see him no longer, and then she looked at the hand he had pressed, holding it out before her. "He like me. He like me, I think, as much as he like her. But he ain't gwine do nothing that don't mean a helping hand and a church member! What he thinks of most is a helping hand in his church. If I wants him I've got to be baptized tomorrow same as Adelaide Lily. Even if I was putting on the other night—putting on coming through! Even then, maybe she get him ——"

THAT night, in Moriah Church, the three needed to make the fifteen came through.

"Glory hallelujah! Oh, glory hallelujah!"

"Oh, the old ark a-movering, a-movering along!
It rain forty days and it rain forty nights.
Oh, the old ark a-movering, a-movering along!"

Adelaide Lily sat on the salvation bench and sang with all her might and a shining face. And she welcomed warmly the three who joined the saved. "Oh, bress the Lawd, sister! Oh, bress the Lawd, brother!"

"The old ark a-movering, a-movering along!"

It was evident how valuable she could be henceforth in the church.

But Ailsa Craigie did not sit beside her, nor on the salvation bench at all, nor even it seemed in Moriah Church. When Adelaide Lily surreptitiously turned her head she could not find her anywhere in the dusky hollow. "I don't believe she coming. If it takes her like that maybe she won't come to the river neither. She never was the kind could stay in religion however many times she got put there! O Lawd, you don't want her if she ain't ready and wouldn't do you any credit ——"

THE moon shone very bright that night. Ailsa sat up in her bed, in a diminutive upper room of her father's cabin. The river ran not far away. Sometimes she could hear it. She heard it now. It was middle night. The moon flooded the room. The patchwork quilt upon the bed had almost its colors back again. A whippoorwill metallically called, was silent, called again, was silent. "I cyarn' sleep," said Ailsa. "I got a mind. It's a terrible thing to have!"

When another hour had passed she slipped out of bed, put on her dress and descending the stair without sound left the cabin. It was dead of night, with a cock crowing in the distance. Barefooted, she went out under the nodding sunflowers. She could hear the river plainly now, murmuring through the land. Opening the gate, she took the path that led to the clear, dark stream. The moon brightened it, and it ran dark, and the moon brightened it again, and it ran dark. Ailsa sat down on a stone, her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands.

"O river, you and I and God has got to have it out!"

Sunday rose out of the east more hot and bright than Saturday. Good baptizing weather, that it was, good baptizing weather! Moriah Church was packed for the short service prior to the solemnity. Those to be baptized sat in front, the women in white and Adelaide Lily with angel sleeves. But Ailsa was not there.

"Where's Ailsa Craigie?"

"I don't know. She ain't here at all."

"Maybe something's happened to her ——"

"Reckon she'll be in the ma'ch to the river all right. Reckon she'll join us in the road."

(Continued on Page 94)

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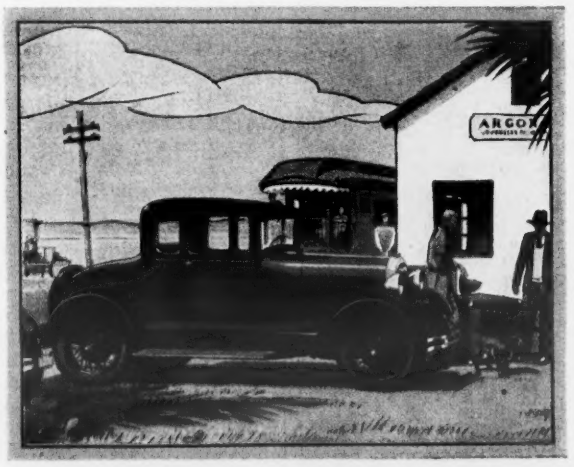

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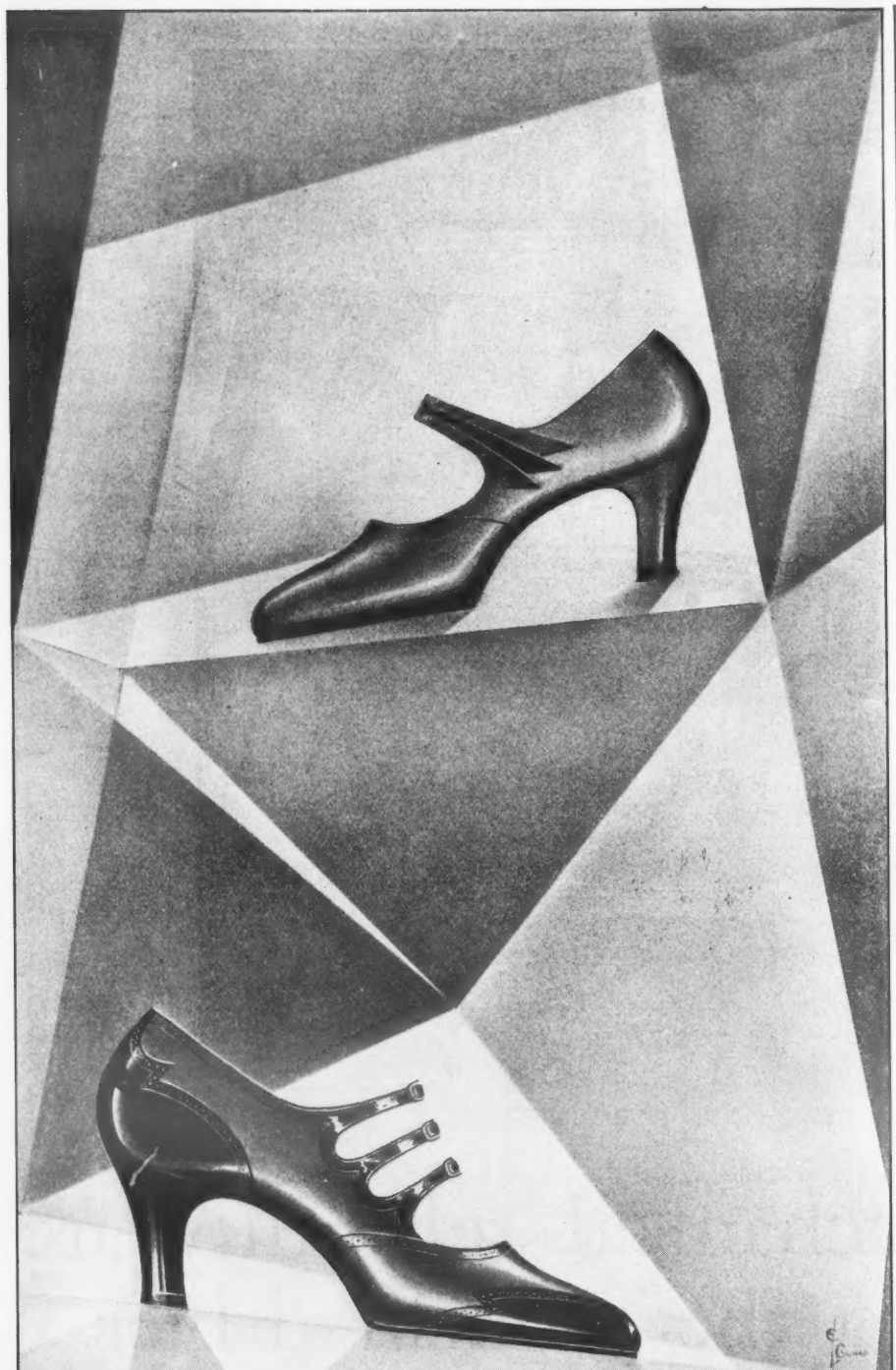

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(Continued from Page 92)

"Reckon she will, but Sarah Camp do say maybe she wan't converted at all."

"Oh, who that coming?
Tall angel at the bar.
Oh, who that coming?
Tall angel at the bar.
It looks lak Gabriel.
Tall angel at the bar."

The big road ran a mile from the church to ford the Moriah and mount the opposite hill. It went, dusty and firm, between cedars and locusts and wild-cherry trees and thorn bushes and pawpaw. Dust lay thick upon the wayside growth, and high in an intense blue sky buzzards were stilly and elegantly sailing. The Moriah ran clear and cold between willows and sycamores and now and then between pebbly strands and grassy banks rising in terraces—predestined spots for baptizings!

OUTSIDE the church they formed the procession. In front walked the Rev. Thomas Meiklejohn and the Rev. William Howard Boykin and the deacons. Then stepped the band of those who had seen salvation and would wash their sins away, and after them important and rejoicing relatives. Then streamed, road wide and to a considerable depth, the remaining members of Moriah Colored Baptist Church and mixed with them children and others, churchgoers, but not yet organically joined. The homely, unpainted gray building, weather-worn frame with a steeple and a bell, so hardly bought with such exertion, the bell so proudly listened to when it rang and rang—the gray, beloved church stood empty on this Sunday morn while the congregation moved in column to the flowing river. A dusty mile and a singing company.

"I got a home in the rock.
Don't you see, don't you see?
I got a home in the rock.
Halfway between the heaven and the earth,
I got a home in the rock!"

The Rev. Thomas Meiklejohn was thinking, "Where's Ailsa? Where's my niece? Ise scared for that chile!"

THE Rev. William Howard Boykin, marching so tall and strong and shining and earnest, was thinking. "There's one isn't here. If she goes back into the world, Lord, can I help it? I've like her powerful, I surely has! But she ain't for me, Lord, if she ain't for you!"

The road ran down to the river and the shore rose most conveniently in low tiers to either hand, and there were few trees.

". . . Deep river.
My home is over Jordan.
Deep river, Lord!
I want to cross over into camp ground,
Lord, I want to cross over into camp ground!"

The column broke. The van, ministers and deacons and candidates and their families, kept upon the road, right down to the ford, but the large remainder turned right and left to the warm turf of the water side and the gray bowlders whence they could see so well, see the absorbing spectacle.

And yet no Ailsa Craigie.

Adelaide Lily was saying: "Lawd, I'll work for you. I'll work hard in the church. They say Curfew Church sholy need workers. Lord, I'll work, and I'll love him forever and take care of him ——"

A number who had not marched from the church, and white folk, too, were already gathered upon the river bank.

"Over Jordan,
Yaas, my Lord!
Over Jordan,
Yaas, my Lord!
The angels know what's in the heart,
Yaas, my Lord!
The angels know and they takes a part,
Yaas, my Lord.
Over Jordan!"

"Ain't Ailsa here at all—ain't she here at the last minute?"

A young girl came along the water edge and spoke to Brother Meiklejohn. "Ailsa, she ain't coming, sir. She done sent me to tell you. She say she beg yo' pardon, Brother Meiklejohn. She say she know now she didn't get religion nohow. She gone to the big woods. She say it ain't any use sending for her. She say tell her daddy she won't be back befo' night."

THE families of the candidates clustered at one side of the road, on a smooth green strip sloping gently to the water. They had with them blanket shawls and ancient capes and coats with which to wrap the drenched bodies coming up from the Moriah. The candidates stood in front, upon the road where it dipped into the water. They numbered fourteen, a band of men and women with several children over ten. The unearthly, the set aside, the sacred, misted them about; they were, to at least some of the beholders, in the shadow of a wing and in the curve of an arm.

Thomas Meiklejohn was elderly and heavy, and Doctor Michie had told him that his baptizing days were over; he mustn't strain his heart. So it was William Howard Boykin who entered the river and made his way slowly over the stony bed of the ford. The water did not run deeply enough just here; he turned a little and came to where it lapped above his waist. Here he stopped and stood, a big man with a lifted and enthusiastic spirit. And all the time they were singing upon the shore. The two appointed deacons with Abner Shaw followed him into the water. The singing ceased. He put one hand between Abner's shoulders and the other below his throat. "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, I baptize you ——" and laid him with solemnity under the Moriah, then lifted him from the grave of water and wiped his face and said, "Bless you, my brother!" and between the deacons Abner returned to the bank, shouting, and they all sang beside the Moriah, all the colored folk and the white folk joining in. After Abner, King Walker was baptized, and then a child, and then a woman, and then a brother and sister.

"Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home!
I looked over Jordan and what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home?"

Adelaide Lily stepped into the green water. Adelaide Lily's heart was saying, "I loves you, sweet Jesus, I does love you, and I will be a good woman. I vows it, I makes a vow!"

"A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.
Oh, swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home!"

Out of the big woods rose a bare hill, cropped over, all short and tawny turf and blue thistle and sunken bowlder. Ailsa Craigie came up here, to the top that was bare of tree or bush, and sat down upon a great stone raised above the turf. The hilltop gave a view of the woods and the valley, the little town and the Moriah and the country around. She could see the old ford and the dots that were people.

"O GOD, I'm like them and I'm not like them, and they think I'm wicked . . . . Maybe I was wicked there in the church, trying to deceive myself and all of them and William Boykin, because I wanted him and hated Adelaide Lily . . . because I thought I wanted him and thought I hated Adelaide Lily . . .

"But what I want—what I do want, O God—is to know You. What I am and what You are . . ."

She sat very still, on the hilltop, up against the blue. Over by the Moriah Ransom Moore came up out of the water:

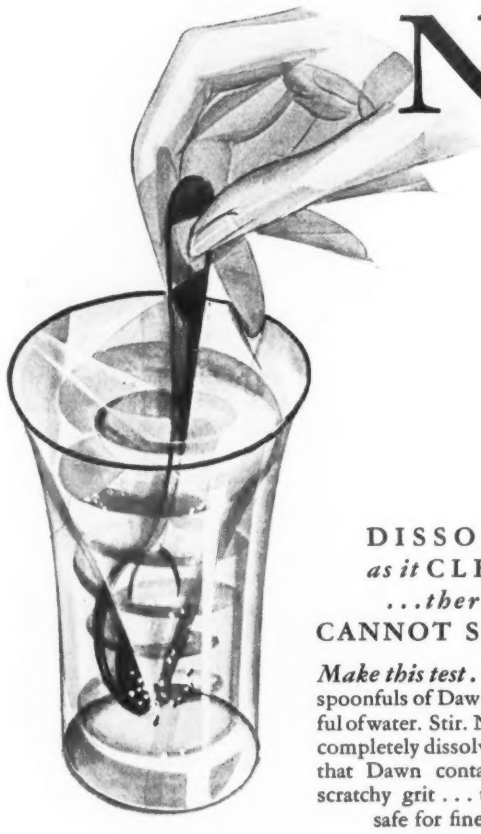
"Deep river . . .
My home is over Jordan.
Deep river, Lord.
I want to cross over into camp ground,
Lord, I want to cross over into camp ground!"

New kinds of Bathrooms

COLORFUL GLEAMING GAY

New kinds of Fixtures

SPARKLING GLISTENING BEAUTIFUL



DISSOLVES
as it CLEANS
...therefore
CANNOT SCRATCH!

Make this test... Put two teaspoonfuls of Dawn in a tumblerful of water. Stir. Note that Dawn completely dissolves. You can *see* that Dawn contains no harsh, scratchy grit . . . therefore, it is safe for fine fixtures.

And so, of course, Dawn—
dissolvable, gentle—the safe, *new way to clean and preserve the lovely luster of porcelain, tile and enamel*

TODAY'S beauty treatment for fine bathroom fixtures—Dawn! Scratchless . . . safe . . . and already in use in over two million homes. Keeping porcelain, tile and enamel surfaces always beautiful, lustrous!

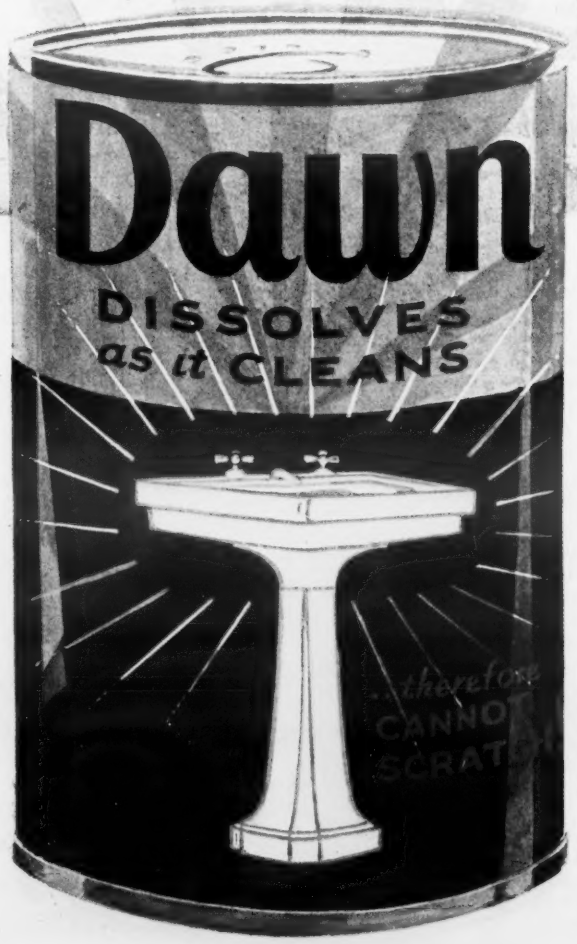
No fear now of the marring marks of sandy grit. No danger of scratching those gleaming surfaces into deadly dullness. For the snowy crystals of Dawn *dissolve as they clean —therefore cannot scratch.*

Dawn is so gentle—rub it on with your hand, if you wish, without injury to your skin or nails. And so easy to use—a sprinkling of Dawn—a whisk—a rinse. That's all—yet Dawn does its work with searching thoroughness.

Keep one of these attractive sifter-top cans handy on the bathroom shelf. Washbowl, tub and tile will always look their "Sunday best."

Of course, you will want to try Dawn. Order from your dealer, or send us 15¢ for full-sized can and booklet telling of Dawn's many uses. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

2 cans for 25¢



DO YOU KNOW that Drāno cleans burned-on grease from baking dishes, stove parts and broiler-pans in the same modern, laborless way that it cleans and opens drains?

Dawn keeps porcelain, enamel . . . shining, *always beautiful*

All LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Recipes Call *for* Level Measurements Using Standard Measuring Cups *and* Spoons

The Practical Homemaker

A Department of Cookery and Household Economies

Conducted by MILLICENT YACKEY

All Recipes Printed Here Have Been Successfully Made *in* Our Own Home Demonstration *and* Testing Kitchen

Do You Agree With Your Food?

By MARY SWARTZ ROSE

IT WAS a blustering March morning. Mr. Banks came down to breakfast in a mood to match the day. The first blast blew on his sixteen-year-old son Hal, already seated and "digging in" on his simple bowl of steaming oatmeal.

"Where did you get gas for the car last night?" "At Singleton's." "Why didn't you go to Rodman's?" "I was in a hurry and Singleton's is nearer." "But don't you know Singleton does not carry our kind of gas?" "What difference does it make, the car goes all right?" "That isn't the point, I want just one kind of gas in that gas tank. I'm taking no chances on poor gas."

"Oh, father, aren't you pretty fussy about the gas?" interposed Mrs. Banks, who up to this moment had been engrossed in setting the machinery of the morning meal in motion. "No, I'm not fussy, only careful. Do you think I'm going to pay $2500 for an engine and then abuse it?" "Well, Hal will be more careful next time. Here's your oatmeal, father." "None for me, thanks. Bring on the pancakes." "But, dear, aren't you going to eat anything but pancakes for breakfast? For a person with a normal digestion they are all right, but you with your sick stomach should not make a meal of them alone. So many won't be good for you." "Haven't I eaten pancakes for years?" "Yes, but you know what the doctor said the last time you had trouble with your stomach—that it might develop into something more difficult to remedy if you weren't careful." "Can't you let a man have any pleasure in life?"

Since Mr. Banks paid the bills, he got what he wanted. What matter to him how the highly complex machinery inside of him took care of his breakfast? Out of sight out of mind. An automobile must be most particularly cared for to keep it working at its best, but why worry about a mere stomach? Wasn't it made to take care of what a man eats? Wasn't he fat and forty and a leading citizen of Centerville? Hal brought round the car and then his father, with a parting grumble about the gas, sped away to the near-by city to which his business called him that day.

When Your Days are Strenuous

THE morning's work was unusually arduous. There were many men to see and hard thinking to be done. By eleven o'clock he began to feel rather fagged. So he dropped into a drug store he happened to be passing, and treated himself to an ice-cream soda. Again the busy whirl till two o'clock. By this time, nearly two hours after his usual noonday meal at home, he repaired to the Glad Hand Restaurant, pleasing himself with the thought of something different from the plain luncheon his wife usually furnished him.

"Oyster cocktails—I'm glad there's an R in March. Welsh rabbit—a little cheese is good for one's digestion. Fried fillet of sole with sauce tartare—I can't get fried fish at home; Marianne says it smells up the house too much. Apple pie à la mode—there's a real man's dessert!"

And so he filled out his order, and ate it in haste to reach his next appointment. But he didn't keep it. Instead he turned up in the office of a friend, pale and worried. "Tom, I think I've got ptomaine poisoning. I forgot and ate fish and ice cream together, and they're making a terrible commotion. Get a doctor!" When the doctor came the worst was over, but a weak, bedraggled specimen of humanity looked appealingly at him from the office couch.

"I've been poisoned, doctor." "How in the world?" "Fish and ice cream—oh, oh!"

By and by the whole story of the day came out. "Man, what do you think you are—a disposal plant? Don't you have any regard for your internal machinery? I'll bet you wouldn't treat your car the way you treat yourself. Don't you think you are valuable enough to merit a little care?" "I thought a man ought to eat what he liked. Your food won't digest if you don't like it." "Stuff and nonsense. You need some education, man. You're not in a state to take it just yet. Rest a bit, then get your friend here to drive you home. This evening I'll run out and see how you are and tell you a few things for your good."

And so Eben Banks went home before he meant to, a sadder though not yet a wiser man. "I've been poisoned," he repeated in answer to his wife's amazement at his appearance. "I ate ice cream and fish together. The doctor fixed me up and he's coming again tonight."

When his solicitous wife had made him comfortable and heard the rest of the story she could not forbear a smile to herself. Having children to bring up, and being an ambitious mother, she soon found out that food has a great deal to do with how children thrive, and set herself to learn all she could. The morning radio talks from the state agricultural college had been the greatest help, and they had suggested practical books and pamphlets for home study. In spite of her husband's derision she had insisted on a quart of milk and an egg a day for every child and had planned the meals so that they should have liberal supplies of fruit and vegetables, even though her husband persistently refused such "trash," as he called it. She knew that she did not have to give the children a weekly dose of pills because she had trained them to regular habits and gave them enough vegetables and fruit and whole-wheat bread to keep them free from constipation. She had even helped an old friend who had had years of trouble with constipation, to free herself from it by changing her diet. She knew, too, that it is as important to be in good condition to receive food as it is to have the proper food to eat.

"It wasn't any one thing in particular; it was the whole combination. Now I'm going to prescribe for you"

That day when Hal read his essay and received the prize of $100 for the best high-school boy's composition on how to prevent war, he had the same kind of dinner as usual, but it made him sick, because his excitement left his stomach temporarily without the strength to take care of a regular meal. When Helen was to be the May Queen in the school play, she had to give her a bread-and-milk or cereal-and-milk supper every night for a week, what with the excitement and extra practicing after school, in order to avoid headaches and indigestion. Fatigue and good digestion do not go together, and Mrs. Banks was careful, when exciting times came in the children's lives, to see that they had only milk toast or soup and crackers or some other hot and rather fluid meal until internal balance had been restored again.

She was delighted to hear that the doctor was coming. Perhaps he would have more influence than an everyday wife. Musing on these things she gave the children their simple supper. Although Helen was now twelve and Hal sixteen, she did not relax her care of their evening meal because there were lessons to do afterward, and their minds would not be clear if their stomachs had to work too hard.

"Apple pie à la mode—there's a real man's dessert!"

Tonight there was an omelet with peas, baked potatoes, scalloped tomatoes, sandwiches of whole-wheat bread and lettuce, milk to drink, and poor-man's pudding with raisins, to top off with. All easy to get, and everything so good for growth.

She had read lately about the experiments with children's diets at Teachers' College, Columbia University, which showed that even if a diet had a goodly assortment of fruits and vegetables, it could be made still better by adding an egg a day—that the children had redder blood, took cold less easily, and made better all-round physical progress. She was thankful that peas and tomatoes were such remarkable vegetables for growth because they could be had at any time of year, canned if not fresh, and of fine nutritive value either way.

Building Good Red Blood

AS THERE is something in lettuce that makes it specially helpful in building good red blood, it appears in her menus almost daily. She used to think such vegetables too expensive, but now, knowing how indispensable they are, she economizes on meat enough to buy the vegetables too.

By and by the doorbell rang, and Doctor Green was ushered into the library, where Mr. Banks was reclining. "Hello, doctor!" "Ah, that's the right tone of voice; Mrs. Banks has you fixed up in great shape." "You did it, doctor, with your little pill box." "Now see here, Banks," said the man of medicine as he settled himself in a capacious easy chair, "you have too much confidence in the pill box. You think that every time anything is out of kilter all you need is a pill to make you just as good as new." "Well, it always does the trick." "You do get on your feet again, but that doesn't mean that you're just as good as before. Do you remember when you were considering buying Begg's old car?" "Yes, lucky I didn't." "Why so?" "I saw him drive it. The way he treated his gears would make your hair stand on end." "But it goes—it is still going." "Yes, but I want no worn gears in my car." "You are just like Begg's car, Banks. You go all right now, but your gears are getting

(Continued on Page 113)

In order to have the flavor of a stew evenly blended throughout, add enough water in the beginning for the entire cooking and then let the stew cook down as vegetables, and so forth, are added.

To give a rich, smooth flavor to a thick, old-fashioned vegetable soup, stir it with a knife used to cut a clove of garlic in opposite directions. Repeat this several times just before serving.

In making brown sauce, brown the flour in the fat, getting it a little darker than you want the sauce, as the liquid will make it lighter. Never brown the fat alone as that burns it and gives an acrid flavor.

Answering Cookery Questions

To Help the Spring Brides

In flavoring any cooked mixtures, such as custards and the like, let them cool thoroughly first. Otherwise, the warmth causes the flavoring to escape with the alcohol with which it is usually preserved.

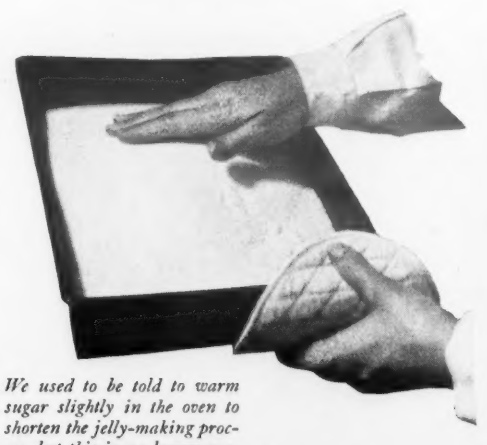
For an indescribably pleasant flavor in French dressing, use a half of a lime with as much lemon.

It is perfectly possible to fry bacon so that it will be very crisp, curly and dry. Have it sliced very thinly then cook it slowly in a heavy pan, being careful to pour off the fat as it cooks out and to turn the bacon frequently.

The Problem of Flavors

INDEFINABLE flavors are often due to unconscious knacks that develop with years of experience and are seldom explained. They are the practices that once were acquired by a daughter in apprenticeship to her mother. Now, each of us must take the initiative in discovering for ourselves what rules of cookery produce the flavors of the traditional tastes that have come down to us through our families. The examples here may help to explain the sort of things to watch for when learning to cook a new dish.

To flavor a sauce with chopped onions, cook them slowly in the fat to draw out the flavor, but do not brown.



We used to be told to warm sugar slightly in the oven to shorten the jelly-making process, but this is no longer necessary as we have now found it is better to make jelly only in one-quart lots for home cooking.

The only reason for scalding milk to be used for custards or white sauce is to shorten the cooking process afterward, which is practical only when more than a quart of milk is used, which is not often the case in regular home cooking.

A few grains of sugar added to any sauce, soup or other dish containing much tomato takes away the raw, harsh sharpness of the acid it contains. This is also true of dishes containing vinegar.

Flour browned in a warm oven is often kept on hand to make into a paste with cold water for thickening and flavoring meat drippings for gravies.

Looking at floors with fashion-wise eyes

MODERN home-makers are rejoicing that at last their floors can keep pace with the loveliest of furnishings. For the smart, new effects in *Sealex Linoleums* offer decorative possibilities never before obtainable in *any* type of flooring.

Today, rooms that charm begin with charming floors—colorful floors of radiant beauty—floors that transform plain, ordinary-looking interiors into delightfully stylish and fascinating rooms.

To keep in step with the present-day fashion in floors is a simple matter. A splendid variety of the newest ideas in design and coloring is yours in *Sealex Linoleums*—strikingly realistic and richly veined marble effects . . . embossed tile motifs . . . recreations of quaint Colonial Plank floorings . . . spick and span tiles . . . and many others. A floor for every room. Every one fashionably new!

But *Sealex Linoleums* offer so much more than beauty. They are genuine *inlaid* linoleums, resilient, quiet, durable—the *only* linoleums made by the *Sealex Process* which seals the tiny pores of the material against liquids and dirt.

Sealex Linoleums include Inlaids, Embossed, two-tone Jaspé, Plain and Battleship—a type for every flooring requirement—*whether home, store, office or public building.*

Remember the name *Sealex* when you are buying your linoleum. All *genuine Sealex Linoleums* can be identified by the *Sealex* Shield pasted on the material.

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"CAVALIER," *a Karnean Marbled pattern in Sealex Linoleum—No. 3093. So natural is the veining, so rich and mellow the colorings, that marble itself is no lovelier.*

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Stain-proof—Spot-proof—Easily cleaned

FREE—A valuable book on home decoration by Winnifred Fales. A practical Color-Scheme Selector comes with the book. Address Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J. Use this coupon, if you prefer. (*Please print name and address clearly.*)

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Asparagus—One of the Symbols of Springtime

Is a Subject of Fascinating Facts and Fashions

IT ISN'T because there are fashions in asparagus that it is one of the symbols of springtime, but because its tender texture and delicate flavor fill the needs of our appetite, and because its assistance to the chemical balance of our bodies leaves us with a feeling of well-being. Our susceptibility to these personal satisfactions has created an all-year-round demand for this green vegetable, and anything new about its selection, preparation and serving is not only treasured as a culinary asset, but is highly prized for its general interest to all who are conscious of the sustaining powers of life.

To have fashion in a food such as this, with scientific and social value as well, makes it all the more interesting. What is the prevailing fashion in asparagus in your community—green or white? Either suits New York, but New England and the South prefer white, while in the West and Northwest green is the choice. Your selection is truly one of fashion built on opinion alone. As a matter of fact, the color may be due either to the way the same kind of roots are planted or to different kinds of roots. In case of the same kind of roots, if they are planted deeply or the earth is carefully banked up around them, the stalks will be bleached white. All, however, are the tender young shoots cut soon after appearing above the soil.

Though we, in this country, use only the "spears" or shoots of this plant, in Europe the seeds are used as a coffee substitute and the berries as a basis of spirits.

The next point of interest and one also of great value is how to buy, prepare and use a food of such delicacy of flavor and of growth. First, remember that its delicacy and sweetness of flavor disappear soon after it is gathered, so use it as soon as possible. When buying, make sure that the cut surface is not dry and that the stalk does not feel woody or tough. When newly cut and perfectly fresh, the stalks are usually quite straight with the little pointed scales pressed closely against it at the tip where the growth is newest. When not so fresh, the scales are also dry and seem to stand away.

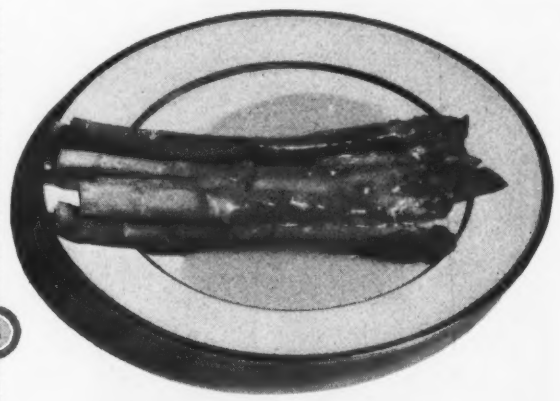
After buying fresh asparagus, treat it well. If bought in a bunch, cut the cord, but this is not necessary if you live where it is sold by the pound and you can buy only enough for one meal at the time. Keep it fresh by standing in a little water to retain the original moisture and put in a cool place. When ready to use, wash thoroughly, brushing with—not against—the scales.

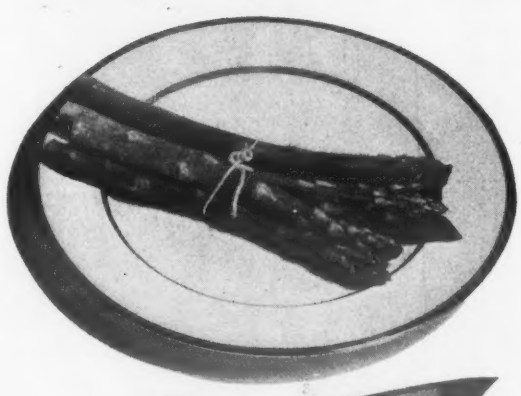
The next step calls for judgment to avoid unnecessary waste. If the stalks are green ones, small, tender, it is not necessary to peel them; otherwise, remove the skin by slipping a sharp paring knife down under it as far as it is tough, sparing the entire tip or more. Then trim the bottom only as far up as woody or dry. Put these ends into cold water to cover and simmer slowly to extract the flavor for cream soup, or for a sauce for the asparagus.

As for cooking the stalks themselves, there are several suggestions as valuable for home usage as for tea rooms and hotels. First, tie the stalks into bundles for individual service, so easily removed from the kettle. Second, cook them standing up, in water only over the thick part of the stalk, so the tender tips merely steam. The time of cooking depends upon the asparagus, but caution not to overcook is frequently necessary. Another thing—cook uncovered, to retain the green color, and as for the salting, follow the general rules for all vegetables, by salting when half done.

When it comes to serving, drain the liquid off first, then lift out each bunch separately on to the plates and cut the twine. To enhance the flavor of this vegetable, serve with drawn-butter sauce made of the liquid in which it was cooked. Pour this over the tips only, so the stalks may be gracefully and with complete enjoyment eaten from the fingers.

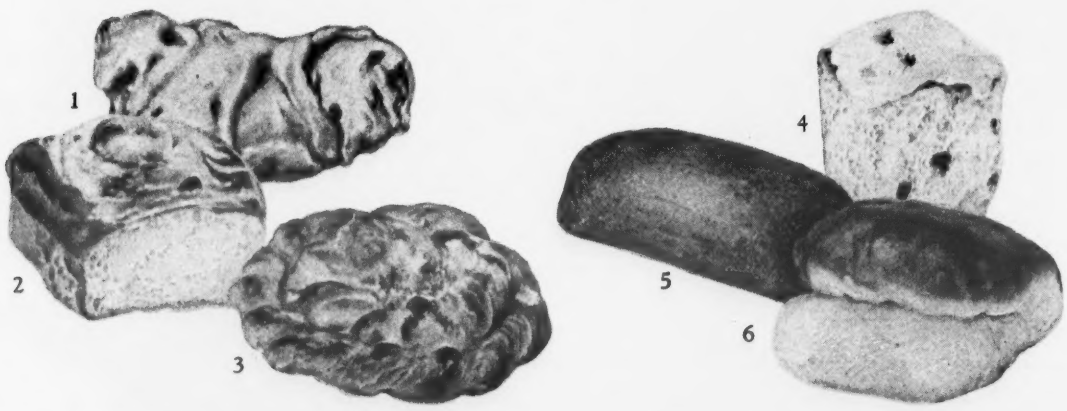
With this summary of some of the facts and fashions pertaining to a food as popular as springtime itself, may you enjoy both to the fullest!





Every Meal becomes more

Because of the late hour at which it is served, the thoughtful hostess plans her Buffet Supper with special care. DINNER ROLLS, *split and toasted and filled with creamed chicken or oysters are quite digestible as well as very delicious.*



1 The *Butterfly Bun* because of its delicately flavored icing and its fanciful shape is very popular with children.

2 The *Cinnamon Bun* is delicately spiced and frosted with delicious vanilla icing.

3 The *Butter Horn* is rich and tender with "rolled-in-butter." It is particularly good with coffee.

4 The *Raisin Bun* is filled with juicy, plump tender raisins.

5 The crispy-crusted *Dinner Roll* is served on all formal occasions. It also makes a delicious toasted sandwich with cheese or crisp bacon as fillings.

6 The *Parker House Roll* with its tender butter-crust lends a festive air to any meal.

IN HOMES where mealtime never fails to awaken a little thrill of expectancy you usually find it is not because the menus are elaborate but because they have *variety*.

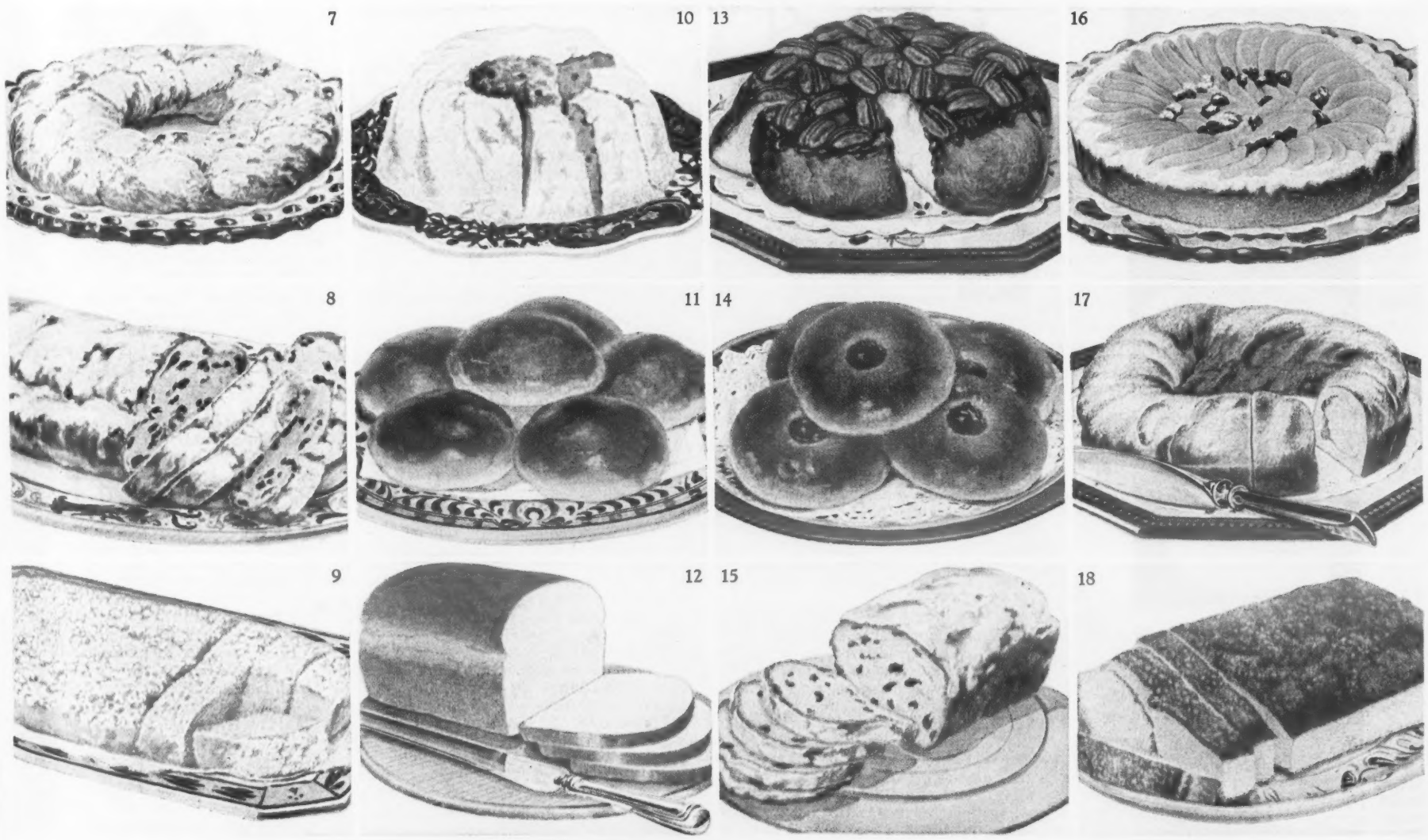
Clever women everywhere have begun to select their breads just as carefully as they choose their meats, vegetables and salads. They know that a change in flavor or texture or even a change in appearance increases one's enjoyment of food. They not only are beginning to vary their breads from day to day, they often serve more than one kind of bread at a meal.

Tiny sandwiches of whole wheat bread often accompany the oysters or shellfish. The bread is cut very thin and spread with sweet butter seasoned with a few drops of lemon juice or Worcestershire Sauce.

With a cream soup, Rye Bread Cheese Toast is delicious. Slice the bread wafer-thin, sprinkle it

YOUR OWN BAKER MAKES EVERY

Interesting when you VARY YOUR BREADS



with grated cheese and toast in a medium oven. Parker House Rolls or a choice of loaf breads are offered with the main course. Dessert often is one of the richer Coffee Cakes: Stollen, Form Cake or Filled Coffee Ring served with coffee.

Your baker now makes many delicious breads, you can always count on him to supply a pleasurable little surprise to your menus.

TUNE IN EVERY TUESDAY

Miss Harriet Wilson, the Fleischmann food expert, tells how to plan more interesting meals. 10:45 A. M. Eastern Time: WEAF, WTIC, WJAR, WTAG, WCSH, WFI, WRC, WGY, WGR, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WBT. 9:45 A. M. Central Time: KSD, KYW, WOC, WOW, WDAF, KSTP, WTMJ, WHAS, WMC, WSB, KVOO, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI. 11:45 A. M. Pacific Time: KPO, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

ASK FOR THEIR "SPECIALS" . . . *Either your baker or your grocer can now supply delicious breads for every occasion. It is hard to make a choice among the many fascinating varieties. Thirty thousand bakers now use Fleischmann's Yeast. The Fleischmann Company.* Offices in all principal cities of the United States and Canada.

7 *Braided Coffee Ring* is equally appropriate for breakfast, for luncheon and for the informal dinner.

8 Candied orange and lemon peel, citron, raisins and cherries make *Stollen* one of the most popular of your baker's coffee cakes.

9 *Streusel Coffee Cake* has a covering of rich crumbly lumps of sugar and butter mixed with spices.

10 Ground almonds, lemon, citron and mace give *Form Cake* its matchless flavor.

11 *Sandwich Rolls* save such a lot of time and bother—you just cut them open and spread on the sandwich filling.

12 Rich, creamy, tender *White Bread* has a golden brown, nutty flavored crust. It always slices beautifully.

13 Whole nut meats and caramelized sugar make *Pecan Rolls* an enticing dessert.

14 *Filled Buns* with their centers of jam or jelly are particularly delicious with fruit.

15 *Raisin Bread* is made both with and without icing. It, too, makes delicious toast.

16 *Apple Cake* with its delicate slices of apple, its luscious raisins and powdered sugar is often served with coffee as a luncheon dessert.

17 A mixture of choicest fruits: raisins, pineapple, lemon and orange peel, is used in *Filled Coffee Ring*.

18 *Honey Coffee Cake* is "topped" with ground almonds, butter and honey. Children love it for dessert.

ONE OF THESE DELICIOUS BREADS

"To keep baby well we give diapers this care . . . ."

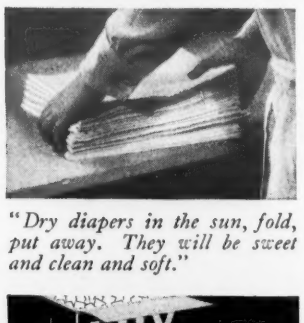
says famous

Maternity Center

"Diapers carelessly washed may chafe and inflame," New York's famous Maternity Center says.

"We first soak the diapers, then wash in hot Lux suds, rinsing thoroughly afterward."

"Boil the diapers daily in Lux suds, rinse in at least three waters."



"Dry diapers in the sun, fold, put away. They will be sweet and clean and soft."

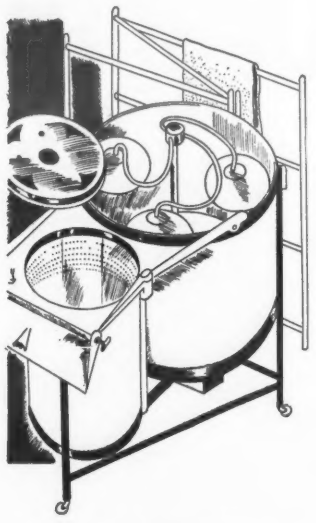
"The Center uses pure, bland Lux for everything of baby's—clothes, bottles, toys."

THE Maternity Center Association of New York is famous the country over for teaching the best methods of baby care.

For cleansing all of baby's things—everything that touches his precious self—the Center uses Lux!

"Many soaps contain harmful alkali," the Center says. "If even a little of such soaps remains in the garment, baby's tender skin may be irritated.

"Lux has *no harmful alkali—cannot* irritate. With Lux, small garments are kept soft and like new through hundreds of washings—and baby kept comfortable and well."

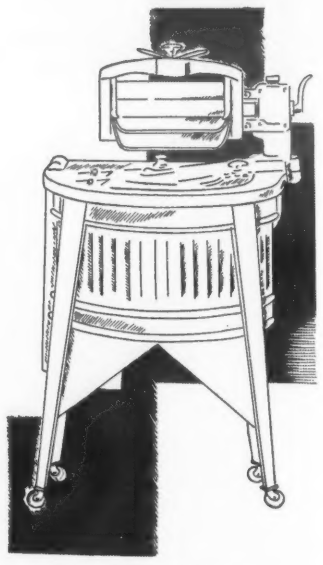


One type is a vacuum-cup, or suction, washer.

Choosing an Electric Washing Machine

By

ELIZABETH STORM FERGUSON



The gyrator type of washer is comparatively new.

TEN years ago women's magazines were publishing articles endeavoring to show homemakers that it was really an economy of time, money and energy to use an electric washing machine for all home laundering. Today the question has been practically settled. Every homemaker wants such a washing machine in one size or another so that whatever home laundering is considered necessary can be done with a minimum of time and strength.

Now the bride, buying a washing machine for the first time, or the experienced homemaker replacing her old one, decides not between hand and power machines, but which type of power machine she will buy. They may be operated by hand, gasoline, water or electric power, but this article deals only with the electric machines.

When a family sets out to invest in an electric washing machine, the task of selecting one from the dozens on the market seems a tremendous undertaking, for the designs, sizes, shapes and working principles seem so numerous.

The best way is for the purchaser to know something about the general construction of them before she starts out on her shopping excursions so she will know what to expect and look for. Then, after seeing them demonstrated, she will be better able to select the one that seems to fit her need and give it an intelligent trial in her home.

Four Standard Types

THERE are four standard types of washing machines with one comparatively new type on the market at the present time, although there are probably a hundred and fifty different makes of machines The prime object of all is to force sufficient soapy water through soiled fabric to loosen and wash out the dirt. The method used to bring about this action determines the type of the machine.

The dolly type is the oldest. A wooden dolly, resembling a three-legged milking stool, is suspended in the center of the top of the tub. It moves back and forth, drawing the clothing with it through the suds, first in one direction, then the other. Many dolly machines have corrugated sides and bottoms, so there is a slight washboard action.

The oscillating type of washer consists of a metal tub which rocks to and fro, splashing the suds and clothes from one side of the tub to the other. Some makes of this type have perforated trays in the bottom to hold the clothes in a position that assures free action of the suds; in others there are built-in projections on the sides for this purpose.

In the cylinder, or rotary, type the clothes are placed in a perforated cylinder, supported in a tub holding the suds. The cylinder makes a few revolutions in one direction and then reverses, making the same number in the other direction. There are strips of wood or metal along the inside of the cylinder which raise the clothes as the cylinder revolves, lifting them out of the water and, at a certain point in the revolution, dropping them back into the suds again.

The vacuum-cup, or suction, type works on the principle of the simple hand plunger that looks like a funnel on the end of a stick. There may be two, three or four of these funnel-shaped cups, the last working in pairs. In some machines they work up and down on a rod in the center of the tub and in others they are suspended from the lid or the side of the machine. Since the punching action would be of little value if directed at only one or two places in the tub of clothes, the machines are so constructed that the cups move around, or else they are stationary and the tub revolves.

The gyrator type is comparatively new. The washing part of this machine is a plate, set in the bottom of the tub, on which are mounted stationary paddles, which moves first in one direction and then in the other, swirling the clothes through the water.

Although there has been some experimental work done, no one has yet proved which type of washing machine does the best work with the least wear and tear on clothes. It is generally conceded that any type will wash satisfactorily under the right conditions—plenty of soap and water.

There has been some discussion as to the ability of various types of tub material to retain heat. It is generally accepted that water remains hot longer in a wooden tub, since wood is a nonconductor of heat. For this reason wooden tubs are much easier to move or to work about when filled with hot water than are the metal ones. Though this might be a deciding factor with some buyers, others prefer metal tubs, and in most parts of the country they are by far the more popular, even though more expensive. They are easier to clean, and then, too, some of the metal tubs are equipped with a gas burner so that the water may be heated in the tub.

The size as well as the type of a washing machine is an important point in selection, since this determines capacity for clothes, the amount of water required and the floor space needed for storage. Most machines are rated by "double-sheet capacity" or the equivalent in weight of other clothing. The average double sheet weighs one and a half pounds, but the homemaker must use her own good judgment in filling the tub with soiled clothing. One can readily understand that five or seven pounds of handkerchiefs would circulate much more freely in the suds than the same weight of blankets or other bulky material, and that in the case of very soiled clothing much better results will be assured if it is washed in small loads.

Factors to Consider

A SMALL machine for a small family would prove very satisfactory, since too many kinds of clothing cannot be washed at one time anyhow; but for large families a large machine is a great advantage.

Where floor space is at a premium the purchaser must also figure carefully on the shape of a machine, which may be oblong, square or round. Some have flat tops and may be used for tables on other than wash days. Some are easily moved so can be stored some distance from where they are used; others are heavy and awkward, necessitating a permanent place convenient for use.

The height of the tub is another factor to consider and one of prime importance to the person using it. Many of the newer machines have extension legs, which allow the machine to be adjusted to the height of the worker, or to an uneven floor. Likewise, parts of a machine which must be lifted are to be considered. Light and easily moved as a cylinder of a machine of that type might be, it is always awkward and difficult for a short woman to handle it.

The speed with which the tub can be emptied

DRAWINGS BY PAUL FROELICH

When a family sets out to invest in an electric washing machine, the task of selecting seems a tremendous undertaking.

(Continued on Page 104)

STARTLING NEWS *about a* NEW PRODUCT

A Surprise Result
in care of your teeth

Twofold polishing* (not scouring) *in a delightful tooth paste that combines results everyone desires

ANNOUNCED BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS DR. WEST'S TOOTH BRUSH

FOR YEARS good dentifrices have sought to make teeth brighter; some to refresh the mouth; some to correct wrong conditions; all to cleanse.

Now a delightful modern tooth paste combines these results—acts quickly and positively... And adds unusual polishing, brightening action that will surprise and delight you.

Two gentle polishing agents

Each time you use DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste a twofold polishing action cleanses away stains, and deposits. And restores the enamel's *natural* smoothness and brilliance—by gentle polishing, *not* scouring. Two beneficial polishing agents—the finest known—are blended to do this.

Instant coolness refreshes your mouth—by a careful blend of choicest flavors. Children love this "taste." Smokers find it particularly welcome. And it *lasts*.

Gums are invigorated, protected. No harsh particles are left to lodge under sensitive gum-edges.

Pure vegetable cleansing agents dissolve and remove sticky deposits left by saliva and foods. So generous and active is this paste, in use, that every crevice is washed thoroughly clean. Acid mouth-conditions are neutralized—by pure milk of magnesia. *These combined results are complete and positive within a few seconds.* DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste was made to meet the requirements of hurried modern habits.

Your present dentifrice may be a good one. But the results combined in this most modern tooth paste may surprise you. It is worth trying. For your teeth are worth the *best* care.

DR. WEST'S Tooth Brush modernized care of the teeth—and won millions by the results it gave. People urged us to provide a dentifrice as good. DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste is the result; solidly backed by our name, reputation, and resources, (valued at millions of dollars).

Try it (we have arranged a test at our expense). Perhaps you will find a new idea of how quickly teeth may be brightened—and of new well-being for mouth and gums. Let actual results tell you. THE WESTERN COMPANY, *Chicago, U. S. A.*

TO GET A TUBE FREE

(Full 25c size, *not* a "sample")

Go now to your favorite store. Purchase a DR. WEST'S Tooth Brush. You will receive, FREE, a full 25c tube of this delightful modern tooth paste.

Brush your teeth with it just once. Compare results with the dentifrice you now favor. You may find a delightful surprise. (This offer good in Canada, also.)

Dr. West's Tooth Paste

An advance as great as the famous tooth brush—which has won millions by results

© 1929, W. B. M. Co.

THE HOSIERY FAVORITE OF SCREEN STARS

is this new-type Allen-A style that accentuates Shapeliness marvelously

Anna Q. Nilsson

F. B. O. Star

has chosen a lovely Service Sheer by Allen-A that is unusually serviceable

$1.50 the pair

ON the "set" in feature productions! For tea at the Montmartre! At the famous Cocoanut Grove! In fact, for every occasion, a new type of hosiery is now being worn almost exclusively by Screen Stars. For these arbiters of style have discovered the remarkable difference this hosiery makes in Shapeliness of ankle and leg. How it is responsible for slender gracefulness not attained with ordinary stockings.

Anna Q. Nilsson has wisely chosen a lovely Service Sheer by Allen-A. A chic style that not only has exquisite beauty but gives unusually long service. Wherever exposed, gloriously clear silk greets the eye. Specially fashioned to fit ankle, leg and knee in creaseless perfection. The extra-fine mercerized lisle foot, while extremely dainty, is reinforced at all points of wear and is seemingly unaffected by even the most strenuous service.

You will find this lovely Allen-A Service Sheer Hose at your dealer's. In the newest and most popular shades. Ask for this Allen-A creation by style number—3760. Only $1.50 the pair. If you prefer this weight with a pointed heel ask for —3750. If your dealer cannot supply you either style, simply send us your name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY
Kenosha, Wisconsin

MISSES' HOSIERY, TOO

You will find Allen-A Hosiery for Misses of the same superb style and quality that have won smartly dressed women to Allen-A Hosiery. In silk, silk and rayon, and lisle—and in a wide range of modish shades and fancy patterns. Only 50c to $1.00 the pair.

The same hosiery styles shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 38th St., and other New York Stores, are available at Allen-A dealers' everywhere. Priced $1.50 to $3.00 the pair.

Allen-A Hosiery

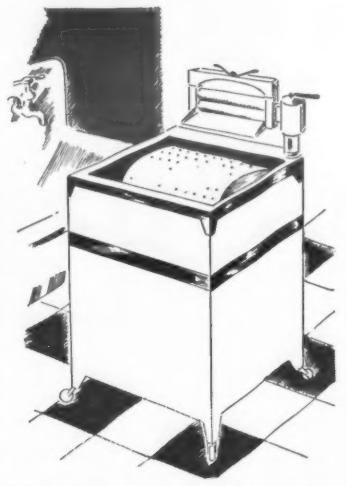
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

(Continued from Page 102)

and made ready for the next operation in the washing depends upon the size of the drain in the tub, and it is a point to be considered just as is the question of whether or not a lid is unhinged and must be lifted off each time the machine is opened.

There are single and double tub machines on the market and which is more satisfactory is entirely a matter of choice. The method of washing, the speed desired in completing it and the water supply are all factors in making such a choice. If there is a plentiful supply of hot water and the clothes are not boiled but are run through a warm suds followed by a hot suds, the double-tub machine would certainly save time. However, if the water for the first tub has to be heated on the stove and poured into the tub and then the second tubful heated, there is some doubt about the value of the two tubs for suds, but for rinsing they would have an advantage.

If the white clothes are all boiled, a single-tub machine would prove quite satisfactory with one or two portable tubs. For the homemaker who is perfectly satisfied with her system of washing, a choice can easily be made by considering the place of either one or two tub machines in her own laundry room. The wringer is always a part of the wash-day problem and in many cases has come to be a part of the washing machine itself. Nowadays practically all wringers have safety devices which release the pressure on the rolls when the wringer is overloaded.



A cylinder, or rotary, type of washer.

Some Special Features

MOST of the newer models of machines have good safety controls. The homemaker should know her safety control, keep it in order and practice using it until she feels assurance in its reaction.

The centrifugal wringer is a part of some machines, as it is merely a perforated tub which revolves at high speed and whirls the water out of the clothes. With this type the entire washing can be done without lifting the clothes from the tub, if there is only one tubful, and excellent results can be gotten if clothing is arranged evenly in the tub to equalize the weight. Since this type wrings the whole tubful at once, it is desirable to have an abundance of clothesline, so all the clothes may be hung to dry at the same time.

There are also machines with a centrifugal wringer in a separate compartment attached to the machine, so one load is being wrung while another is being washed.

The control levers of any electric washing machine are another feature that should be carefully inspected. Most women prefer all controls high on the machine to eliminate stooping, as well as to have them out of the way of childish hands. Although we all agree that the laundry is no place for a baby, circumstances often make it necessary for toddlers to be near their mothers on wash day. For the same reason, motors, belts and all other working parts should be inclosed.

Motors on washing machines, as on other machines, vary in size. A one-sixth-horse-power motor is commonly used, but some machines on the market have a one-fourth-horse-power motor, which would naturally use more electricity. The cost of electricity for operating washing machines averages one and a half to two cents an hour, as shown by a series of tests, depending on the size of the motor and the price of electricity. Tests also show that it costs less to operate the machine continuously than to stop and start the motor between loads. Thus, from the standpoint of economy, it is better to allow the motor to run the entire time of the washing rather than to stop and start it between tubfuls.

Motors are made to operate on direct current and alternating current and also on lines carrying different voltages. A homemaker should always know the type of current and amount of voltage available in her own home before buying any piece of electrical equipment, in order that it can be satisfactorily installed.

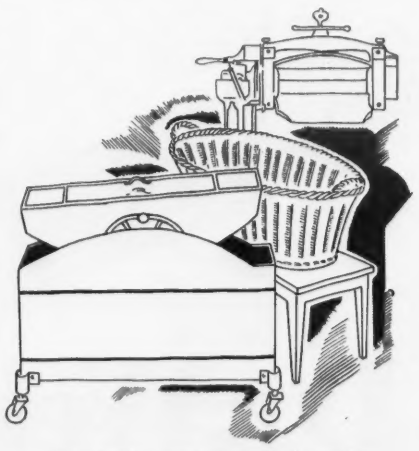
The Directions are Valuable

MACHINERY, more than anything else, responds to care. A set of directions for the care and operating of every machine should be studied and carefully followed. A machine should never be operated by anyone until he is entirely familiar with every oil hole and every grease cup, knowing just where to oil, what kind of oil or grease to use, and how often oiling is required. A motor will last years with the right care, but may be ruined in a short time through carelessness and neglect. Tubs require care in accordance with the materials of their construction. Again the directions which come with a machine should be followed implicitly. Manufacturers are anxious that their machines should outlive their guaranty and so the instructions are prepared and tested with the greatest care possible and should be followed with conscientious accuracy.

After available washing machines have been investigated with the above points in mind, the prospective buyer may enjoy the privilege of buying the one that suits her best and feel assured that it will give her on an average ten years of service if she gives it the care and consideration it deserves.

It is always wise to buy such an expensive piece of electrical equipment as this from a reputable dealer in your own locality who is prepared to render service should it be necessary. Repairs for washing machines are not often needed, but when they are it is imperative that they be obtained at the earliest possible moment.

It makes comparatively little difference which type of washing machine is chosen for the home laundering if it is a standard make for which repairs are readily obtainable, and if used intelligently. Follow the directions exactly that come with it, give it proper care, use plenty of soap and water in washing and do not overload the machine, and you will derive great comfort and satisfaction from its use and feel that it is well worth the investment it represents.



An oscillating machine washes by rocking.

"DON'T WEAKEN, MOTHER"

THE MODERN DAUGHTER—graceful as a greyhound, a star at tennis, golf, riding or swimming; with not a nerve or ache in her vital body—how she has shattered hidebound traditions! In a less-enlightened age, "girls didn't do such things"; it was unladylike to be too healthy.

Millions of mothers whose girlhood was repressed are being trained by daughters to be young again—to know freedom—to grasp the idea that drudgery and useless labor are a sinful waste of life.

Modess is one of the many recent inventions which do away with drudgery and discomfort—the drudgery of the old senseless way. Young women everywhere have found Modess to be convincingly better than older methods.

The gracious ease and softness of Modess are certain to please you. The sides are smoothly rounded and shaped to prevent irritation. The filler is a remarkable new substance invented by Johnson & Johnson, makers of surgical dressings and adhesive tape. It is as soft and yielding as cotton, amazingly absorbent and instantly disposable. The gauze is cushioned with a film of cotton for greater comfort.

Modess is deodorizing. Laboratory tests prove it to be more efficient in this respect.

Modess is made in one size only because its greater efficiency meets all normal requirements without readjusting size of pad. A box lasts longer.

You are sure to prefer Modess—every woman does. Since it costs no more—why not try it?

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

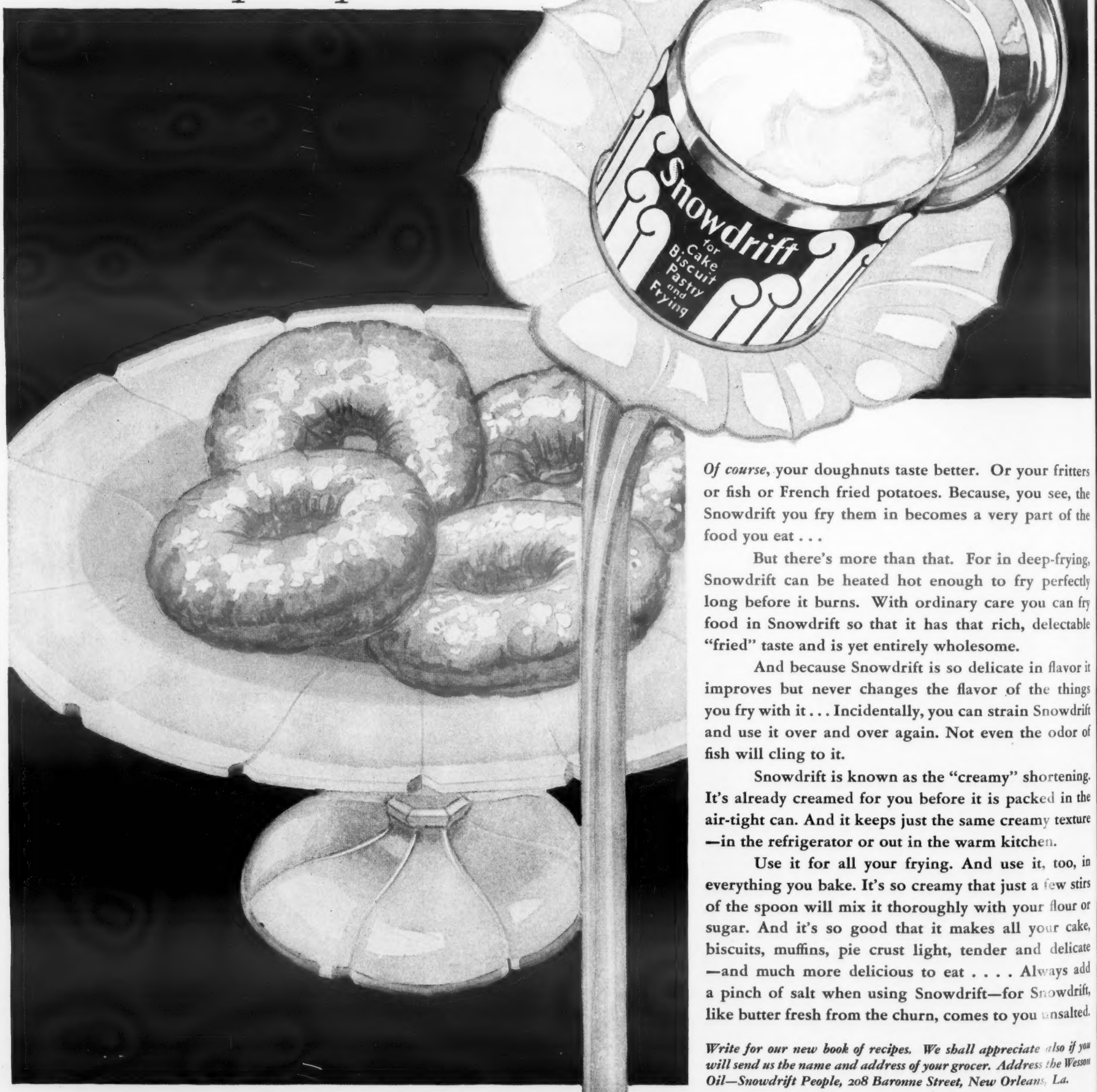
MODERNIZING MOTHER . . . *Episode Number Three*

Modess

(Pronounced Mō-déss)

SO INFINITELY FINER

The difference . . .
is in the way they're FRIED



Or, to put it more accurately, the difference lies in what kind of fat you fry your doughnuts in.

Certainly, that's what housewives have discovered who use Snowdrift. And that's *why* they use Snowdrift.

Imagine doughnuts, rich and brown as never before. More wholesome—more really delicious—than perhaps you've ever tasted. And then consider this simple fact:

Snowdrift is so pure and wholesome—so fresh and snowy white and inviting—that it's good to eat all by itself.

Of course, your doughnuts taste better. Or your fritters or fish or French fried potatoes. Because, you see, the Snowdrift you fry them in becomes a very part of the food you eat . . .

But there's more than that. For in deep-frying, Snowdrift can be heated hot enough to fry perfectly long before it burns. With ordinary care you can fry food in Snowdrift so that it has that rich, delectable "fried" taste and is yet entirely wholesome.

And because Snowdrift is so delicate in flavor it improves but never changes the flavor of the things you fry with it . . . Incidentally, you can strain Snowdrift and use it over and over again. Not even the odor of fish will cling to it.

Snowdrift is known as the "creamy" shortening. It's already creamed for you before it is packed in the air-tight can. And it keeps just the same creamy texture —in the refrigerator or out in the warm kitchen.

Use it for all your frying. And use it, too, in everything you bake. It's so creamy that just a few stirs of the spoon will mix it thoroughly with your flour or sugar. And it's so good that it makes all your cake, biscuits, muffins, pie crust light, tender and delicate —and much more delicious to eat . . . . Always add a pinch of salt when using Snowdrift—for Snowdrift, like butter fresh from the churn, comes to you unsalted.

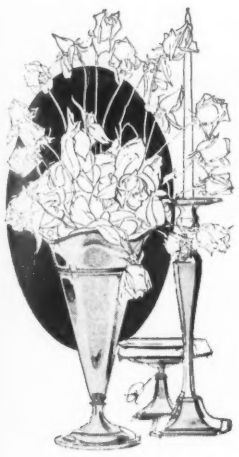
Write for our new book of recipes. We shall appreciate also if you will send us the name and address of your grocer. Address the Wesson Oil—Snowdrift People, 208 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

DOUGHNUTS — *made with Snowdrift*

2 Tablespoons Snowdrift • 3 Cups Flour
3 Teaspoons Baking Powder • ½ Teaspoon Salt • ¾ Cup Sugar
½ Teaspoon Cinnamon • 2 Eggs • ½ Cup Milk (approximate)
½ Teaspoon Nutmeg

Sift together flour, salt, baking powder, and spices. Beat eggs well, add milk, sugar and melted Snowdrift. Stir into dry ingredients. Add enough more flour or milk to make a soft dough. Roll on a floured board to ¼ inch thickness. Cut with cutter and fry in deep, hot Snowdrift of 360 degrees F. until the doughnuts are brown and tender. The fat is hot enough if it browns a cube of bread in 60 seconds.

Menus for Entertaining the Bride



Breakfast

VARIEGATED COLORS
Variegated Tulips, Purple and Blue Candles, Pottery Flower Bowl

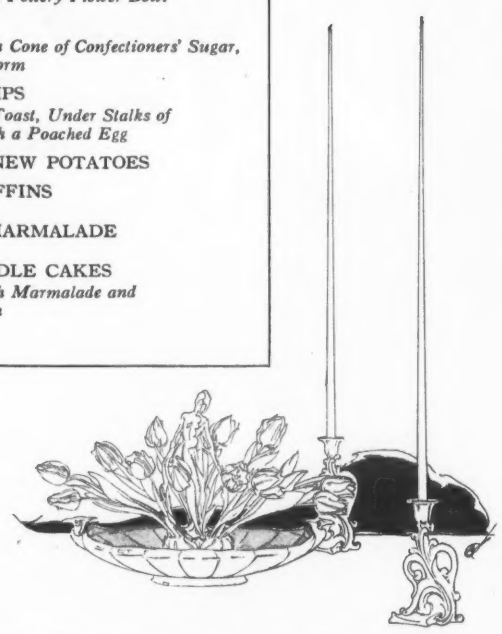
FRUIT AURORA
Fresh Pineapple Wedges, Unhulled Strawberries and a Cone of Confectioners' Sugar, Arranged in Triangular Form

EGGS À LA PRINTEMPS
An Oval Piece of Broiled Ham on a Slice of Toast, Under Stalks of Buttered Fresh Asparagus, Topped With a Poached Egg

BUTTERED TOAST *or* CREAMED NEW POTATOES

TOASTED ENGLISH MUFFINS
or
CORNMEAL MUFFINS WITH MARMALADE
or
ENGLISH MARMALADE GRIDDLE CAKES
Tiers of Griddle Cakes Put Together With Marmalade and Cut Layer-Cake Fashion

COFFEE



Dinner

GOLD AND SILVER
Killarney Roses, Silver or Gold Candles, Silver Flower Bowl

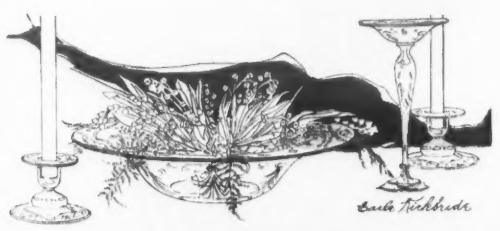
CLAM BOUILLON
Garnished With Oyster Crabs, and Whipped Cream Sprinkled With Nutmeg
TOASTED OYSTER CRACKERS

BROILED SPRING CHICKEN
DUCHESS POTATO ROSES RASPBERRY SAUCE
BUTTERED NEW GREEN PEAS *or* LIMA BEANS

BRIDAL JELLY SALAD
Ordinary Gelatin Salad, Whipped, and Shredded Ripe Olives and Celery Folded in Before Molding
CRIMPED-EDGE CRACKERS

FRENCH VANILLA ICE CREAM ON ANGEL FOOD CAKE
With
FRESH PINEAPPLE *or* BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

AFTER-DINNER COFFEE



Luncheon

GREEN AND WHITE
Lilies of the Valley With Asparagus Fern, Green Candles and Crystal Glass Flower Bowl

MINTED PEARS
Canned Pears Dipped in Lime Juice and Sprinkled With Chopped Mint
or
AVOCADO COCKTAIL
Half Grapefruit With Alternate Sections Replaced With Slices of Avocado and Center Filled With Chopped Green Olives

BROILED QUAIL ON TOAST
or
LONG ISLAND DUCKLING
CONTINENTAL SAUCE STEAMED RICE

FRENCH ARTICHOKE SALAD WITH FRENCH DRESSING

MERINGUE GLACÉ MADE WITH PISTACHIO ICE CREAM
or
BAKED ALASKA
PEPPERMINT WAFERS DECORATED WITH TINY WEDDING BELLS
SALTED ALMONDS

TEA *or* COFFEE

Supper

YELLOW AND LAVENDER
Jonquils With Lavender and White Sweet Peas, Lavender Candles, Colored Glass Flower Bowl

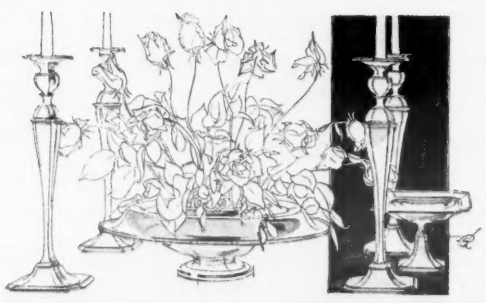
HORS D'ŒUVRES
Herring on Slices of Hard-Cooked Egg, Wafer-Thin Slices of Rolled Smoked Sturgeon on a Sliver of Dill Pickle, a Circle of Sliced Chicken Breast Garnished With a Diamond-Shaped Piece of Cervelat Sausage

TONGUE MOUSSE LOAF
BUTTERED NEW POTATO BALLS HUNGARIAN MUSTARD SAUCE
ASPARAGUS TIPS IN DRAWN-BUTTER SAUCE
HOT BISCUIT

FLAGEOLET SALAD IN ROMAINE STALKS
or
HEARTS OF PALM SALAD

BLUSHING FLUFF
Whipped Cream and Egg White Folded Into Stewed Rhubarb
or
STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM

COFFEE



Reception

SPRING COLORS
Delphinium, Shasta Daisies and Pink Roses

POULET AUX OLIVES
Chicken Breast Creamed With Celery and Pimiento-Filled Ripe Olives
PICKLED WATERMELON RIND HOT SCONES

FROZEN PEAR GLACÉ
MACAROONS COCONUT KISSES

PINK FONDANT-DIPPED PEPPERMINT CREAMS

RECEPTION CHOCOLATE
or
COFFEE

The Little Milk Rebel's

"I Won't"

is easily changed into

"I Want"

THE war is over. The battle of "three glasses of milk a day" is won. Little milk rebels who never before would touch milk are surrendering. And that other bigger army of children who never quite finish their glassful have forgotten their "won'ts" and now have the "wants". . . all since the coming of this creamy, delicious chocolate "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk mixed at home.

Builds Normal Weight

Thompson's, you know, is whole cream milk "DOUBLE MALTED". When you add it to plain milk, oh what a change it makes! The monotonous taste of plain milk changes to delightful chocolate malted milk. And when children add this "DOUBLE MALTED" nourishment to their meals they soon add weight and gain strength.

Thompson's doubles the nourishment of the plain milk to which it is added. It supplies quantities of organic calcium and phosphorous to help strengthen teeth and bones and growing muscles. No trouble at all to prepare. Children make it for themselves—and drink it without coaxing.

Your grocer or druggist has Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk —Chocolate flavor or plain. 30 servings to every pound.

Special Shaker Offer

Thompson's Malted Milk Co.
Dept. 45-5, Waukesha, Wisconsin
Please send me a large size, 75c value aluminum shaker and a sample of Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk. I enclose only 25c to cover packing and mailing costs.

*Name*_____
*Street*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

FOR US, HE FOUGHT AN ENDLESS BATTLE WITH DISEASE

ON MAY 21, 1928, Dr. Hideyo Noguchi died in Nigeria, Africa—across the world from his birthplace in flowery Japan. He had landed in Africa only a few weeks previously in an endeavor to find the cause of the African form of yellow fever, and, if possible, to defeat it.

In the pursuit of these researches he fell a victim to the very disease he was combating. But even then he insisted on continuing his self-appointed task until death brought to a glorious close a career which had won him renown throughout the entire world.

For more than 20 years Hideyo Noguchi served a science that safeguards life. In the far places of the world he fought an endless battle with disease. For us, he faced an infinite variety of dangers. But no problem proved too abstruse for his keen, alert mind. No task too difficult for him to undertake. No service too arduous. And his researches, carried on throughout the length and breadth of every continent, have proved an immensely valuable contribution to the growth of preventive medicine.

Doctor Noguchi has added one more name to the list of heroes who devoted their lives to battling with disease, with the purpose of finding means for the conservation of health. The medicinal products resulting from such heroic efforts had to be provided by laboratories commanding all the necessary equipment to meet the latest and most exacting demands of medical science.

It has been for over three-quarters of a century the privilege of E. R. Squibb & Sons to co-operate with the heroes of medical relief and to make available to the entire medical profession the great discoveries of such men as Noguchi. *The Priceless Ingredient of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of its Maker.*

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E. R. SQUIBB & SONS MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 1858

Practical Dinner Planning for Two

By CAROLINE B. KING

HOW many times I've listened to the plaint, "It's so hard to plan or cook for two; there's nothing at all to serve but chops or eggs—or well, perhaps steaks if you don't mind left-overs—but chicken or roasts, why they're just out of the question." It often comes from brides who have been married just long enough to realize that life is composed of more things than engagement parties and wedding gifts, that food is a very important factor in it, and that good food plays a great big part in all human happiness and well-being.

Of course it is a little perplexing just at first to determine how much to buy and how much to prepare of each article of food. But let no young bride become discouraged at the lack of variety her table may display. Cooking for two is really a very interesting, almost a thrilling adventure, for there are so many daring things one may try, so many unusual combinations, so many times one may take advantage of the fact that there are but two to serve.

For a cozy setting, draw the table up before a window.

I am rather discounting breakfast and luncheon, for in most families the first meal of the day rather takes care of itself; except on Sunday when one may like to try out the waffle iron or serve sausage or kidney on toast, it's a simple affair of fruit and toast and coffee, with perhaps a cereal or an egg dish. Luncheon, too, is an easy meal—sandwiches, a glass of milk or cup of tea or cocoa, some fruit or a few cookies, and it is over. But dinner, when HE comes home and the table is set with the best silver and china and glows with candlelight—dinner is the great event of the day, and one to which some thought should be given.

Of course it is not absolutely necessary to serve a first course, but a cup of hot well-seasoned soup or some tasty appetizer makes things festive. Suppose one opens a can of corn for dinner and serves but half of it; the other half may form the basis of next evening's dinner soup.

CREAM OF CORN SOUP. To one cupful of corn chopped fine, allow a tablespoonful of butter, one of flour, a quarter of a teaspoonful each of salt and pepper, a cupful of milk and a slice of onion. Cook the corn with the onion for ten minutes and rub it through a sieve. Melt the butter with the flour, cook to a froth, add the milk and the seasoning and the corn pulp, and cook over hot water ten to twelve minutes; pour into the cups and sprinkle with chopped parsley and paprika. Serve with crackers or tiny squares of toasted bread. Make all cream soups in this way except tomato, in which case add a pinch of soda to the tomato pulp just before rubbing it through the sieve. In using fresh vegetables like celery or mushrooms, cut the vegetables in small pieces and cook gently in a little water until the vegetable is tender, then press it through the sieve.

For the main course one has a wide choice, but mixed-grill dinners are ideal for the small family, as they are so easy to prepare, so attractive when daintily served and there are so few dishes to wash. Then, too, they are economical meals, although in exclusive restaurants staggering prices are asked for them.

They may consist of a thick kidney lamb chop, a pork chop or part of a short rib steak, two thick slices of potato cut lengthwise, a creole tomato and four medium-size mushroom caps. These may all be grilled at one time, either on the broiler or in a very hot iron skillet. Start the meat cooking first; dip the slices of cold boiled potato into melted butter or olive oil, halve the tomato crosswise and dip its cut side in seasoned chopped parsley and wash but do not peel the mushroom caps, then dip them in the melted butter or oil. Arrange these all round the meat and cook until it is done to your taste, and you will find all the other things will be ready to serve about the same time. Arrange them neatly and engagingly on hot plates, and garnish with water cress. If you use a steak for the meal, the tail may be saved for another dinner and made into a meat loaf, meat balls, a stew, a meat pie, or a number of other toothsome dishes.

CREAMED CELERY WITH EGGS is a popular meatless-dinner main course. It is not only a very good dish in itself but affords an opportunity for making use of the celery stalks which are not quite nice enough to come to the table in their original state. Wash the stalks and cut them into inch pieces, then stand them for an hour in very cold water to which a little lemon juice has been added. Drain and cover with boiling water. Add half a teaspoonful of salt and cook slowly, uncovered, until the water has almost all evaporated. Then make a cupful of white sauce, using one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, three-quarters of a cupful of milk and one-quarter of a cupful of the water in which the celery was boiled. Add the celery and place in a baking dish. Break two eggs separately in a cup and slip out on top, sprinkle with salt and paprika, dot with butter and bake just long enough to set the eggs well. Or, hard-cook the eggs first, cut into quarters and just fold them in. For added flavoring a little of any of the dry highly seasoned cheeses may be grated over the top.

Green salads are always appropriate with dinner, and they may be lettuce, romaine, endive, cress or celery for the foundation. Salads in the small ménage may be varied in a dozen different ways—by merely changing the seasoning of the French or mayonnaise dressing, adding a teaspoonful or two of catchup, chili sauce or chopped pickle, or a few drops of Worcestershire sauce, or make it with lemon juice, grapefruit or orange juice in place of, or combined with, vinegar. Sometimes a drop or two of tarragon vinegar adds piquancy to the plain dressing.

SPRING SALAD is made of crimson radishes, water cress, green pepper and a grating of onion. Slice the unpeeled radishes and peppers wafer thin, chill in ice water, then drain and serve on crisp water cress with French dressing to which a teaspoonful of grated onion has been added.

TOMATO SALAD with celery mayonnaise is very appetizing in the early spring. Scald and skin two medium-size tomatoes and set away to chill, then scoop out the centers and place on lettuce-lined plates. Fill the tomatoes with diced celery moistened well with mayonnaise dressing. Top each portion with a stuffed olive.

Desserts for the little dinner are sometimes a problem, unless one sticks closely to fruit or crackers and cheese, but it is also quite possible to serve pastry and puddings. It is a very good plan to keep a cake on hand, for so much can be done with it, even though it may grow stale.

BUTTER CAKE is rich enough to insure good keeping qualities. Make it by creaming well one-third of a cup of shortening, then add gradually one cupful of fine granulated sugar and half a teaspoonful of vanilla and continue creaming, adding one at a time the yolks of two eggs. Sift one and a half cupfuls of flour with one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder and add to the sugar mixture alternately with half a cupful of milk. Beat hard, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. This will make enough to bake in several forms. You might bake a portion of it in muffin tins and another in a shallow pan or a loaf pan. Two of the small cakes can be served with chocolate sauce for dinner, and later two of them may be scooped out and filled with ice cream or fresh sugared berries, and topped with whipped cream. The long, narrow, thin cake may be cut in halves and put together with a custard filling, or the loaf may be wrapped in a fresh cloth and kept for serving with afternoon tea or luncheon. Thin slices from the loaf put together with icing, then cut in squares and dipped into icing make tempting petits fours.

Left-over pastry may also be used to advantage. Use part at once and keep the remainder in the refrigerator well wrapped in oil paper until it is needed. Extra tart shells may be made at the same time as individual pies and kept in a dry place for further use. Make them by covering the outside of patty pans with the thinly rolled pastry, pricking it here and there to avoid blistering, and bake in a hot oven. When ready to use, fill with fresh or cooked berries and top with whipped cream, or fill with lemon meringue or, for a main-course dish, with creamed oysters or chicken.

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—the men avoided her

You can't tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you

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Mail the coupon below together with 10¢ for the Odorono sample kit.

Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless), for especially sensitive skins and for hurried use. Use daily or every other day, night or morning. Pat on freely. Allow plenty of time to dry.

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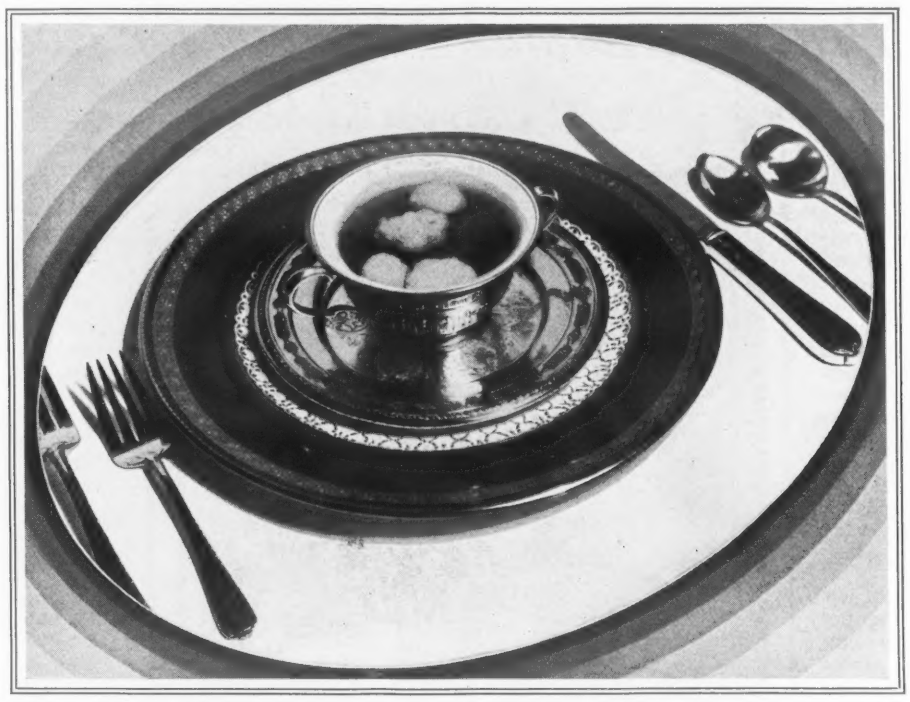


Soup Accompaniments

By ANNA NIXON

AS TIME goes along, the accomplished homemaker builds up a fund of foundation recipes upon which she relies as her favorites. She adds to these with discrimination and caution, and only after actual trial of the new ones that look promising. The most experienced hostesses often bring about the most noticeable changes in their favorite dishes through a wide variety of the accompaniments and accessories that go with them. When it comes to clear soups and bouillons, this varying of the accompaniments is by far the easiest and most interesting way to attract attention to the clear, rich, penetrating and stimulating flavor of your most valuable recipes.

A great variety of soup accompaniments can be bought ready to use, but there are also a number that can be quickly and easily put together in your own kitchen which will bring a Continental touch to your soups. Rivvles, my favorite soup accompaniment, however, are a simple American version of the dumpling. This is because they are so quickly and easily made and the materials—egg and flour—are always at hand. The recipe for these tiny egg dumplings seldom if ever appears in a cookbook. For generations it has been handed down from mother to daughter and passed from neighbor to neighbor in Pennsylvania, Ohio, parts of the South and doubtless in other sections of the country.

RIVVLES. To make, sift one cupful of flour into a bowl, make a well in the center and into this break an egg. Add one-quarter teaspoonful of salt and beat the egg with a fork until the whites and yolks are well mixed. Then rub flour and egg together with the fingers until the mixture forms crumbs of stiff dough, varying in size from a grain of rice to a grain of corn. Remove any loose flour by shaking in a sieve, if necessary. Then drop by handfuls into three pints of boiling water and cook rapidly for five minutes. Drain, rinse with hot water and drain again, then drop into boiling soup and cook a few minutes longer to absorb the soup flavor. These rivvles are particularly suitable in chicken or beef broth or in some of the creamed vegetable soups, such as cream of corn soup or cream of potato. They make a very nourishing and simple dish, much liked by elderly persons and children, if added to scalded whole milk and seasoned with salt, and, if you like, flavored with a teaspoonful of minced onion or finely chopped chives just before removing them from the fire.

PFARVEL, the European equivalent of rivvles, is known also as egg barley and doubtless under other names. To make it you use less flour than for rivvles—from two-thirds to three-quarters of a cupful may be needed. Work the flour into the beaten slightly salted egg until a hard ball of dough is formed, then make it into crumbs by rubbing them off the ball with the palm of the hand, or through a colander or, maybe, on a coarse grater. Then spread these crumbs on the pastry board and let them stand an hour to dry, or slip them into a slow oven—225° F.—for a few minutes. When ready to use, drop them directly into the boiling soup ten minutes before serving. Previous cooking is not necessary, as no free flour clings to pfarvel to make the soup cloudy.

SPATZEN are very small, tender soup dumplings, not much larger than a cherry in size. Start out by beating one egg well, then add one-third of a cupful of water, half a teaspoonful of salt and enough flour to make a stiff batter, about one and one-quarter cupfuls, depending on the size of the egg. Beat the mixture until smooth and drop from the tip of a teaspoon into boiling soup stock or into vegetable soup ten minutes before serving.

ALMOND KLOESE are as tender as Spatzen but much lighter and the nut flavor is pleasantly surprising. For these, beat the yolks of two eggs until very light, add one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, a suspicion of pepper and the grated meats of six blanched almonds, and half a teaspoonful of baking powder sifted with enough flour to make a stiff batter—half a cupful will do. Last of all, fold into this well-mixed batter the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs, mixing thoroughly but lightly. Drop a little from the tip of a teaspoon into boiling chicken or beef broth, allowing several for each service, but not crowding the kettle, as they are very light and spread very noticeably. These require about ten minutes' cooking. It may be a good idea to cook a test dumpling to make sure that sufficient flour has been used.

CHICKEN-LIVER BALLS are enjoying great popularity and make a hearty luncheon when cooked in a rich chicken stock. Scrape or chop two raw chicken livers very fine, and mix with one-quarter cupful of finely chopped celery heart, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one well-beaten egg and sufficient bread crumbs to hold the mixture together—about a cupful. Form into small balls, about as large as a cherry, and drop into the boiling soup twenty to thirty minutes before serving.

Beef or pork liver may be used in the same way for a soup made with beef stock for its base. In this case onion juice or a little garlic may be included in the seasoning of the liver balls.

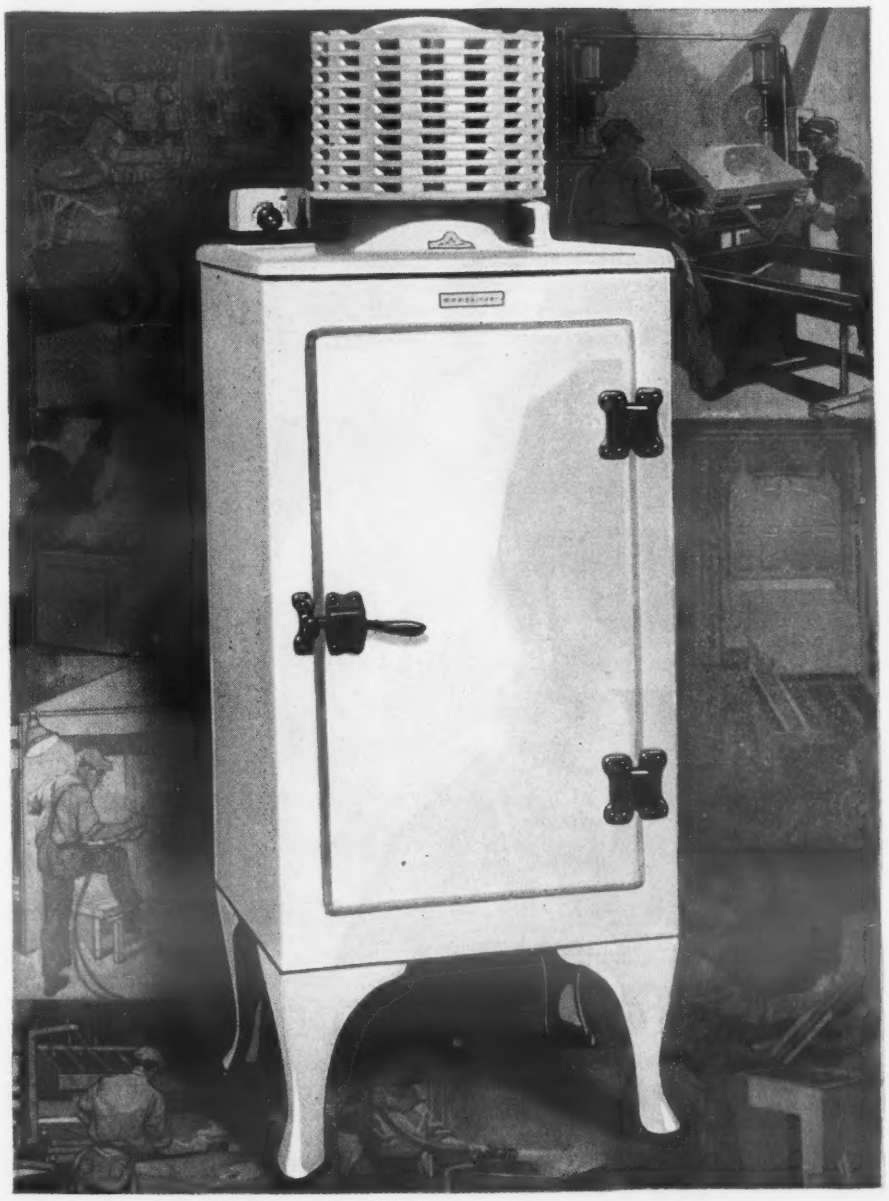
FILLED NOODLES are another unusual type of soup accompaniment. They are made of plain noodle paste, working into slightly salted beaten egg sufficient bread flour to make a stiff dough. About two-thirds of a cupful will be required for each egg, or the yolks alone may be used and the whites reserved for some other dish. In this case, two yolks will be equivalent to one egg. Knead the dough for several minutes until very elastic, then roll to a very thin sheet and cut at once into two-inch squares. Place a teaspoonful of the prepared filling on each square, wet the edges, fold over diagonally to form triangular envelopes, press the edges firmly together to secure the filling, and drop, a few at a time, into boiling soup and cover. Cook from ten to thirty minutes, according to the nature of the filling. If any of the dough remains unused, dry it for an hour by hanging over a rod on a cloth, then roll loosely as for a jelly roll and cut into thin shreds. Shake them apart and let stand and dry thoroughly, then store in a fruit jar or paper bag for later use. If perfectly dry they will keep for weeks.

The simplest mixture for filled noodles is of bread or cracker crumbs, seasoned with salt, pepper and minced parsley or onion and moistened with a little milk, stock or gravy and bound with beaten egg. It should be about the same consistency as poultry dressing and as well seasoned.

An excellent meat filling is made with one-quarter of a pound of raw beef ground

(Continued on Page 113)

General Electric presents *the first* All-steel Refrigerator



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$215

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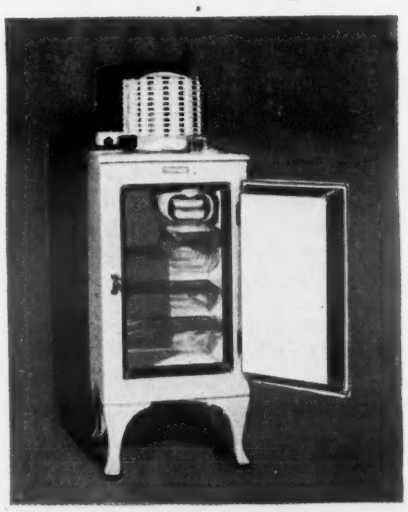
NEW DESIGN – MADE IN A NEW WAY... General Electric has made a large investment in new machinery – giant presses to cut the steel, bend it into shape and weld together the folded forms. But it has achieved its purpose. Its aim was, by mass production, to build the best refrigerator ever produced and offer it to the small families of America at a price easily within their reach – $215 – AT THE FACTORY.



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Roasts, fowl, pastries, bread—even whole meals are cooked in this way—with never a failure, never a burned, scorched or underdone bit of food.

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We Test Our Readers' Recipes

Minnesota, a Border State, Shows Foreign Influences

Cracker-Crumb Soup Dumplings

2 Eggs
1½ Tablespoonfuls of Butter
6 Unsalted Crackers
1/10 Teaspoonful of Nutmeg

THESE ingredients when put together according to the following directions make excellent light dumplings to serve as a soup garnish. Stir the slightly beaten eggs gradually into the well-creamed butter, then add the cracker crumbs sprinkled with the nutmeg. Drop by small teaspoonfuls into rapidly boiling soup and cook three or four minutes before serving. These are equally as good when the soup is reheated for a second meal.

—J. A. Y., *Alexandria.*

Minnesota Bean Pot

½ Pound of Kidney Beans
1 Medium-size Onion, Sliced
⅛ Pound of Diced Fat Pork
½ Pound of Ground Round Steak
6 Small Red Peppers
1 Quart of Canned Tomatoes
3 Teaspoonfuls of Salt

THIS is a very simple recipe for a famous dish, but one which has a delightful blending of flavor. We make it in large quantity, canning all but enough for the first meal. Wash the beans and soak overnight well covered with water. In the morning, cook the onion with the pork until slightly browned, then add the beef, peppers, tomatoes, salt, drained beans and one quart of water. Bring to the boiling point slowly and cook gently until tender, about two and a half hours. Then remove the peppers and serve with crisp crackers. —Mrs. A. P. C., *Bemidji.*

Sour-Milk Spice Pie

1 Cupful of Sour Milk
1 Tablespoonful of Vinegar
1 Cupful of Seeded Raisins
½ Teaspoonful of Cinnamon
¼ Teaspoonful of Cloves
1 Egg
1 Cupful of Sugar

SOAK the raisins overnight in the sour milk and vinegar. When ready to bake, stir in the sugar, mixed with the cinnamon and cloves, and the slightly beaten egg, and pour into a pie pan lined with pastry. Cover with a top crust and bake for thirty-five minutes in a hot oven—450° F.

—Mrs. W. D., *Minneapolis.*

Scotch Crisps

2 Teaspoonfuls of Butter
1 Egg
½ Cupful of Sugar
1 Cupful of Rolled Oats
⅛ Teaspoonful of Salt
¼ Teaspoonful of Vanilla

THESE crisp, crunchy cookies have an excellent flavor and are good to have on hand for the children because they have to be well chewed. Melt the butter in a mixing bowl over hot water, then add the whole egg and beat until light and foamy. Stir in the sugar gradually, then the rolled oats, sprinkled with the salt, and add the vanilla. This mixture will be very stiff, but the cookies are quickly shaped by pressing a teaspoonful against the side of the bowl with a fork before dropping it on some chopped dried fruit or nuts placed in groups on a well-buttered baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven—380° F.—for eight or ten minutes and remove from the pan immediately.

—A. L. Z., *Minneapolis.*

Flemish Boiled Dinner

1 Pound of Fresh Lean Pork
3 Large Onions
1 Teaspoonful of Salt
¼ Teaspoonful of Pepper
5 Large Potatoes
1 Small Cabbage

PORK from the ribs or neck is best for the dish because of the added flavor. Cut it into pieces appropriate for individual servings and drop into a hot skillet with a tablespoonful of melted bacon drippings and the onions coarsely chopped. When the meat is well browned, add salt and pepper and water just to cover, and simmer gently for two hours. Add the whole potatoes, pared, and the cabbage cored and cut in wedges two inches thick for the last three-quarters of an hour of cooking. —Mrs. V. DeL., *Lynd.*

A Main-Dish Walnut Pudding

1 Cupful of Zwieback Crumbs
1 Cupful of Milk
1½ Teaspoonfuls of Butter
3 Tablespoonfuls of Minced Onion
1 Tablespoonful of Minced Parsley
1 Tablespoonful of Flour
1 Egg
½ Cupful of Ground Walnuts
¾ Teaspoonful of Salt
1 Cupful of Steamed Rice

FOR a main dinner dish, a good walnut pudding is unexcelled, but it must be moist, tender, and of a fresh, deliciously nutty flavor. This one is made by pouring three-quarters of the milk over the crumbs and letting them stand while making the foundation sauce, by cooking the onions and parsley in the melted butter until the onions are tender but not brown. Stir in the flour and when frothy add the remaining milk. When thick, pour slowly into the slightly beaten egg, then add the walnuts, the salt and the soaked crumbs, lastly folding in the rice with a fork. Spread in an oiled loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven—375° F.—for forty-five minutes. It will have a crisp, brown crust. —Mrs. A. J., *Crookston.*

Jellied Veal Loaf

1 Knuckle of Veal
¼ Teaspoonful of Black Pepper
1 Tablespoonful of Salt
¼ Teaspoonful of Paprika
1 Large Green Pepper

COVER the veal with cold water and simmer until the meat drops from the bone, two and a half to three hours, seasoning at the end of the first hour. When done, strain off the liquor and return it to the fire, with the finely chopped green pepper and paprika, to boil until reduced to two cupfuls; then add the meat, finely shredded. Pour into a loaf pan to chill and serve cut into very thin slices.

—Mrs. E. E. P., *Northfield.*

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You'd never think that Oats could be so Good

You will never know the delicious difference between Genuine 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES, distinguished by the Big Red 3 on the package, and ordinary oats, until you have actually tried it in your own home. Set a steaming bowl before each member of your family and let them tell you.

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Mother Nature in her infinite wisdom pours into sun-ripened oats more of the important growth-producing elements than into any other grain; and these, with the natural Vitamins, protein, carbohydrates and minerals, are preserved by the 3-MINUTE process—nothing is added and nothing is taken away. In 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*) you will find these elements in just the proportions that Nature intended—unaltered by man.

Fireless Cooked—at the Mill—for 12 Hours

Selected whole white oats still in their hulls are *Fireless Cooked—at the Mill—for 12 Hours*—in their own moisture, in big, tight cookers that retain and perfectly blend all of the goodness of the grain, and bring out to the fullest extent a wonderful, new, nut-like flavor found in no other oats.

All of the flouriness that cooks into a soggy, glutinous mass is eliminated; so that 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*) looks delightfully light, flaky and appetizing in the dish. This appetizing appearance and delicious flavor combine to make it the favorite of children and adults too.

Cooks Perfectly in Exactly 3 Minutes

This long cooking at the mill, besides bringing out all of the delicious flavor of the grain, partially dextrinizes the starches to a point where the thorough cooking is completed on your stove in exactly 3 MINUTES—no more—no less.

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My Name .....

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Do You Agree With Your Food?

(Continued from Page 96)

worn. You gave your machine an awful wrench today." "Fish and ice cream. Maybe the fish was full of ptomaines." "Not a bit of it; the Glad Hand has food of the best quality and the fish and ice cream is an old fable. It wasn't any one thing in particular; it was the whole combination—proud Nature rebelled. Lucky for you that it didn't move far on into what my little daughter calls your 'elementary track.' Then you might have been laid up for a week. Lucky it wasn't a hot July day, or you might have passed out altogether. Now I'm going to prescribe for you, and I want you to take my prescription—not to the druggist but to your wife, who will compound it in her kitchen. Follow directions faithfully for a month. Then come to me, see if you need further treatment." He took his pad with its cryptic ℞ and wrote:

ON ARISING

1 or 2 glasses of water.

AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE

½ Glass orange juice.
1 Dish cereal with 1 cup top milk—not thick cream—and not more than a sprinkle of sugar.
1 or 2 crisp dry slices of toast, lightly buttered—not bread made to resemble a hot biscuit.
1 Small cup of coffee if desired (not necessary).

AT NOONTIME

1 Glass water
1 Bowl of vegetable soup—with crackers if desired.
1 Vegetable plate—two or three hot cooked vegetables—or potato and 1 other cooked vegetable.
1 Large plateful of lettuce—may be eaten plain, with salt or with a little mild French dressing.
1 or 2 slices rye or whole-wheat bread or triscuit with butter.
1 Serving of raw or stewed fruit.
1 Glass of milk.

AT NIGHT

1 Glass water.
1 Small serving of meat plainly cooked.
1 Serving of potato.
1 Large serving of each of two other vegetables, 1 green if possible.
1 Crisp roll or triscuit or crisp rye wafer.
1 Large serving of a simple fruit or raw-vegetable salad with little or no dressing, or plain lettuce or cabbage.
1 Serving of raw or cooked fruit.

"Why that's much like what my wife gives the children. But she has always had cake or pie for my dessert." "Because you have insisted. Now remember that a busy man of affairs can't be using his head hard all day and digesting all sorts of extravagant mixtures at the same time. Let fancy food alone. Get your food interest out of choice vegetables and fruits. You'll get an appetite for them in time."

"Can't I have my Saturday-night baked beans? I was born in New England, you know." "Baked beans were an excellent dish for pioneers toiling to wrest the rocks out of the New England soil, and are just as good now for a man who keeps himself in good physical condition with plenty of outdoor exercise, but they must be used with care by one who lives mostly indoors and gets nervously tired from his more exciting labor. In that case, use them in place of meat and potato in the prescription I've given you. Chew them till not a bean escapes, and don't eat soggy brown bread with them, but some crisp toast or hard bread." "You haven't told me not to eat cabbage—all my other doctors did." "Cabbage used to have a bad reputation because it was cooked too much. Cook it only ten or fifteen minutes and anybody can eat it if simply seasoned with a little salt. Better yet, eat it raw. It is a fine source of vitamins. Shred it fine and dress it simply with a little salt, or a little salt, sugar and diluted vinegar."

"Why don't you let me have good white bread all the time?" "Because the whole-wheat bread is not usually so soft and you'll have to chew; also because I think you need a more laxative diet and that's a way to help get it. But I am not so much interested in whether your bread is white or brown. At your age you do not need a lot of it anyway. Save more room for fruits and vegetables. Eat them raw frequently and chew them to destruction. You'll enjoy it after you get the habit. One man I know eats half a head of lettuce every night at bedtime. He says he'll have his youth till he is eighty."

"Well, I can't afford another day like today. I'll try your prescription, doctor."

"Well, you've a fine 'apothecary' to compound it, and I am sure it will work."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Dr. Mary Swartz Rose is professor of nutrition in Teachers College, Columbia University.

Soup Accompaniments

(Continued from Page 110)

very fine and seasoned with salt, pepper and onion juice, and mixed with a little beaten egg. Fill noodles as directed above and cook for thirty minutes in soup stock or in vegetable soup made of beef broth.

Chopped-raw-liver filling is delicious, too, mixed with an equal measure of fine bread crumbs, beaten egg and milk to the consistency of poultry stuffing, and seasoned with salt, pepper, onion juice and parsley.

RAVIOLI is the Italian version of filled noodles, the fillings for which may be made of chicken, veal or left-over pot roast of beef. Here is a recipe given me by an Italian chef. Clean one-quarter of a pound of mushrooms, slice the caps crosswise, and the stems if they are tender, and let simmer for fifteen minutes in one tablespoonful of unsalted butter. Add one cupful of diced left-over fried chicken, one tablespoonful of Italian tomato paste, a suspicion of garlic, and salt and pepper to taste, and enough brown gravy to bind the mixture. Place by teaspoonfuls on squares of noodle dough, secure the edges as directed above and cook for fifteen minutes in boiling chicken broth. These may be served in soup plates with the chicken broth, or drained and served Italian style with a thick Italian tomato sauce.

EGG GARNISHES. A thin slice of hard-cooked egg, sprinkled lightly with paprika, makes an attractive garnish for a plate of chicken soup. Left-over yolks of eggs, if unbroken, may be slipped carefully from a spoon into simmering chicken broth and cooked below the boiling point for ten minutes. Should they lose their shape in cooking, dice before serving one in each plate of soup. Cooking in the broth gives them a delicious flavor.

EGG BALLS are made from hard-cooked eggs—boiled or poached—chopped fine, seasoned with salt and pepper, and held together by a little beaten raw egg. Form into balls and add to gently boiling soup ten minutes before serving.

We may add that almost any of the above dumplings or noodle preparations may be cooked in water or broth, drained, and served with gravy for luncheon.

SPRING CLEANING AGAIN!

What satisfaction it is to use a good cleansing agent which is also an antiseptic and a deodorant! 20 Mule Team Borax is actually all of these—and of equal importance, it is a *harmless* product.

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Bathtub and bowls gleam as never before after a Borax scrubbing. For cleansing and sweetening the ice box and food cupboards nothing is superior to Borax.

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Prepare for spring cleaning. Put "20 Mule Team Borax" at the top of your order list for today. And send the coupon now for free booklet giving many helpful hints to lighten your household tasks.

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 175
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Please send your free booklet, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

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Address_____

Blankets ARE SUCH *intimate things*

HERE'S a new type of blanket . . . the Esmond Cozette!

You'll like the Cozette the moment you see it. Everybody does. It's so luxurious, so colorful . . . and so practical.

Choice lamb's wool on one side and lustrous rayon on the other . . . ingeniously woven together. As charming as a luxurious quilt or a dainty spread . . . but warmer and more serviceable than either. Ideal for use with a chaise longue or as a throw across the foot of the bed.

A luxury that is practical! Pre-shrunk like a regular blanket. Washes beautifully—light and fluffy. And it comes in five colorings—lovely pastel tints.

THE Cozette is the newest addition to the fine old family of Esmond Blankets . . . blankets that are known the world over for their beauty, warmth, softness and durability.

Esmond Blankets may be had in every desired material, weight, color, design . . . and price.

And it's nice to know, when you feel these lovely blankets, that they are made under conditions of immaculate cleanliness, in modern sunlit mills, in a quaint New England village. For blankets are such personal . . . such intimate things.

Esmond Blankets are sold by leading retailers throughout the country. Look for the "bunny" label. The Esmond Mills, Esmond, Rhode Island

The Esmond Cozette . . . new . . . luxurious . . . practical . . . lamb's wool on one side, rayon on the other.

What's New?

Or, What the Up-to-Date Homemaker Wants to Know

BECAUSE of the large number of salad dressings appearing on the market as mayonnaise, the Government, together with the American Mayonnaise Corporation, have considered it necessary to define the term mayonnaise salad dressing. Hereafter, all dressings labeled mayonnaise will have to contain not less than fifty per cent of edible vegetable oil, and the sum of the percentages of oil and egg yolk must not be less than seventy-eight, in order not to violate the law. The confusion in the use of this term has not been entirely on the part of the manufacturers, but is quite general in usage among homemakers themselves. All dressings that look yellow are not mayonnaise. It is only mayonnaise if uncooked, and if it contains a large percentage of oil and other ingredients as indicated above. A cooked dressing has only a small percentage of fat and should be called "cooked salad dressing." It would be well to follow this termination in general usage. You can readily see what a help it would be in such specific cases as when ordering salad dressings in restaurants in order to get what you want.

The cotton and linen fabrics for the spring tell an entirely new story, and it is a real story, for the patterns and colors were designed by real artists to depict the spirit of women in the springtime of life, the summer, the fall and the winter. Tony Sarg has designed some of the linens for dresses and hangings, and Rose O'Neill, William Rienicke, C. B. Falls and Jules Bouy have designed some of the cottons for clothing. These designs are used on lawns of most unusual fineness of thread and closeness of weave. Rose O'Neill's patterns are naturally Kewpies in various forms of action on a white background, with their castles, favorite pets and flowers all included in appropriate, well-balanced colors. The Hunt of Tony Sarg is another designed primarily for children, though the pattern—jolly little men in vigorous pursuit of deer, ducks, birds, and the like—will catch the imagination of the grown-up members of the family as well. The designs for grown-ups, used on the same fine lawn, are just as pleasing and tell-tale. There is the Night Club pattern, with its confetti of brilliant colors making a beautiful all-over design, and one of Music, with its sharp modern angles combined with the full rounded curves symbolic of the old melodies. Other patterns are built on flowers, jewels, billets-doux, and so forth. Each pattern is made up in a number of different color combinations so that all types of figures and complexions can be suited. Be up to the times and ready to discuss the other forms of these artists' work when summer dresses appear.

Among the newest additions to the cleaning equipment for the glass mirrors and painted surfaces in the home is a chamois that cleans and polishes at the same time. The skin is so treated that all one needs to do is to wring it dry from lukewarm fresh clear water, then rub the surface to be cleaned in the usual way. No other cleansing agent is needed and no rinsing or drying will be necessary—the one process does the entire work of removing the soil and polishing the surface. The only care the chamois needs to keep it in good working condition when in use is an occasional freshening by rinsing and wringing to remove the collected soil. Because of the treatment this chamois receives in its preparation, it is as valuable for winter days, when glass surfaces are difficult to clean, as for mild spring weather.

—H. & L. Prepared Chamois.

The most efficient and intelligent homemakers already appreciate the absolute necessity of having a kitchen stool of the proper height in order to conserve their time and energy. These high stools have long ago taken on the added convenience of serving also as a stepladder. There is a new combination of stepladder and stool, the seat of which may be lifted to serve as a hand support for balancing the body while mounting the steps. There are three steps resting on the rungs, the upper one directly under the seat. When the seat is in an upright position, it is held firmly in place by hinges set at the proper angle to prevent tilting. This piece of equipment comes in the several popular colors predominating in modern kitchen furnishings.

—Stepladder Chair.

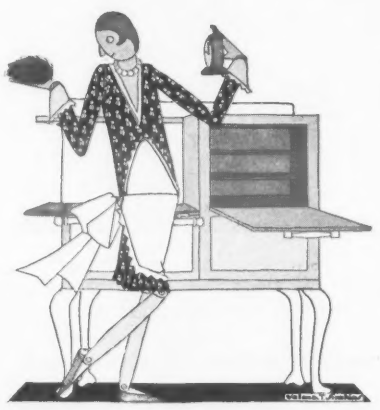
To make a real home is often a difficult matter, especially in a small apartment. This can be done, however, even in one room, if your idea of a home includes sociable dining. You can cook as well as dine even though you may not have a kitchenette, if you will just give room to what looks like a table twenty-eight by twenty inches with two deep drawers. When you are ready to use it, lift the top up and rest it back on the extra leg provided. This is the table on which to serve the meal, and the space which looks like an upper drawer contains the electric outlet to which you connect the electrical cooking equipment for cooking your meals. It is also used as storage space for the equipment itself, and for any extra pots that cannot be accommodated in the lower drawer. This table-like cabinet comes in colors, and so can blend with the furniture of any room. For young couples or for a man or woman with a single room, this piece of furniture is ideal.

—The Dinette.

An apron made of waterproof fiber has many practical advantages, for not only does it protect as an apron should, but its strength and durability make it very suitable for the heaviest of work. It is just the thing at house-cleaning time or for making jelly, when stains and soil would be troublesome on any ordinary apron. This household item will also interest the man of the family, for in changing tires or doing other work about the car he needs just the protection it provides. When it becomes badly soiled, you throw it away without any feeling of wastefulness, for its cost is very small. These fiber aprons come in plain tan or with colored dots on a tan background.

—Kitty Kraft.

If you know just how to remove the shell from a fresh coconut, you will not hesitate to attempt the many famous Hawaiian and East Indian recipes brought home from foreign travels. Nearly all of these include fresh coconut sliced



lengthwise in long pieces or grated. The next time you see fresh coconuts remember there is no problem about shelling them if you slip them into a very hot oven for a few minutes until the shell expands and separates from the nut. Then it can easily be cracked and lifted off.

A folding stand for holding the clothes basket at a height which makes stooping unnecessary when the clothes are being hung to dry is a most desirable piece of equipment to own, especially when it can be easily rolled about or folded up out of sight when not in use. This one makes a very useful stand for holding the baby's tub or supporting a padded board on which he may be dried and dressed. It may also be used for a service wagon to carry the tray of soiled dishes from the dining room after the meal; or, better still, it may temporarily provide extra working surface in the kitchen. This stand is not heavy to handle, but is sturdily constructed to support as much as a hundred and fifty pounds. It comes in unpainted wood ready to be colored to match your kitchen.

—Londra Kar.

Waterproof window shades which withstand the effect of unexpected showers and can then be scrubbed clean are among the newest household furnishings. Their beauty as well as their durability is outstanding, for they come in nineteen colors, varying from the most delicate to the more subdued of the neutral shades. At housecleaning time when the hangings are freshly laundered, these curtains, too, may be freshened up like new by merely scrubbing them with brush and soapsuds.

—Tontine.

"..flames licked her thin dress.."

CRUEL SCARS from burns have brought hideous, life-long disfigurement to many children. Is there a mother who does not fear them for her child?

Yet how needless are such scars! How needless, too, the searing pain of all burns and scalds!

Almost instantly Unguentine eases pain, starts quick healing—very nearly always no scar remains.

To ward off scars, stop pain — use Unguentine.

Eight out of ten hospitals rely on Unguentine, the standard, *antiseptic* surgical dressing. In seven million homes it is the first thought for burns, scalds, bruises, cuts. Its antiseptic qualities form an effective safeguard against infection.

One tube should be in the bathroom medicine chest—always. Keep extra tubes in the accident danger zones—kitchen, office or shop and automobile.

Buy these extra tubes today. At your druggist's—50¢. Send for free household manual "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M.D. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. Canadian address, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

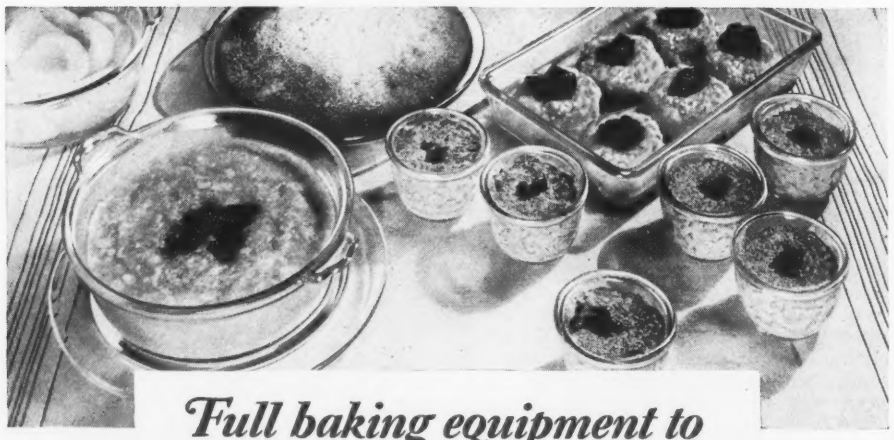
"... not a sign of a scar"

"When Marjorie was six years old she was horribly burned with gasoline...We used Unguentine from the start. It was a wonderful relief to see her pain soothed. And best of all, our little daughter will be unscarred."

"Johnny struck out with his tiny fist, sending the tablespoon of volatile oil along his forearm and hand . . . I used three tubes of Unguentine . . . The skin, even some of the flesh sloughed off. But now there isn't even a pink streak left."

Now the new Unguentine Soap for tender skins

Complete Dinners *that cook in* 20 Minutes



Full baking equipment to do it costs only $5.15

Shown above—Corned beef au gratin—buttered rice cakes—a vegetable en casserole—and a delicious tea cake—all baked in 20 minutes! A Pyrex Tile shown under the Casserole.

IT takes only 20 minutes from the moment this whole dinner goes into the oven to the moment it comes out again—each dish perfectly cooked.

There are thirty such incredibly quick luncheons and dinners in a wonderful menu bulletin just published.

The complete cooking time of many of these meals is only 20 minutes—others cook in 30 minutes—the longest takes only 45 minutes.

Think what a saving of time and trouble this new idea in baking—the same cooking time for the whole meal—means to housewives.

Yet the full equipment that makes these new quick menus possible costs only $5.15 complete.

*Pyrex dishes—with their greater evenness of baking—make possible this same quick cooking time for meats, vegetables, desserts!

Scientists say that these Pyrex dishes store up more heat than any metal can hold and give it out more evenly to the food within. That is why foods bake better in Pyrex ovenware than in metals.

These sparkling glass dishes save dishwashing; they never discolor food, or affect the taste; they never wear out, crack or craze. They last forever!

Your dealer has, for only $5.15, the equipment for all your ordinary baking.

Hardware stores and the houseware or china sections of department stores have these Pyrex dishes.

Guarantee: **Every piece of Pyrex ovenware is guaranteed for two years against breakage from oven heat.**

Introductory Offer: **For limited time. Ask your dealer when he will offer our regular one-quart, round Pyrex casserole at the reduced price. We are enabling him to do so.**

Pyrex Nursing Bottles. At all drug stores. Wide neck or narrow mouth, 8-ounce size.

→ ***Take this $5.15 list to your dealer***

Covered Casserole No. 623 round, or No. 653 square, or No. 633 oval, or No. 643 shallow, medium size	$1.75
Utility dish, No. 231 medium size	1.00
Six custard cups, No. 410, 3-oz. size	.60
Pie plate, No. 209, medium size	.90
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This Economical Pyrex Baking Set	$5.15

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FREE All-cooked-at-the-same-time menus

Send today for wonderful new Menu Bulletin

Send today

This coupon with 4¢ in stamps entitles you to a sample custard cup of Pyrex ovenware—only 1 cup to a family. Coupon is good only in U. S. and Canada. Please print name.

*Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat Off.

Corning Glass Works, Dept. O-62, Corning, N. Y.
Check offer you wish.

☐ Please send me your FREE Menu Bulletin containing 30 complete meals—each whole meal cooked all at the same time.

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4¢ *in stamps for this sample Pyrex Custard Cup*

PHOTO. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Soap-and-Water Health

By S. JOSEPHINE BAKER, M.D.

THE first goal in the health game is nothing more or less than cleanliness. This seems simple enough, but it is a curious fact that most of us disregard its significance in its relation to health and think of it more from its æsthetic value. Probably one of the reasons why we do not fully realize the close linking of cleanliness and health is that keeping clean seems such an everyday sort of affair—just a matter of common decency. We know, to be sure, that clean bodies, clean clothing and clean homes give us a feeling of fitness and exhilaration and that the tingling cleanliness of a cold bath brings such a sense of mental and physical stimulation that we face the world as conquerors after so joyous an experience. But not many of us recognize the fact that our modern habit of a daily bath has brought with it the by-product of health and we have been in a fair way of forgetting that those nations whose people bathe the most are those that show the highest standards of physical well-being.

I think that all mothers are aware of the health value of the baby's daily bath and of the necessity of having absolute cleanliness of the baby's food and clothing and of all the other things that come into contact with him in any way. But after babyhood is over, the part that cleanliness plays in assuring health seems to fall into rather an insignificant place. And then, too, many parents fail to understand that cleanliness in relation to health is not merely a matter of bathing; it is more far-reaching than that. For the cleanliness that means health includes cleanness of communities, streets, parks, stores, schools and homes, of all places where food is handled and of all persons who handle food, of cooking utensils and of clothing; in fact, everything that we handle or come into contact with in our daily life—and, above all, cleanliness of everything that goes into our mouths. The daily bath is of great importance, but it is only one of the steps toward the goal of that cleanliness.

Heaven's First Law

WHAT is this relationship between cleanliness and health and how may we apply it to our daily lives, particularly as far as our children are concerned? There is a difference between the health significance of order and cleanliness. Order has been called "Heaven's first law," and it is certainly a desirable habit to cultivate so long as an outward appearance of order does not cover dirt underneath. In a broad sense order may be said to be the basis for cleanliness, for all uncleanness is evidence that something has been misplaced in the normal plan of Nature. But merely putting the things that we can see in their proper places will not compensate for neglect of the unseeable things that are at the root of all uncleanness.

The Importance of Cleanliness

DOCTOR CHAPIN once said that he wished all bacteria left an indigo-colored trail. If they did, it would be easy enough to collect all of these pestiferous microbes and so thoroughly exterminate them that all infectious diseases would be only a memory. For the kind of real cleanliness that we are talking about resolves itself into a battle for preventing these harmful germs from getting into or onto our bodies. And the simplest, easiest and most effective way of banishing germs is available for every one of us. It consists of nothing more or less than the good old-fashioned team of soap and water.

In 1881, Dr. Robert Koch, who discovered the bacillus of tuberculosis, first began to investigate this subject of the germicidal action of soap and announced his conclusions that soap and water would kill germs. His researches were followed by those of the noted scientists Behring, Jolles, Serafini and several others of equal authority, who all announced the same conclusion.

Later, during the World War, investigators in the United States Army found that certain diseases of the lungs, including common colds and even pneumonia, were transmitted by insufficient washing of the dishes used by the soldiers, so that germs were carried in this way and mixed with the food eaten. It was proved at that time that if the dishwater contained one-half of one per cent of ordinary yellow or brown bar soap, the pneumococcus, which causes pneumonia, and the streptococcus, which causes various types of infection of the nose, ears and chest, as well as being a contributing factor in many kinds of special infectious diseases, were eliminated or killed. At the same time it was shown in a report of the United States Army that among a group of sixty-six thousand soldiers, 80 per cent of the cases of influenza occurred in connection with insanitary methods of washing mess kits.

Dr. John E. Walker, of the laboratory of the Army and Navy General Hospital at Hot Springs, Arkansas, has found that raising the temperature of the soap-and-water solution to the temperature of the human body will kill all typhoid germs that are placed in such a solution; also that the susceptibility of bacteria to the germicidal action of soap is such that meningococci—the germs that cause meningitis—gonococci, streptococci, pneumococci and diphtheria bacilli will be readily killed by a good lather of any ordinary soap. There are other authorities who do not believe that soap and water will kill these germs, but they do believe that washing the hands or any other article with soapsuds will have the same practical effect, as the soap and water will mechanically remove any germs that may be present.

The proof is clear that soap and water get rid of germs, and today practically every health department in this country has abandoned all types of disinfection during and after cases of contagious diseases except that of thorough scrubbing of everything in the sick room with soap and water and then opening the room to plenty of fresh air and sunshine.

A Pleasurable Duty

THE free use of soap and water is one of the surest ways of promoting health and preventing diseases during childhood. This fact we can accept without reservations. The practical point for parents is the way in which this knowledge can be applied. Every father and mother knows that children are not instinctively clean and that it is a pretty difficult matter to keep them so. Generations of parents have struggled with this problem and it is just as much of a battle today as it has ever been. But our modern knowledge of children has taught us one lesson that we ought not to forget, and that is that children do not like to be driven to do anything and that constant orders to "wash your face" and "take your bath" may have an immediate effect, but never have any lasting value. Moreover, that sort of forced obedience is apt to show its reaction later when, as one of the glories of the new-found independence of grown-up life, these same children will revolt from ideas of bodily cleanliness because it is no longer a case of "needs must."

Any enforced duty is obnoxious to children—and to grown people, too, for that matter—but the same duty, properly sugarcoated with some pleasurable emotion, becomes something that is done without any urging. One of the most common experiences in family life is that of the small boy who will go in swimming every chance he can get and yet who will struggle to the limit to avoid taking a regular bath and will go to any length to get out of washing the back of his hands or his neck.

Last summer I happened to be visiting in a family where the garden needed weeding and the children hated to take baths. A canny mother put the combination together, and as a reward for the child who got his corner of the garden weeded first, she promised the winner the first chance at the bathtub that night. And it worked perfectly, for the smaller boy, who finished the weeding first, begged to be allowed to take his bath then and there and not wait.

I have the utmost sympathy for the child who is never allowed to get wholesomely dirty; he has lost one of the finest prerogatives of childhood, and I do not underrate the health value of smudgy dirt that comes as the result of normal play. Every child has the inalienable right to get dirty, if that is necessary for his happiness. But accumulating dirt as a part of play is like getting holes in one's stocking from the same cause. The stockings have to be mended and the dirt washed off, and both of these are essential parts of family life. There are any number of ways to sugarcoat the practice of keeping clean; small rewards, not material things, but longed-for privileges. If you have forgotten the story of Tom Sawyer and the way he got the fence whitewashed, read that immortal story of Mark Twain's over again, for it has in it the whole secret of child psychology.

There is no doubt whatever that any community with a high baby death rate can reduce that rate by at least 10 per cent in one year by the simple process of keeping its streets clean. All environmental conditions affect child health, and none more surely than lack of decent cleanliness. This applies to everything with which the child may come into contact. We know that practically every infectious disease finds its entrance to the body through the throat or nose and that most of this infectious material is carried into our bodies by unclean hands or unclean food. In other words, if we touch any substance that carries infection and then touch or prepare food and eat it, we have the ideal condition for getting this infection into our system. We know that dirt and lack of sunshine afford the best possible conditions for germ growth and that disease lurks in the train of uncleanliness.

With the advent of what we call modern civilization, with close living in communities and with the production of practically all the necessities of life outside instead of inside the house, this matter of cleanliness becomes a serious matter, and today is of such importance that it almost outranks every other environmental condition in the lives and well-being of ourselves and our children. It is essential that we adopt standards of cleanliness.

There are plenty of ways of solving this problem. It is our duty, for the sake of our children, to see that our schools are sanitary and maintained in a hygienic manner. Drinking fountains or individual drinking cups and facilities for washing the face and hands should be freely available. Children should have their own school equipment, including pencils and books, and should never use those belonging to other children.

Thorough cleaning of all classrooms at frequent intervals, with a full supply of soap and water, fresh air and sunshine, will banish germs. Being sure that every child uses his own handkerchief to cover his mouth when coughing or sneezing is another health safeguard.

Where There's Dirt, There's Danger

IN OUR homes the same standards of cleanliness must prevail. Children learn far more from example than they do from precept, and living in clean surroundings counts far more than all the "do's" and "don'ts" that were ever spoken.

Anyone who remembers the old-time grocery store where food was ladled out of boxes or barrels knows what a great advance has been made in cleanliness by the modern method of marketing such food products in sealed packages.

In the preparation of food within the home we can do much to assure cleanliness. Uncooked foods should be thoroughly washed before serving and the person who is to handle and prepare the food should always make it a practice to wash her hands in hot soapsuds before any foods are touched by her.

And then, to come back to our child: If you cannot teach him anything else, the one lesson that must be learned is that of washing the hands before every meal and brushing the teeth night and morning. When I was a child I can remember seeing one of my small friends having his mouth washed out with soap and water because he had been using what we called "bad words." We did not know that this old disciplinary treatment had a health value as well as a to-be-hoped-for moral value. Soap is one of the ingredients of many tooth pastes and tooth powders, and their use today is a treat. Children rarely have to be urged to brush their teeth.

As a sort of acme of neatness, I like to hold out the idea of the "five-brush" boy or girl—one who uses each day a nail-brush, a toothbrush, a shoe brush, a clothes brush and a hairbrush. Perhaps that is too much perfection to hope for, but at least we can manage the nail brush and the toothbrush.

Note how much neater and smarter these beds look with the springs covered with Rome De Luxe Slip-covers

At the right you see the Talon "Hookless Fastener" that makes this slip-cover handle easier and fit better than ordinary kinds. One zip and it's fastened

It adds *good looks* to greater comfort

This slip-cover for Rome De Luxe Springs

YOUR luxurious Rome De Luxe Bedsprings can now *combine* greater comfort and good looks. For the makers of this famous bedspring have perfected a practical slip-cover for it. One that gives it the neat, smart appearance of an expensive box spring . . . at very little cost.

You'll want one of these new Rome De Luxe Slip-covers for every Rome De Luxe Bedspring in your house. They not only dress up your beds, but keep out dust and dirt.

Do not confuse the Rome De Luxe Slip-cover with the ordinary kinds. It is no mere bag tied on at the ends and sides with string, but a carefully tailored covering, cut to fit this spring . . . just as your slip-covers for fine furniture are made. It fastens at one end with a Talon "Hookless Fastener." One zip and it's fastened. This special feature insures both easier handling and a smoother fit.

See these remarkable new slip-covers for Rome De Luxe Bedsprings at your dealer's. Examine them carefully. Compare them with others you have seen. Think how much they would add to the attractiveness of your bedrooms. And be prepared for a pleasant surprise when you discover how little they cost.

Make this trial!

If you do not already enjoy the greater comfort and more refreshing sleep that the Rome De Luxe Bedspring gives, arrange with your furniture or department store for a De Luxe trial. Note the invigorating effects of the natural, relaxed sleep this better bedspring brings. Its unique construction allows every coil to move with absolute freedom. It yields freely to the pressure of your hips and shoulders, yet rises to relieve all strain on the vital organs between. The spine lies straight and natural; nerves and muscles are entirely free from strain. Deep, refreshing sleep comes quickly! But remember, the free coil movement that brings this greater comfort is found only in the genuine Rome De Luxe Bedsprings.

Dr. Royal S. Copeland has written an interesting booklet, "*How Better Sleep Builds Better Health*." Send for a *free* copy.

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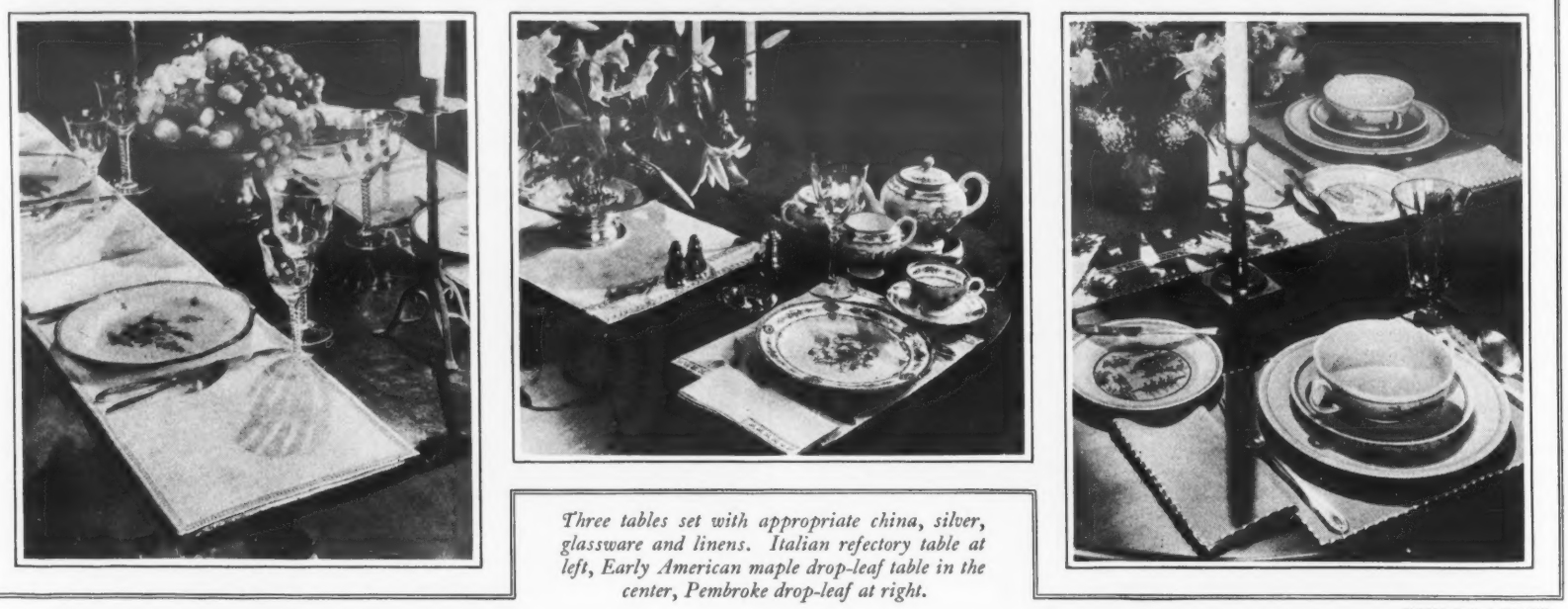


Three tables set with appropriate china, silver, glassware and linens. Italian refectory table at left, Early American maple drop-leaf table in the center, Pembroke drop-leaf at right.

PHOTOS. BY H. I. WILLIAMS

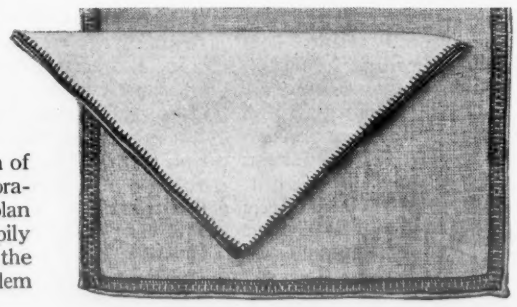
Planning the Bride's Table Linen

By MARGARET THOMPSON *and* CHRISTINE FERRY

ARTISTIC table settings are not difficult to achieve if one gives thought to the few basic principles of line, tone or the contrast of dark and light and color harmony—the three fundamentals which govern all artistic expression. Add to this the consideration of suitability to purpose and the elimination of unnecessary detail and you have all the elements of an artistic success.

Unfortunately there is in the average home an accumulation of household gods in the way of china, silver, glass and linens, which, having been acquired at different times and under varying conditions, bear no relation to one another or to the table upon which they are to be assembled. Under such conditions the would-be creator of an artistic table setting certainly labors at a disadvantage. The modern bride, however, in selecting the furnishings for a new establishment, has only herself to blame for lack of harmony in table appointments, as there is a wealth of material from which to choose and the spirit of helpful coöperation is usually to be found in the shops.

The only possible bugaboo which confronts the bride is that of wedding gifts, which, no matter how well intentioned, usually reflect the personality of the giver and may or may not fit into the scheme of things. A happy solution of this problem is to induce adoring friends and relatives to make their contributions to the new home in the form of money instead of decorative furnishings, a plan which should be happily received, as it solves the much-discussed problem of "what to give."



Open-mesh linen edged in yellow and pale green.

THESE sets of linens have been planned for three distinct types of tables and they embody the characteristics of the tables as well as the appointments which have been selected to accompany them. Although exquisite in every detail, they call for the expenditure of but little money, and they may easily be made by the bride-to-be. Only the simplest of sewing stitches are involved, and the decoration has been simplified to a degree which makes it possible to be accomplished in very little time.

The measurements given are only suggestive, as mats and runners must necessarily be made to meet individual requirements. Allowance for shrinkage must also be taken into consideration, unless the material is shrunk before being made up.

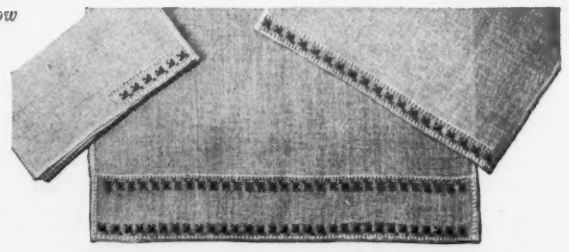
All three tables are of a size and type which is in keeping with a modest establishment, either a small house where one room is frequently designed to serve as both dining and living room, or an apartment. However, the principles involved apply to large as well as to small tables, and the linens need only to be varied in size to suit either.

The table appointments also have been considered from the standpoint of moderate income and surroundings, yet are at the same time worthy of being used under quite different circumstances.

An ideal table for the dual conditions of living and dining room is a maple drop-leaf of Early American design.

In planning table appointments the first things to be considered are the color and texture of the wood and the construction of the table. In this case the lines are simple and sturdy and the finish of the wood is not so highly sophisticated as mahogany. Since it would be in exceedingly poor taste to use either beautiful lace or elaborately embroidered covers on a table of this character, we design very simple linens in a soft primrose-yellow, which repeats the warmth of tone in the maple, and decorate them with a simple edge finish in white. A square mat for the floral centerpiece and oblong plate mats, which are quite small because of the size of the table, are called for. This is a point which should always be taken into consideration when planning sets of table mats. There should always be a liberal expanse of the table top showing between the mats to make a proper contrasting background for the linens. Never should the edges or corners of the mats overlap if you desire a good-looking table. There should be no suggestion of "clothiness" or consciousness of mats rather than of the table as a whole.

For the table service we choose an American-made ware of a pale-yellow hue, having just a hint of old luster in its printed decoration of early American scenes done in the lovely opposing hue of purplish-red, quite in the manner of *toile*. The shapes are quaint and stubby, in keeping with the character of the table, and the edges are fluted like the early Wedgwood.



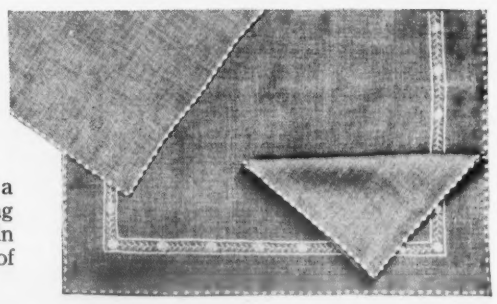
Cream-colored linen worked in coral and blue.

The glasses are a pinkish-purple—amethyst—repeating the color of the decoration on the china, and instead of the distinguished elegance of stemmed goblets we select footed tumblers which are less sophisticated in line and again emphasize the sturdy lines of the table.

Yellow linen of closely woven texture is used for the mats, the needlework decoration done with two threads of white mercerized stranded cotton. The more lustrous the sheen of the cotton, the more effectively will it contrast against the dull surface of the linen.

AFTER the mats were cut the required size, plus a quarter-of-an-inch hem allowance, they were hemmed as invisibly as possible with No. 150 white sewing cotton, and then the edge was decorated with groups of five buttonhole stitches worked over the hem at regular intervals—about three-eighths of an inch—running the needle inside the fold of the hem from cluster to cluster. This edge was worked on the wrong side of the hem, a process which you will see by the detail on page 120 gives weight and added effectiveness to the border. The first cluster was begun about the width of the hem in from a corner, and the work spaced so as to bring, as nearly as possible, a cluster on either side of each corner.

The design on the square mat is exceedingly simple and easy to plan. After the hem is finished, the straight lines for the parallel rows of chain stitching may be traced with pencil and ruler. The shapes of the oval satin-stitch dots are easily sketched in and the coarse herringbone stitches connecting them may be done free-hand.



Yellow handkerchief linen stitched in white.

Although a drop-leaf, the mahogany Pembroke table is very different in character from the maple table used for the first setting. The lines are more graceful and distinguished. It is built upon a lighter scale. The cabinet work is much finer, and the wood has a far more beautiful finish. And so we select appointments for this table which will repeat its slender tapering lines and produce an effect which is distinguished and elegant rather than quaint.

For the plate mats we will use a creamy-white linen of open texture through which will gleam the lustrous, dark richness of the mahogany table, and will decorate them with a simple cross-stitch following the open weave of the linen.

For the table service we choose an English stoneware—the favorite Jubilee pattern, with its graceful design, in which the coral coloring predominates, the various pieces being rimmed with turquoise. Although a fairly inexpensive ware, it is much more finished in effect than that used on the maple table—the coloring on the almost snow-white background is more delicate.

Stemmed goblets of clear white crystal and the various pieces of silver flatware in a modernistic pattern repeat the tapering lines of simple elegance which characterize this table.

(Continued on Page 120)

New dishes from old ~

...with only a minute's extra work

No special recipe — no extra bother. Try DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches in any of the old favorites below—and what a welcome they'll get.

With ~	*In ~*	*For ~*
CEREALS	TAPIOCA	SALADS
OMELETS	GELATINE	COCKTAILS
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CAKE	FLOATING ISLAND	ICES, ETC.

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Del Monte BRAND QUALITY
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Blended red-ripe tomatoes and spices—especially prepared for *cooking* uses. Improves all kinds of everyday foods — macaroni, stews, gravies, hamburger, round steak, hash, etc.

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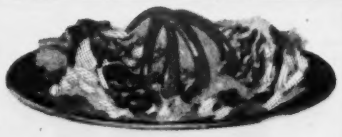

PIMIENTOS

For that inviting touch of color in salads — for new flavor in sandwiches, stews, and other meat dishes. Sweet and tender —ready-peeled for handy, convenient use.

BERRIES

And think of serving the finest berries — any day the year 'round! Berries canned in their own rich juice — all ready to serve. A wonderful treat for any meal.

Rustproofed!

Rust is the great destroyer of ranges. It starts with moisture from cooking and stops only when *you* stop it. The best time to stop rust is before it begins. Then your costly range will last many years longer and look many years younger.

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Many careful housewives always rub 3-in-One on burners, grates and *inside the oven,* after cooking. It displaces the moisture, cleans and protects. Enameled and nickeled parts are beautifully polished with 3-in-One.

Use also on all nickeled surfaces and black iron about the house—faucets, bathroom fixtures, andirons, escutcheons—to polish and prevent rust.

3-in-One is different from ordinary household oils. It's a scientific compound of several high quality lubricants, retaining the unique properties of each. Worth much more and costs only a trifle more.

Sold by good grocery, drug, notion, hardware and general stores, everywhere. Two-size Handy Oil Cans and three-size bottles. Look for the Big Red "One" on the label. It's your protection.

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FOR OILING, 3-in-One is supreme. Use regularly and freely on sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, electric fans and all electric motors, go-carts, bicycles, roller skates. Reduces wear; saves repairs.

3-in-One

Prevents Rust - OILS - *Cleans & Polishes*

L959

(Continued from Page 118)

For the other appointments—the flower bowl, candlesticks, salts and peppers and tea bell—we turn to modern pewter in graceful floral shapes with what is known as the "moonstone" finish—a glowing surface produced by using a metal in which tin rather than lead predominates.

The floral centerpiece must necessarily be delicate and graceful in line and repeat the coloring in the china. Slender, tapering white candles complete the picture.

Creamy-white Italian linen of open weave, used for the linens on this table, can be secured in various widths, thirty-six, forty-five and fifty-four inches, and is quite inexpensive, the fifty-four-inch costing about $1.75 a yard. It is of fine texture, counting about thirty threads to the inch.

For this table was planned an oblong centerpiece twenty-two by fourteen inches, place mats fourteen by ten inches and fifteen-inch napkins—finished sizes. All were finished with quarter-inch hems, turned to a thread. As the decorative stitchery follows the weave of the linen, it is extremely important that the hem line be exactly straight.

Cross-Stitch Motifs

THESE simple hand-sewn hems form the major portion of the edge finish, the embroidery consisting of borders across the ends of the mats and a panel in one corner of each napkin—simple cross-stitch motifs in coral framed with rows of spaced buttonholing in turquoise with the stems turned inward. Three threads of mercerized stranded cotton were used throughout.

In developing the borders the outer row of buttonholing is done first, the tops of the stitches on a line just above the hem and the purled edge into it, leaving a tiny margin of linen outside. These stitches should be spaced about three-sixteenths of an inch apart and the stems a quarter of an inch in length. They may be done free hand—that is, without counting threads—but be careful to take the top of each stitch into the same line of meshes, or, in other words, true to a thread. The eye soon adjusts itself to the weave and the spacing becomes automatic. Start this border just inside the side hem and carry it across to the opposite side. Then do the cross-stitch motifs, each stitch counted over two threads, leaving three between the motifs. Work this border on a line just above the tops of the buttonhole stitches. The larger size of the centerpiece requires a double row of the cross-stitch pattern, spaced about an inch and a half apart, the heads of the motifs facing each other, but running in opposite directions. When the cross-stitching is complete, work the inner row of buttonholing, spaced the same as the outer, leaving a space of two threads between it and the motifs. Join the ends of the lines of buttonholing on the place mats with back stitches about the length of the stems of the stitching, on the line of the hem, and on the centerpiece continue the buttonholing across the ends.

As the material is sheer, the threads should be fastened as inconspicuously as possible in the hem, or, when this is impossible, under the stitchery.

For a third table we choose one of the smaller refectory tables which are so admirably adapted for the dual rôle of living and dining room uses, and, because of its rather heavy rich lines and mellow finish, affords still another problem in table setting.

The top of the table selected measures about thirty-four by fifty-one inches, a size which is quite suitable for even a small room, and will nicely accommodate four persons, two at a side.

For it are made two long, narrow runners, one for each side, extending the full length of the table, using a creamy-white, open-mesh linen of coarse, rough texture. Along the edges, in simple stitchery, is repeated the coloring of the table service—a creamy-white Italian pottery, decorated with a design in yellow, green and purple.

When making linen runners of this type, the size necessarily depends upon that of the table top. They should be cut sufficiently large to allow for an eighth-inch hem—as well as shrinkage—and of a width which will accommodate the place service and at the same time allow for an adequate expanse of table top between them to support the centerpiece and candlesticks. Do not feel that it is necessary to crowd all the appointments of the place service on the linen. If the foot of the goblet extends beyond the linen onto the bare table, it will but serve to unite the two and produce a more perfect and charming whole.

After hemming the edges the runners are buttonholed on the right side with linen thread in a rich tawny orange, spacing the stitches two threads apart and taking them into the linen on a line just above the top of the hem and then into the hem itself, so that just a tiny margin of linen shows along the edge, turning corners so as to form a tiny square as the stems of the stitches meet.

In each of the two lines of spaces inside the stems of the buttonhole stitches is run a thread of dull green linen, over two and under two, covering the same groups of threads in each row. Then to complete the inner edge of the border a second row of buttonholing is marked corresponding to the first, stems turned inward, the tops taken into the line of spaces next to the running thread of green and the purled or loop edge three threads beyond.

Simple Sewing Stitches

WHEN starting or fastening threads of the outer row of buttonholing, run under edge of them so as to be invisible. The drawn-in threads of green, which must run continuously from edge to edge, must also fasten in hem. Threads for the inner row of buttonholing start in the hem and are then carried across back of border to the point where they are needed.

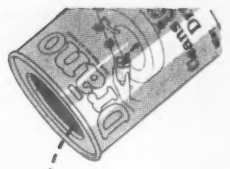
Because of its coarse, rough texture, the linen used for the runners is hardly suitable for dinner napkins, and a closely woven creamy-white linen is used instead, the edges first narrowly hemmed by hand and then decorated with spaced buttonholing in orange after the manner of the runners, the stitches being about three-sixteenths of an inch in height and an eighth of an inch apart.

These table linens have been simplified to a degree which makes it possible for them to be accomplished in very little time. They will make delightful "pick-up" work, as only the very simplest of sewing stitches are involved.

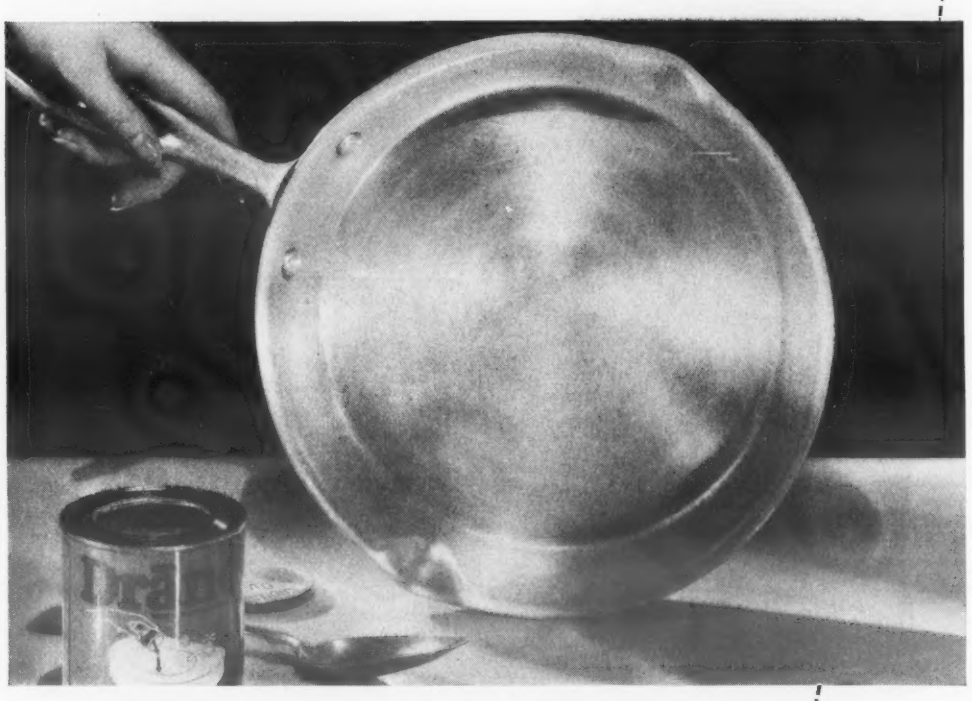
Simple stitches used for these linens. Above—chain and feather stitch; left—cross-stitch and buttonhole stitch; right—buttonhole and woven stitch.

And Drāno *scours the* Skillet, *too*

. . . without so much as a scrape!



Scours it clean — free from the least vestige of black, burned-on grease



YOU'VE had this experience, haven't you? Skillet thick with burned-on grease . . . scraping—rubbing—scouring to get it clean.

But have you had *this* experience? A grease-burnt skillet—a Drāno-soaking, a rinse—skillet sweetly clean, without so much as a scrape. That's the modern way.

Drāno *does the scraping and the scouring*

Use Drāno on accumulations of grease, hair, lint, vegetable matter, and they simply vanish away.

Makes no difference *where* they may be, either. That's why Drāno cleans and opens drains—keeps them free-flowing . . . removes burned-on grease from skillets and roasters . . . dissolves baked-on food from casseroles . . . scours and purifies garbage cans—does the hardest part of a dozen different cleaning jobs.

CLIP THESE DIRECTIONS—
Keep them with your recipes

To clean grease-encrusted Skillet

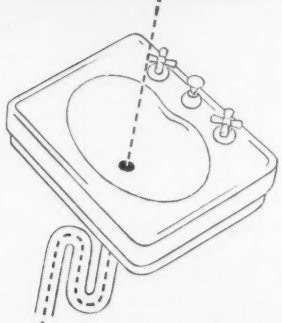
1. Fill with water, either hot or cold
2. Sprinkle in two heaping tablespoonfuls of Drāno
3. Let it soak while you are eating dinner
4. Pour off the Drāno solution into the sink
5. Thoroughly rinse, then wash with hot soap-suds—or, better still, with Dawn

CAUTION—Drāno dissolves animal and vegetable fibre—keep away from hands, face and clothing.

This booklet tells all about it

We can't tell you all about Drāno's many uses here. So we've prepared a helpful little booklet, "17 Easy Drāno Ways of Cleaning." We'll gladly send you a copy on receipt of your name and address.

And, in the meantime, let Drāno clean that grease-encrusted skillet. The directions are printed here. And your dealer has Drāno. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



DO YOU KNOW that for today's fine bathrooms there is a new and better cleaning method—Dawn? Keeps porcelain, tile and enamel shining, always beautiful because it dissolves as it cleans, therefore cannot scratch. Your dealer has it.

Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains

. . . keeps them free-flowing

25¢ *a can*

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35¢ *in Canada*

In Thousands of Handsome Homes

this stunning chair is the center of attraction

The Carlyle No. 1601—*A modern, overstuffed model, specially constructed with extra-deep seat and double-tier, downy springs to give even further luxuriousness. The upholstery is Ca-vel Velour in a floral pattern of rich tones of henna, green, tan, and black against a golden-brown background, or a silver-brown background, as you prefer. Price, $172.50, including stool. Slightly higher west of the Rockies.*

HOW dignified—yet how delightfully informal! How truly distinctive, and yet how cozily inviting! In *any* tastefully furnished interior this beautiful occasional chair seems a harmonious part of its setting; and yet its lovely lines, perfect proportions, and rich coloring fairly dominate the whole room!

Small wonder that women fall in love with it at first sight—often before they know its delightful secret—the secret for happy husbands that makes the Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair *different* from any other chair in the world.

Whisper it! For all its patrician good looks, this charming chair is decidedly a man's affair! Designed by men for men—to comfort all those hard-to-rest spots in masculine architecture—the small of the back—the nape of the neck—and that woefully weary place between the shoulder-blades!

The Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair fairly cuddles the tired business man—it is positively *caressing*—it is the apex of ease and the utmost in utter relaxation!

This man strives vainly for comfort by trying to make his body fit his chair

Best of all, the Streit Chair loses not one jot of its beauty appeal while comforting the work-weary man of the house—for, where he was wont to sprawl, he now takes his ease like a gentleman. One of the furniture stores in your town has a special display of the Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair, in a variety of authentic period models, appropriately upholstered. Among them you will find *the* chair destined to add charm to your living-room.

U. S. PAT. NO. 1674846

Notice how seat and back tilt as one to form a comfortable pocket for the work-weary body

Slip-covers, with our compliments

And, because we know purchasers will appreciate it, we offer a set of attractive, smartly tailored Slip-covers, free, with each Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair.

In the meantime, if you would like to see photographic reproductions of the Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair harmoniously at home in tasteful interiors, just send for our booklet, "Rest in Beauty."

The C. F. Streit Manufacturing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Since 1871, makers of fine upholstered furniture.

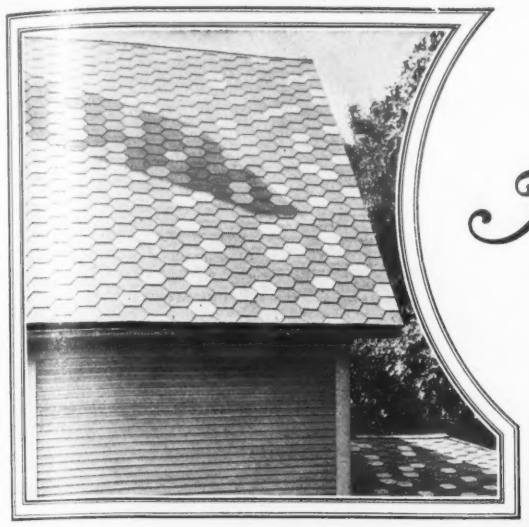
Look for this nameplate on every chair

IN REED, TOO . . .

Colorful, cool—comfortable beyond your fondest dreams—the Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair in graceful reed strikes an entirely new note in informal furniture. Already, its gay French fabrics are brightening up hundreds of living-rooms . . . beaming forth a tempting invitation in hundreds of sun parlors. Be sure to see the new reed models.

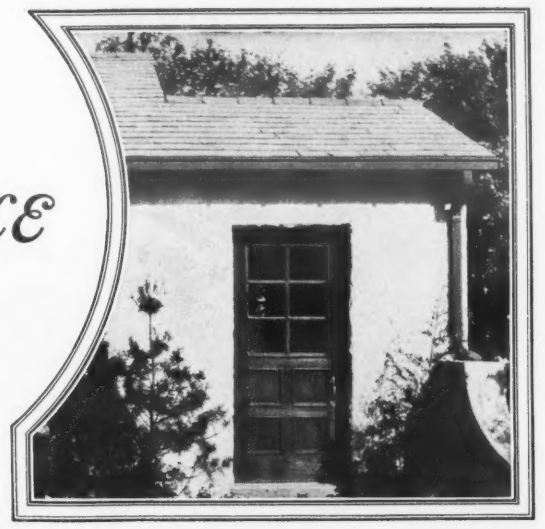
Modern Stick Reed No. 1703 (illustrated)—*Lanvin green frame, upholstered in a colorful importation—orange background with green, yellow and blue motif. Price, $104.00, including stool. Slightly higher west of the Rockies.*

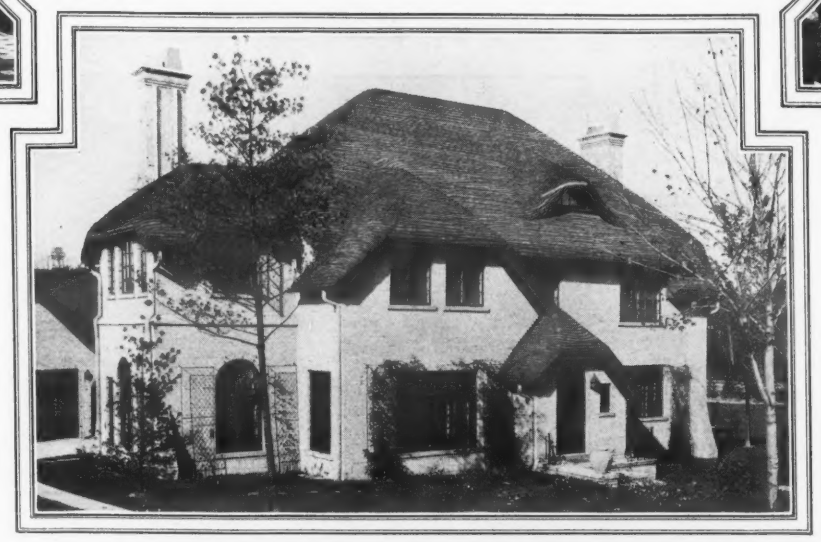
The Beautiful Streit "Slumber" Chair



Roofs are of Mounting Importance

By ROBERT O. CAMERON





Above—Wood shingles adapt themselves to interesting variations.

SOMEONE once patiently figured out the average proportion of exposure taken up by the roof of a house as compared to the exterior exposure of a house in its entirety. Due to the growing popularity of interesting roof angles for domestic architecture, the proportion of roof exposure may be said to be increasing. What kind of roof to have, and why, therefore, is not the least of the modern home builders' fascinating problems.

However, whether wood or clay, copper or iron, asbestos or asphalt, slate, tile, or what not, the roof of a house may be considered from the same less tangible angle as the rest of the structure, that of the financial. And from this nebulous though none the less flinty angle one may discover surprising things—among them that the investment success or failure of home ownership depends solely upon the permanency of the house. In other words, if repair and upkeep expenses are large, the investment is a failure. Cheap materials and methods of construction will not build a successful investment. They keep on costing you money.

Composing, in many instances, the larger proportion of the whole exposed surface of a house, a good roof is usually one put there to stay—not a few short years, but as long as the house itself stands. Good roofs are surprisingly permanent.

But to get down to copper tacks—which are good for certain types of roofs—the roof of a dwelling depends, in kind, upon the architecture of the house. Obviously a slate roof won't suit a Mexican hacienda any more than Spanish tile will complement a Norman home. Some architectural types, however, offer one a choice of roof materials. In such cases the roofing selected should answer the following questions in most positive affirmatives: Is the roof a permanent installation? Does it frown at future upkeep expenses? Is its first cost fair as compared with other types of roofing material, not forgetting the fact that the kind chosen for permanency will cost more in the beginning than less-permanent kinds?

Red cedar makes a good wood shingle. If it is sawn with an edge grain it will refrain from warping. Such shingles, if factory soaked with two coats of creosote color stain, will last forty years or more. Architectural styles that demand wood shingles, and folks who like them for their perfectly natural appearance, will do well to be sure the wood shingles are of the best material and workmanship. And be sure that the shingles are laid with the right kind of shingle nails. Zinc-coated, pure-zinc and copper nails will not rust. An ordinary wire shingle nail will rust out in about ten years. One can't expect shingles to sit tight after the cheap nails have rusted away.

Now how about prepared shingles? A prepared shingle, asphalt or asbestos, should be comparatively thick, in order not to curl, not to crack, and in order to throw interesting shadows. It should be so manufactured that it will lie flat regardless of temperature or humidity. Asphalt shingles that are tapered like an ordinary wood shingle, if otherwise substantial enough, are a good type.

Perhaps the success of a roof covered with prepared shingles is as much due to the manner of laying as to the shingles themselves. The roof boards, which are nailed directly to the roof rafters, should be thoroughly dry and laid tight against one another. Tongue-and-groove boards—like floor boards—are exceptionally well suited for making an ideal foundation for prepared roofing.

Flashings and counter flashings, preferably of copper, should be next applied to all parts of the roof where there is any possible chance for a leak—that is, at all angles where the finished roofing does not lie in a flat plane. Where chimneys, pipes and other breaks in the roof surface occur, the crevices ought to be well sealed with an approved plastic cement. The roof, in other words, ought to be almost water-tight before the roofing is put on.

Lastly, after sweeping clean the roof and being sure there are no protruding nail heads or slivers of wood, a layer of heavy, waterproof paper should be put on. An asphalt-saturated felt covering, or its equivalent, may take the place of the paper.

In the valleys ought to be laid at least a twelve-inch strip of roofing, slate side down. Then a twenty-inch strip of the same roofing on top of the twelve-inch one, the wider strip with the slate side up. Cement these two strips together with lap cement, and tack their edges just enough to hold them in place. If the roof is flatter than ordinary—less than about a one-third pitch—strips of valley roofing should be sixteen inches and thirty-six inches.

There are many ways of laying prepared shingles for varied effects. Besides different shapes, too, there is a wide choice of colors and combinations of colors.

If a prepared roof of variegated shingles is your choice—and it is a good choice if thoughtfully made—don't let the colors be mixed by just anyone. The roof of your house, done badly, will mar the appearance of the entire structure, regardless of how sincere and good the rest of the exterior may be. To be conservative is absolutely essential. Don't mix red, yellow, purple and green. This combination is no exaggeration. Notice the roofs in your own neighborhood and in the sections where energetic contractors are building houses overnight.

(Continued on Page 126)

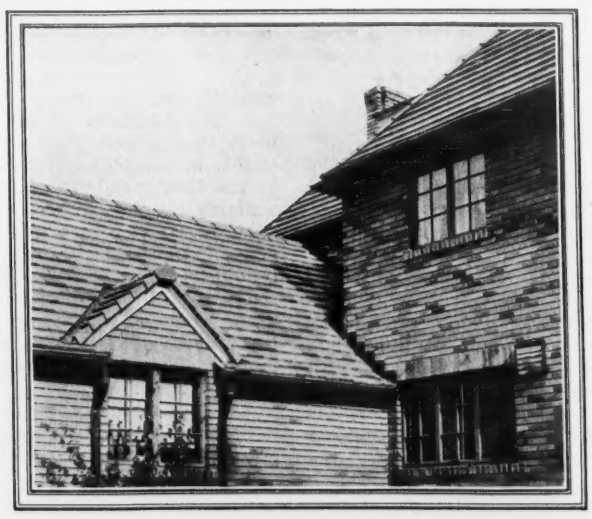
Upper left—Asphalt shingles come in several shapes, as well as the tapered rectangles.

Below—Quarried slate roofs have been used for centuries.

Above—Spanish tile is essential in Mediterranean architectural types.

Upper right—Heavy asbestos shingles are durable, colorful and fireproof.

Below—Variegated flat tile makes a time-defying roof that requires no upkeep.



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A Story in Your Basement

By ROY WHITFIELD WRIGHT

DOWN a few steps we enter one of the most homelike and comfortable rooms imaginable. The walls are paneled with knotted pine. The floor is of red and green slate flagging—beautifully harmonious and different. A door opens onto a terrace of the same kind of flagging, overlooking miles of lowlands to the ocean in the distance. A huge log burns lazily in the fireplace on this autumn day as we try to realize that this beautiful room is part of a modern basement!

Your amazement in finding such a room in the basement could not be greater than ours as we actually stood in this room, listening to the builder telling how this basement "sold the house." A family of father, mother and six children bought it. Once the mother saw the basement, no other house would do, because in this basement room she saw untold opportunities for the children's welfare. For the present it would serve as a play room, and the outside entrance would save the tracking of muddy feet through upstairs rooms. Later the room would "grow up" with the children as their needs and interests developed through the years.

Living rooms must remain living rooms, and dining rooms can change very little. But this extra basement room will run the gamut of usefulness from a nursery to a cool and peaceful place for grandmother to sew on a hot summer's day. Youthful Tunneys will find it readily adaptable as a gymnasium, or aspiring Bernhardts will see in it an ideal theater for the masterful productions of young imaginations. Then the day will come when a party room will be needed for young folks' entertainment—popping corn by the glowing fireplace, dancing to the radio and playing all the games that are so full of laughter and fun. Can you wonder that the basement sold the house?

Overhead radiators keep the basement comfortable.

Fig. A. Waterproof basement construction recommended for well-drained localities.

Dry Walls

WE CALLED on other builders and architects. All agreed on these things: First, that the modern basement is a good idea; second, that it is a practical and logical development in home building.

One interesting and very important thought was brought out: The modern basement requires no more in its basic construction than should be built into any good basement; that is, every basement should be made waterproof; every basement should have plenty of window space; and the heating plant should be compact and clean.

And so, when available funds will not permit the finishing and furnishing of a modern basement, the practical thing is to see that these fundamentals of good basement construction are included when the basement is built. The fixings can come later.

The first consideration in the building of any basement is to be sure that it will be dry. For well-drained locations the basement-wall construction suggested in the paragraphs following is recommended. However, in localities where excessive rains, occasional floods and subsurface water are encountered, special problems are presented which require individual attention and the expert advice of experienced architects and builders.

Figure A on this page shows the cross-section view of a well-constructed basement wall and floor for well-drained locations. The wall shown is of solid concrete. When concrete blocks or other masonry walls are used the mortar for the joints should be carefully mixed to secure maximum waterproofing. The outside of cement-block or masonry walls should be coated with a layer of waterproofed cement mortar about three-quarters of an inch thick. This precaution may be taken also when the wall is of solid concrete, especially if the concrete is coarse and not specially mixed for maximum waterproofing. The outside of the wall then should be mopped thoroughly with hot pitch or similar waterproofing material. All joints in the floor and between the floor and walls also should be coated with hot pitch.

However, even these precautions may not prevent seepage unless drainage is provided to carry away ground water from the outside of the walls. To do this, a tile drain should be placed on the outside of the wall about on a level with the wall footing. This drain, of course, should have plenty of slope to carry away the water. The fill-in above the drain should be of some porous substance, such as coarse gravel, cinders or small pebbles, which will let the water through to the drain. The porous back-fill should come to within a foot of the ground level and the remaining space should be filled in with soil. The surface should be sodded and should slope away from the wall.

A very important item is to make sure that adequate roof gutters are used and that all down spouts discharge their water into underground drains or carry it well away from the basement walls.

The next step in insuring a good basement is to provide plenty of window space. Windows should be as large as possible. To this end, a very desirable type is the casement variety, opening into a brick-lined or concrete air well. For appearance and decoration of the basement room this style of window is infinitely superior to the usual type. Of course, the wells or airways for the windows should be carefully constructed to keep water out of the basement. This can be done by preventing surface water from running into the well and by providing an outlet from the well to the drain at the foot of the basement wall.

Window frames of metal are desirable for basement use because their narrower framework provides more space for glass. The latter should be of good quality to admit the maximum amount of light. The ease with which metal windows can be opened and closed in any kind of weather is another point to keep in mind.

Heating

THE problem of artificial lighting is largely one of decoration. It involves the selection of lighting fixtures appropriate to the decorative scheme. It is well to keep in mind that warmth and cheerfulness are desirable attributes in basement lighting effects, and that wall fixtures can frequently be used to best advantage where the ceilings are low.

The third major consideration in making basement space livable is the heating plant. As has been pointed out, it must be compact and clean. Fortunately the new products of several manufacturers meet these requirements ideally. The new overhead piping is reduced to unobjectionable proportions, and the heating unit itself is inclosed in a polished enamel jacket which is as easy to dust and clean as any piece of polished furniture in the home.

Now that so many homes are using oil and gas heating units, the problem of dust is largely overcome for these homes. However, with a little care, coal and other

(Continued on Page 126)

The modern basement provides a recreation room for the whole family.

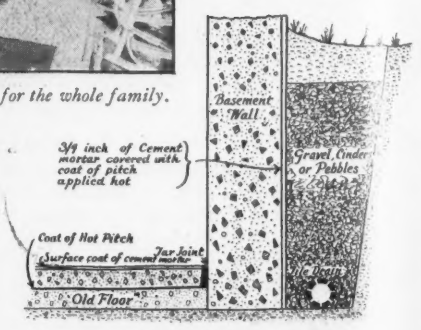
Basement Wall
3/4 inch of Cement mortar covered with coat of pitch applied hot
Gravel, Cinders or Pebbles
Coat of Hot Pitch
Surface coat of cement mortar
Tar Joint
Old Floor

Fig. B. A type of basement repairing to stop seepage.

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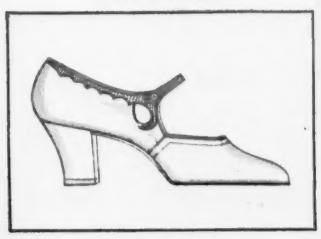
The Threla



The Floris

DREW ARCH REST Shoes for Women

"keep the foot small"

THE IRVING DREW COMPANY, PORTSMOUTH, OHIO

(Continued from Page 124)

fuels are not incompatible with the cleanliness required in the model basement.

Many of us can remember the parlor heaters of our grandfathers' day, and we remember also the spotless cleanliness maintained by our grandmothers. Well, much of the modern equipment is even easier to keep clean than the old parlor heater. Fuel and ash doors of the modern heating units have their contact surfaces ground to fit perfectly so that little dust or gas can escape. Ashes may be shaken down with all the doors closed.

Of course when coal is used for fuel it is all-important to provide a dustproof fuel room. This may be accomplished by plastering the walls of the room to the ceiling, sealing it, if you please, from the rest of the basement. A dustproof door should also be used, and as additional protection this door may be equipped with weather stripping similar to that used on outside doors. This will prevent dust from sifting through the cracks around the door.

Now we come to the question of what can be done to a basement already built. Not all basements, of course, can be transformed easily into ballrooms, party rooms, nurseries, and the like. But any basement can be improved and made more useful. For example, any basement can be made into a good workshop by means of a few simple changes; the setting up of a workbench, painting the ceiling white to reflect more light, and a few other little things soon produce gratifying results. Or a model laundry can be provided, where washing and ironing can be done comfortably and efficiently.

Dry Floors

DRY walls may be secured in three ways: If very much moisture is present the walls should be waterproofed from the outside, as shown in Figure B. If the walls are comparatively dry, paneling of wood or composition board may be used very effectively and economically. Of course, air space should be left between the panels and the basement wall. Still another way to make dry walls is to plaster the inside with a coat of waterproofed cement mortar, which may be troweled to one of the delightful new finishes.

The floor may be made dry either by laying a wood floor over the cement—leaving air space—or by laying a new waterproofed cement floor on top of the old one, as shown in Figure B. Coating the old floor with hot pitch or similar waterproofing material before the new floor is laid gives additional insurance against seepage.

In making a modern basement the first thing to remember is that a cement or masonry surface which seems to be dry may be very wet when covered with anything that prevents evaporation. Consequently before you spend very much money in painting floors and walls that are in direct contact with the moist earth on the other side, it may be well to test out a small portion of the wall to see that paint will stick to it as it should.

Of course there are special paints for use on cement surfaces. Some of these paints are specially prepared to resist high degrees of moisture and the chemical action of moist concrete. A good plan is to talk over your specific problems with a reliable paint dealer.

Perhaps the most beautiful and attractive floor of all can be obtained through the use of tile. Tiling is often considered expensive, but when you compare it with the cost of laying, smoothing, staining and finishing other floors and the cost of maintaining them, the tile floor is often an economy.

The Heating Plant

THE slate-flagging floor mentioned at the beginning of this article gives a very quaint touch to the basement room. The floors described were covered with clear lacquer, which brought out the colors of the flagging and gave a beautiful, lustrous, dustproof surface. The low cost of this flagging where it can be easily obtained makes it very economical.

A wood floor has many advantages for the basement. It may be laid on sleepers, which provide air spaces between the wood flooring and the concrete surface beneath. For dancing and for a nursery room where little folk will play on the floor, wood is ideal. However, it is important to remember that wood flooring should not be laid on a wet underfloor, for excessive moisture underneath may cause the wood to warp.

Linoleum makes a splendid floor covering for many purposes. But leading manufacturers urge caution in laying linoleum on concrete floors that come in direct contact with the moist ground underneath. Linoleum laid on a wood floor raised from direct contact with the concrete should give long years of service.

Heating of the basement may be accomplished by permitting free circulation of the warm air from the heating plant. With the new polished enamel boilers, it is not necessary to place the heating plant in a separate room. But if you prefer this arrangement archways without doors will make a very attractive appearance and at the same time permit the warm air from the heating unit to provide the necessary heat for the rest of the basement. Another way is to use trelliswork to inclose the heating unit. This has the double merit of being economical as well as attractive.

If the heating plant is shut off in a separate room with doors intervening, it is necessary to use ceiling radiators to provide heat, though we have seen basement rooms heated by removing the insulation from the exposed steam pipes.

Roofs are of Mounting Importance

(Continued from Page 123)

Proper variegation would be several shades of the same color, or very nearly the same color. Avoid any possibility of the finished roof looking spotted, even though the spots might themselves be the same color. A good roof might contain several shades of green, such as gray-green, moss-green, blue-green, sea-green, all attractive soft tones of that one color. Adding a bright grass-green would immediately cause discord.

On certain types of houses tile roofs are the thing to have. On others, slate roofs are ideal. Both slate and tile are everlasting, as well as more than satisfactory to the connoisseur of roofs. In slate there is a choice of colors—colors as mined at the quarries. Roofs of variegated slate are usually exquisite, simply because nature made the colors soft and harmonious.

Tiles for roofs are made in several shapes, and as they are procurable in different colors one also has a chance to variegate his tile roof. Care must be exercised, however, not to overdo the mixing of too-vivid colors. To stick to merely several shades of the same color is wisdom. Tile is best on the stucco, stone or concrete house.

Then, too, we have a choice of several makes of copper shingles. Copper, of course, sits out in the weather without any worry whatever of old age. It lasts indefinitely, steadily becoming more beautiful with the passing years.

The wise home builder will take some time and effort in choosing from the present wide range of roofing materials. Permanency is the first consideration, coupled with the fact that the choice must harmonize with the house's architecture.

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Remodel Your Closets

By ROBERT O. CAMERON

Ill-lighted closets are responsible for many a poke in the eye.

A CARPENTER can't build a house without his hammer and saw. A mason would be just as much at sea without his trowel and mortar board. Nor can a housekeeper do any more successful job without *her* tools. But the housekeeper's efficiency depends quite as much upon keeping her tools out of sight as it does upon the work those same do; in fact, a good housekeeper must keep out of sight all things which are not part of the decorativeness and necessarily visible furnishings of the home. The answer is—closets.

Closets are as important as front doors and bathtubs! And there are closets and closets, believe it! Some are mere hole-in-the-wall inconveniences, and others have a nest of ants beaten for efficiency. The difference between these two extremes is often merely a little forethought and an almost negligible amount of expense.

To consider seriously household closets, begin with location. This will depend mostly upon handiness of access and the use to which the particular closet is to be put. In the kitchen, for instance, a utility closet that holds a dust mop, a broom or floor brush, a wet mop, a mop pail, other cleaning brushes, dust cloths, soaps and powders, and dustpan, may stand—for the one in mind is a separate piece of furniture—near a door between the kitchen and dining room or hall. Such a utility closet is small, the measurements being about twenty-one inches by thirteen inches, and from five to six feet high.

An upstairs hall closet for bedding, blankets, towels, and the like, should be so located in the wall that it is about equidistant from all the bedrooms it serves. Its upper part, devoted to wide smooth shelves, might well have double doors which swing wide open. If there is no outside window quite near, there ought to be adequate artificial lighting correctly placed. Groping in a dim closet is not exhilarating and often becomes infuriating.

Arrangement

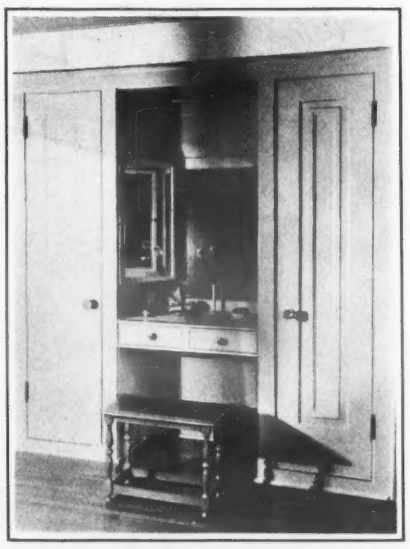
IN THE matter of bedroom closets, the element of location isn't quite so important as the element of arrangement—arrangement and equipment. Of course, the nearer a closet is to the part of the bedroom usually used for dressing and undressing, the handier will it be. And, too, the type of closet door used and the direction in which it swings need consideration for each separate installation. In some situations two doors on a closet are best. This is often done, having the two doors and the wall space between them covered with full-length mirrors. When the two doors are open an adjustable triple mirror is the result.

So many bedroom closets are just dim interiors spiked here and there with hooks, with perhaps a shelf more or less out of reach. Simple, inexpensive devices will quickly change all this unintelligent arrangement to satisfying convenience.

The addition of a bright light should come first. The light in a closet is used so little that to have the brightest practical electric lamp available would cost, for a month's use, about the price of one newspaper.

On the backs of closet doors can be arranged adequate accommodations for two hats, all a man's neckties, his cane, the wife's umbrella, hangable pieces of her wardrobe, and six pairs of shoes, mixed. Not hung one over another on haphazard hooks, but each and every item in plain sight and supported in keeping with neatness and convenience. The supporting gadgets are cleverly designed enameled wire racks that come in a choice of colors, to match one's bedroom furnishings.

Inside the closet, also eliminating the wall hooks, may be installed garment carriers. You have seen the clothing-store man whisk out a smooth-running what-you-may-call-it, with endless suits of brand-new clothes hanging therefrom? That was a clothes-closet fixture, or "garment carrier." They are available for your own bedroom closets, in just as efficient forms, although not quite so large.



One can buy, ready to nail up, such wonderful closet and dressing-table combinations as this one.

These fixtures make use of the part of the closet that used to be occupied by your body as you peered around in the dimness searching for sonny's Sunday sweater or dad's Sabbath knickers. By using that center space, the remainder of the closet heretofore in use becomes more or less needless. Therefore in building a new house smaller closets can be planned with a consequent saving of cubic space in the house itself. In your present closets, however, the space will prove valuable for the storage of things not at the time on the active list—the brown derby or old friend panama, mother's arctics, the tennis rackets or the skates, or what have you?

In addition to the really startling efficiency of these described garment sliders, there is room above them for a shelf that can actually be seen and reached. And in the space below the hanging dresses and suits, there is room for a drawer. Some old closets will prove wide enough to allow two of these garment gadgets, one beside the other. This would eliminate morning and evening contests between husband and wife regarding the never-settled dispute of individual rights when hanging up one's clothes in the common closet. One for Mary and one for John—may each keep her or his side immaculate!

Other bedroom closet affairs are there which not only prove wonders, from the closet angle of consideration, but which often serve to eliminate a crowding or expensive piece of bedroom furniture otherwise considered necessary for drawer space.

One such closet affair is ready-made of cedar, to fit right behind a door in the wall. It has a shelf for hats. It has a garment carrier for suits and frocks. It has hangers for long coats. And it also has five drawers, four for clothing usually laid away folded, and one deep drawer for shoes. The whole closet measures but one foot nine inches deep and two feet eight inches wide! In other words, it is just as wide as an ordinary door, and only as deep as the reach of a five-foot blonde!

A charming combination of dressing table and wardrobe closet is to be had ready to install that includes spaces for everything from hair tonic to shoe polish. Built into the wall, with mirrors on both sides and behind, the dressing table has three drawers and two side compartments. On either hand are regular closet doors opening into a closet that continues around in back of the dressing table. One side of the closet has pull-out trays, similar to dresser drawers, only more of them. The other side, or closet space proper, may have, as part of its efficiency, a garment slider. Hat, shoe and clothing racks can also be attached to the back of the door.

Guest Closets

MODERN life is hard on human nerves. Any and all household equipments that do not tend to ruffle nerves are good things to live with. Bedroom closets demand their just share of consideration, but they are not all. Downstairs closets, especially in the front hall or vestibule, are important. Just the wraps of two or three guests will clutter up the front hall not equipped with a closet. But the closet needs to be correctly located. If the vestibule is of sufficient size, here is a good place for the closet, providing, too, that it is heated in wintertime. To let your guest's bare arm slip into the cold silk lining of a fur coat isn't the best of good nights! A tiled vestibule, which will laugh at snow, ice, mud or dripping umbrellas, is nice. But heat it.

Whether the closet for guests' wraps is in the vestibule or in the hall, an ideal arrangement of doors is to have a pair of them, each one hinged at the side and hung on friction hinges. A friction hinge is a hinge which holds the door wherever it is put—wide open, closed, or any distance ajar. The hinges are adjustable for more or less friction by merely turning a screw.

A "chest of drawers" that occupies no floor space whatever.

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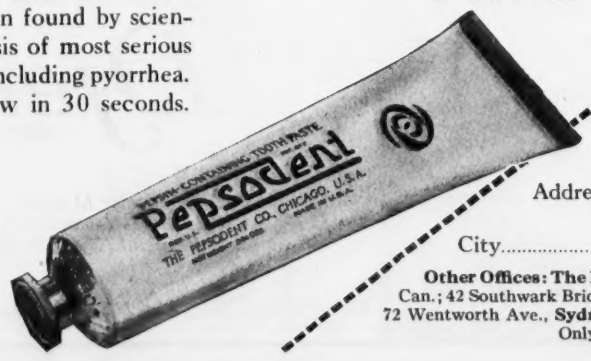

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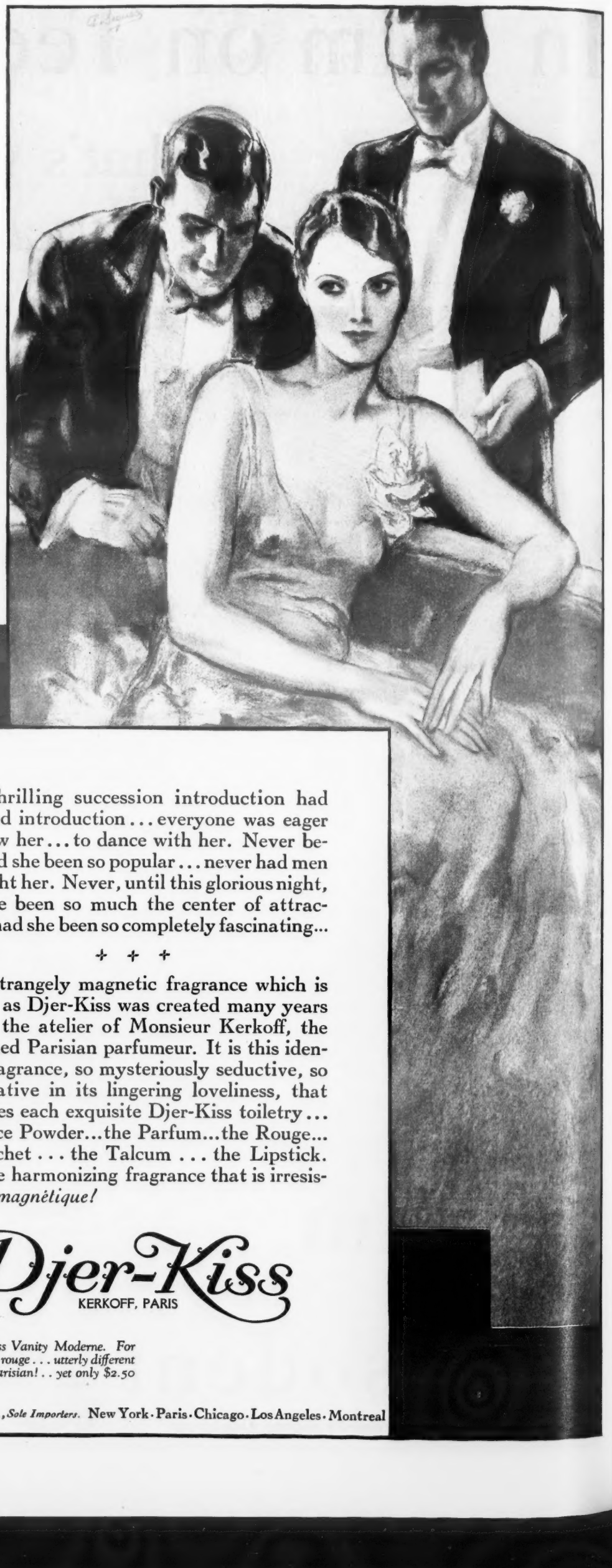
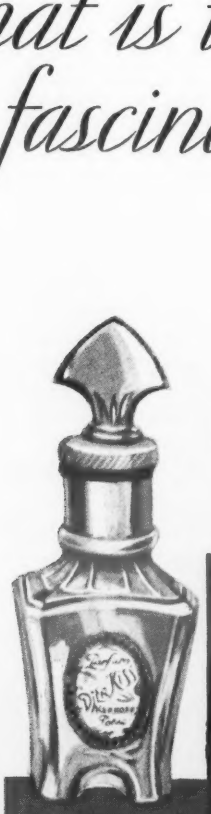
MAGNETISME

What is that strange fascination?





Parfum Djer-Kiss... the parfum of magnetism! . . . $2.00

Djer-Kiss Face Poudre—petal-smooth—fragranced with the same alluring parfum . . . blanche, naturelle, rachel . . . . . 60c.

In thrilling succession introduction had followed introduction . . . everyone was eager to know her . . . to dance with her. Never before had she been so popular . . . never had men so sought her. Never, until this glorious night, had she been so much the center of attraction . . . had she been so completely fascinating . . .

\+ + +

That strangely magnetic fragrance which is known as Djer-Kiss was created many years ago in the atelier of Monsieur Kerkoff, the renowned Parisian parfumeur. It is this identical fragrance, so mysteriously seductive, so provocative in its lingering loveliness, that pervades each exquisite Djer-Kiss toiletry . . . the Face Powder . . . the Parfum . . . the Rouge . . . the Sachet . . . the Talcum . . . the Lipstick. A single harmonizing fragrance that is irresistible—*magnétique!*

Djer-Kiss
KERKOFF, PARIS

NEW! *Djer-Kiss Vanity Moderne. For loose powder and rouge . . . utterly different . . . exquisitely Parisian! . . yet only $2.50*

Alfred H. Smith Co., *Sole Importers.* New York · Paris · Chicago · Los Angeles · Montreal

Screens Discreetly Used

(Continued from Page 28)

This gives to the far end an attraction that it would otherwise lack. In entertaining, it lures some of the guests who might never leave the comfortable fireplace group unless they were intrigued by the mystery of what lay behind its lacquered panels.

Another architect of great individuality, whose studio has a large alcove for the dining table at one end, has not only divided his gorgeous old Chinese screen but also mounted it on rollers and attached the outer folds to the walls so that in a twinkling it may be drawn across to conceal the domestic rites.

For the bedroom with a single bed placed lengthwise against the wall the accepted arrangement is to have a screen between the head of the bed and the door, with a little table and a lamp out in the room beside it and a slipper chair near the foot. No pleasanter grouping has yet been found. It gives seclusion from the rest of the house and a delicious sense of coziness. The time-honored use of the screen across the open bedroom window to keep off a direct draft and to soften the morning light is always a comfort. This is especially good in nurseries and in time of illness.

With so many places in which to use screens and so many types of houses, it is easy to see how great a choice there must be to fit into such variegated backgrounds. In buying a screen it is only logical to acquire one of the best examples of the past or the work of our original modern artists if they are not beyond our means. If they are, use them as our inspiration in buying or making replicas for our more modest incomes. The magnificent lacquers of the East, the Gothic tapestries and needlepoint, the stamped Spanish leathers, the sumptuous Italian Renaissance velvets, the exquisite pale, faded brocades and painted taffetas of the eighteenth century may be too dear for us, but we can often approximate their effect in less extravagant ways.

If you enjoy embroidering, why waste it on dining-room chair seats that are always out of sight as soon as you and your guests are seated—not only out of sight but subjected to hard wear? Why not undertake as your masterpiece four needlework panels about twenty inches wide and six feet long? These will make a most beautiful screen that not only will give you daily pleasure but will be worthy of being fought over by your great-grandchildren as a treasured heirloom. In design you can use the rather coarse and simple but always lovely *millefleurs* of the fifteenth century on a deep green-blue ground—like the tapestries at Langeais—or a sixteenth-century pattern of *personnages* and animals who gambol in trellised gardens with a naïve indifference to proportion and perspective. Borders of garlanded fruits and flowers are always appropriate for a dining room.

Paper, Linen and Chintz

IF YOU have a flair for decorative painting, why not take a frame covered in canvas and copy some amusing old screen of painted toile? Many of these have sea-blue backgrounds and depict savages as conjured up from the inner consciousness of the French soul of 1790—Indians in fantastic boats landing at tropic isles or turbaned barbarians storming outlandish fortresses. Or for bedrooms use as your model one of the gay caricature scenes from the Ladies' Toilet—The Visit of the Coiffeur, The Note Dispatched to Her Lover, or The Selection of the Gown. Or for those who have been caught in the vortex of modernism, follow in the footsteps of Robert Chanler or George Biddle or the other young and talented artists who have shown marked originality and style in their work.

Luckily for those of us who wield neither an industrious needle nor an inspired brush, many simpler but attractive forms are within reach. Certainly nothing is more effective than a severely plain gold Japanese screen. Sometimes we can find one with just a spray of flowers, the branch of a dark pine tree, or a white peacock parading in solitude across its glittering panels. Again, we have achieved a very satisfactory effect by pasting tea-chest gold paper over an old frame.

There is on the market a fairly wide selection of screens made up of old papers, either painted or printed—Chinese, French *chinoiserie*, Directoire, Louis Phillipe, and the like. Many of these are not very expensive and some are most decorative and interesting. Of the Directoire papers, those in *grisaille* with classic figures have architectural dignity. The flowery Chinese ones give the gayety and freshness of a garden to any room. There are so many faithful reproductions of old scenic papers which may be purchased by the panel that it is neither difficult nor dear to make screens of them. After several coats of shellac their colors assume the mellowness of age. Some of our printed linens also lend themselves to this treatment, but need a preliminary coat of sizing.

For a boy's room you can easily find a glazed chintz which pictures pirates or events in early American history, or funny old maps that may be tacked on to a frame with no further trouble.

Prints, Old and New

DURING the past few years we have seen attractive bedroom screens made of prints, old or new. Some have just one exquisite flower print at the top of each panel, the entire screen having first been covered with a marbleized paper or one of a small unassertive design. Others feature birds, using fine Audubon prints when obtainable, and some make good use of pages of old costume magazines, either our own Godey's or else the foreign ones of earlier days. A most satisfactory screen may be made of *vues optiques*, those gay and quaint old architectural prints which still may be had abroad for very little.

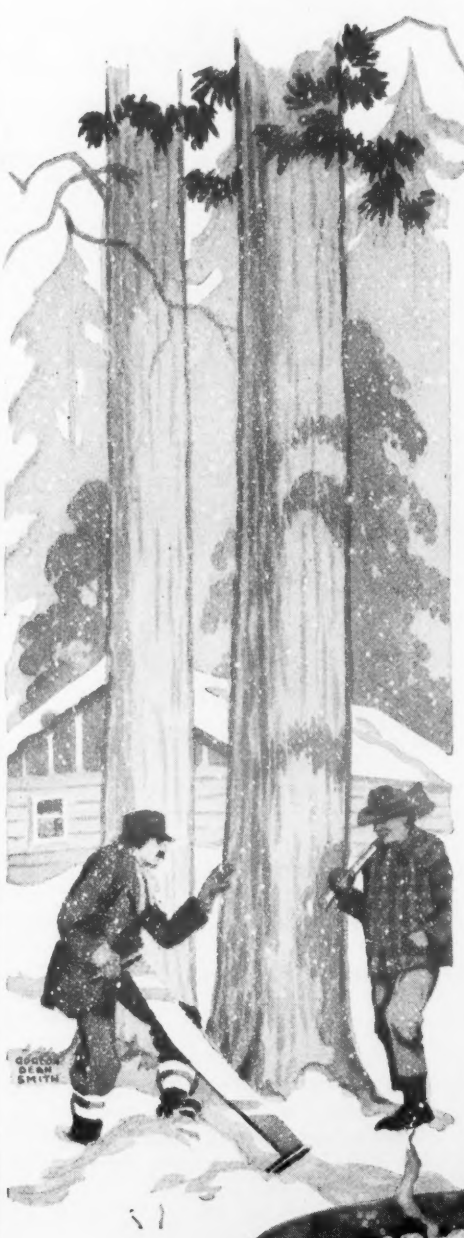
In the time of Robert Adam in England, and contemporaneously in France, are found screens where panels of white silk painted in delicate *chinoiserie* flowers are framed under glass. These are perhaps the freshest and crispest of all for a feminine room. Today copies of these old taffetas may be found, so that a similar effect at moderate cost is possible.

When one wishes to shut off draft, rather than view, may we suggest one of those rare and exquisite low screens where sprays of dried ferns and flowers in tones of faint beige and copper and gold are pressed between two layers of glass?

All our lives we have seen screens covered in damask and brocatelle, in brocade and velvet. In certain rooms they are inevitable. A one-toned damask in a room with figured walls is usually a safe solution. The heavier materials seem to belong to Renaissance or baroque apartments in the Italian or Spanish manner.

When you have read this little article, won't you lean back and survey your room? Is it exposed to view from the front door or hall? Is it just a bit too obvious and uninteresting, like a woman with so "open a face" that you feel that you know all about her at once and have no incentive to give further thought to her? Does it give the effect of an endless collection of tables and chairs, all on about the same level, with no high note of beauty to catch the attention, no shadowy corners to challenge the imagination? If so, dear reader, half-close your eyes and mentally try placing a delightful screen in the right spot. There! Doesn't that do just what you had always wanted?

Named for the Maine woods way of baking beans in an oven in the ground called the "*bean hole*"



Bean Hole Beans! Doesn't the very name make you hungry? And the beans—one taste, and you'll say you've never tasted beans like them!

They are like the beans baked in the Maine woods. Up there, you know, they bake them in an oven in the ground called the "bean hole."

The big-bellied iron bean pot is filled to the brim with layer upon layer of flavor-rich ingredients—beans, sugar-cured pork, molasses and brown sugar.

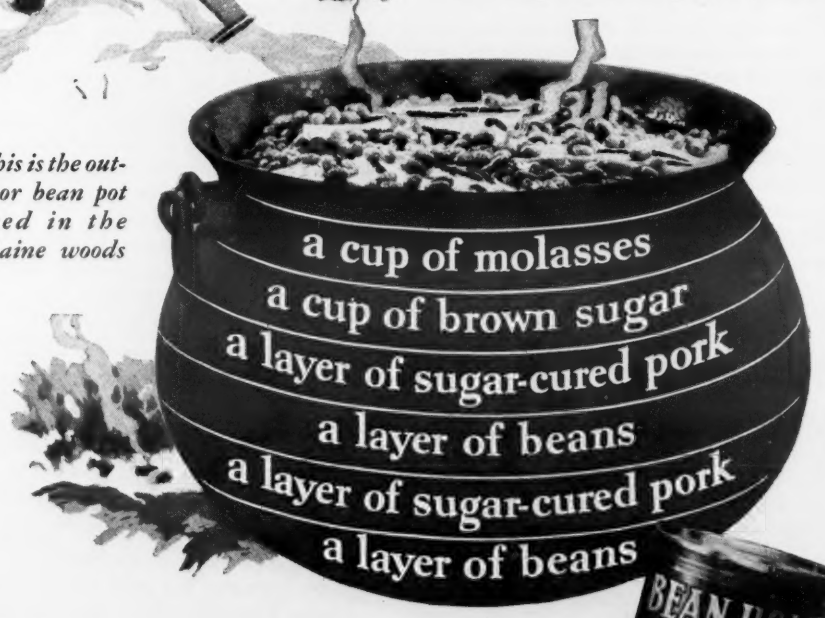
Then it is buried deep in the hot earthen oven—the bean hole. It is covered with embers of fragrant pine wood and left to bake all night.

This gives a wonderful flavor . . . forest fragrance . . . camp fire smoke . . . sweet, fresh earth.

And now, just think, you can get that very same woods flavor in Bean Hole Beans! A way has been found to reproduce that "baked-outdoors" taste.

If you haven't tried Bean Hole Beans yet, you have a new pleasure in store. Don't put it off; get a can or two today and have them for dinner or supper. *They're wonderful!* Two sizes, medium 15c; large 25c. Van Camp's, Indianapolis, Indiana.

This is the outdoor bean pot used in the Maine woods


a cup of molasses
a cup of brown sugar
a layer of sugar-cured pork
a layer of beans
a layer of sugar-cured pork
a layer of beans

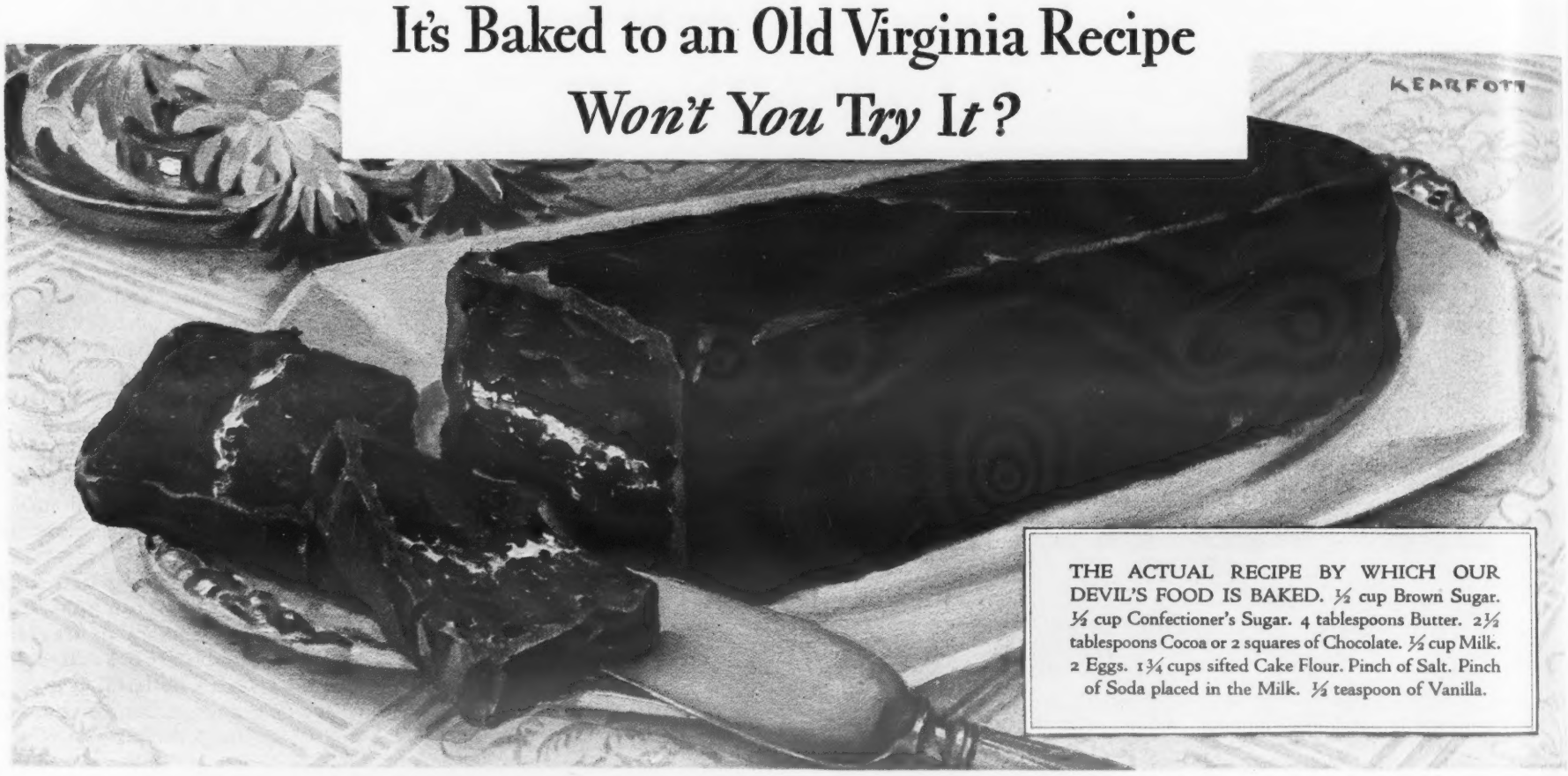
BEAN HOLE BEANS

Here's that Delicious Devil's Food

So many women are buying these days

It's Baked to an Old Virginia Recipe

Won't You Try It?



THE ACTUAL RECIPE BY WHICH OUR DEVIL'S FOOD IS BAKED. ½ cup Brown Sugar. ½ cup Confectioner's Sugar. 4 tablespoons Butter. 2½ tablespoons Cocoa or 2 squares of Chocolate. ½ cup Milk. 2 Eggs. 1¾ cups sifted Cake Flour. Pinch of Salt. Pinch of Soda placed in the Milk. ½ teaspoon of Vanilla.

To get it you go to your grocer. He has it fresh every day in the week. Also our Chocolate Layer, Pineapple Layer and those famous Hostess Cup Cakes.

By ALICE ADAMS PROCTOR

MADAM: The Devil's Food picture above will give you, we believe, an entirely new conception of cake sold in stores.

In no way is it to be confused with any ordinary cake you may have purchased in the past.

Its recipe originated years ago on the plantations of Virginia. By following it religiously our pastry cooks have secured a remarkable delicacy and richness of flavor, equalled hitherto in only the finest home-made cakes.

Domestic Science experts will testify to this. Also more than one million women.

So won't you try it? To get it, simply ask for a Hostess Devil's Food at any grocery store. Or, if you wish, one of the other Hostess Cakes to suit the taste of your family.

All cakes bearing that name "Hostess" are baked to time-proven recipes. It is a brand name that has come to stand for the very finest in bakery products.

The ingredients used are actually superior in most ways to those you can buy yourself.

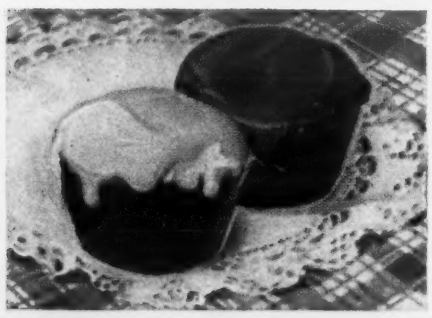
Our flour is a case in point. We blend it by our own special process from the choicest wheats grown in America. All this, of course, at great extra expense.

Our butter also. Every pound we use must test "90 score" by U. S. Government tests.

Our milk is pasteurized *twice*. It is carefully heated to 212 degrees. Then cooled instantly.

Our sugar is 99.7 pure. Our salt 99.6. Our eggs are inspected not once but *five times*.

Hence Hostess Cakes equal the finest home-baked kinds. To try one is often to renounce home-baking for good. More than ten thousand women have written to tell us this.



TWO FOR FIVE CENTS is all these delicious cup cakes cost you. They're baked New England style; your choice of chocolate or vanilla icing.

OUR COSTLY INGREDIENTS

FLOUR. A special blend of the finest wheat from the Pacific Northwest; white wheat from Michigan; and the famous red winter wheat from Northern Ohio.

MILK. Every drop pasteurized twice.

BUTTER. Pure creamery butter testing "90 score."

EGGS. All eggs are inspected not once but *five times*.

SUGAR. Must be 99.7 pure.

FLAVORINGS. We make all our own flavorings.

For months their letters literally poured into our offices. Frank, sincere, unsolicited tributes to the flavor of these remarkable cakes.

Their letters stressed, too, our reasonable prices. These women were amazed to find that these cakes often *save half the cost of baking at home.*

In view of the rich ingredients used, this may seem incredible, until you learn how our price is reduced by the thousands of cakes we bake each day.

Please try at once

So start, if you will, with our Devil's Food. Or, if you prefer, our Chocolate Layer. Or our now-famous Cup Cakes.

In ordering, only remember this: Whether you ask for a Hostess Devil's Food or a Hostess Chocolate Layer, emphasize that word, "Hostess."

This is highly important if you want the kind of cakes described here. Since they cost no more than ordinary kinds, to accept a substitute is folly.

If you wish, I will send you FREE my new booklet, "Hostess Hints."

In it you'll find new ideas for entertaining, suggestions for ideal menus, and more about these Hostess Cakes. Please mail coupon today.

Hostess Cake

BAKED BY THE BAKERS OF WONDER BREAD

Mrs. Proctor, Continental Baking Co., 285 Madison Avenue, New York City

© 1929, C. B. Co. (L7)

Please send me FREE my copy of "Hostess Hints."

Name .....

Address .....

The Sub-Deb

A Page for Girls

THE latest vogue in sports clothes is the tennis frock cut in either V or round neck in the back, to the depth of one's favorite evening dress. A very sensible fad, too, since it enables one to avoid showing that ugly line where warm sunbrown stops and the white of one's natural skin tint begins. Every girl remembers how often she has raged before her mirror at the way her newly acquired coat of sunburn spoiled the effect of her prettiest dance frock by not quite reaching the frock's neck line. In the illustrations below you can see how pretty and practical this new style really is. Turn also to the design on Page 134. —MARGUERITE ASPINWALL.

A Gypsy-Trail Party

TREASURE hunts with their pirates, clews and hectic searchings are giving place to the newer sport of the Gypsy Trail where you search for comrades, and your keenness in observing the signs leads you true.

Heed the call of open spaces,
Join the gypsies in their paces,
Don your garments of bright hue.
To the Gypsy Trail I'm asking you.

Signed.....
Time.....
Place.....

This invitation written on rough brown paper, in bright red ink, may be folded and addressed, with a large blot of the red ink as a seal. The fun is just as appealing to a party of girls as to one of girls and boys. Let them come dressed in gypsy clothes with gay scarves, countless chains of beads and picturesque headdresses.

The hostess will provide each guest with a red bandanna handkerchief in which is tied his lunch, as everyone carries his own. A crooked stick and a strong double knot call for the picturesque way of carrying this bundle over the shoulder.

As the party assembles the first third of the arriving guests are shown a collection of ways to mark the trail. The leader or captain of the bunch is told by the hostess where the end of the trail is to be, and is allowed to make the route to it as devious as he desires. This trail-blazing group is given at least a twenty-minute start over the followers.

It is essential in blazing and in following the trail to have everyone in the party observe the kind of signs that will be used. A well-known Indian sign, used where there is underbrush, is to break a small branch and leave it hanging. Where dry sticks are used, a pointing arrow may be laid in the path with the biggest stick for the center of the arrow and two small sticks coming to a point to make the head.

A crotched stick with a straight stick laid in the crotch is the scout sign of warning. Whenever possible this may be used in the trail to precede a turn to the right or to the left. The stick indicating the direction of the turn should follow very shortly after the warning sign.

Growing grasses may be tied together in a bundle or tussock to mark the trail across a field. These must be indicated at intervals of not more than four feet apart as the trail through a grassy place is frequently very easily lost.

A tussock of grass with the top of the grasses bent over to the right indicates that the trail turns right. Turned toward the left it shows that the trail runs in that direction.

Three small tied bunches of grass in a row also constitute a sign of warning.

Where stones are used to mark the trail, a small stone placed on a large stone indicates "This is the trail." When this trail mark has another stone placed on the ground at the right of the large stone, it means "Turn left." Three stones piled on top of each other mean "Warning."

These scout signs for trailing are used all over the country from Maine to California.

It requires good organization in the leading party to lay a successful trail that can be followed. A captain and lieutenant should be appointed. The captain lays the trail and the lieutenant hands him the materials he will need. All of the rest of the Romany band scout around for a supply of dry sticks, or stones, as they jog along. Of course it takes more time to lay a trail than it does to follow one, and so the second band should not be started too soon.

For the second band a captain who has the final responsibility in accepting trail signs must also be appointed. Everyone in the band will be alert for trail marks, but in case of doubt the captain has the deciding voice as to the interpretation of the signs.

The end of the trail should be marked by sticks spelling "END" or by a circle of stones.

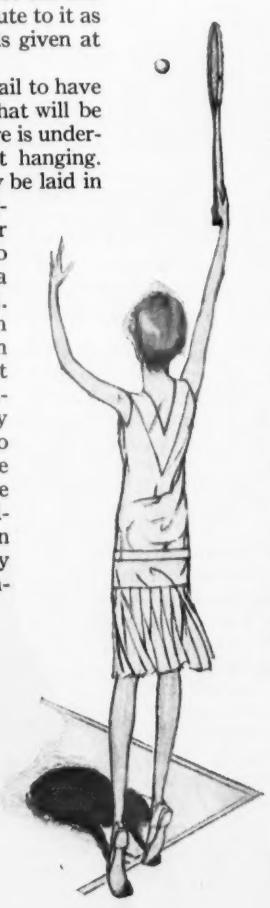
No gypsy party is complete without a fire, and if dry wood or underbrush is not readily available in the locality the hostess will have previously concealed a supply there. Long-handled forks or pointed sticks will also be needed for each one to cook his individual portion, which is daintily wrapped in wax papers in the bandanna handkerchief.

MENU 1
Pigs in Blankets
Bread-and-Butter Sandwich
Lettuce-Salad Sandwich
Orange Some Mores

MENU 2
Bacon
Sliced-Egg Sandwich
Tomato-Salad Sandwich
Apple or Seasonable Fruit
Homemade Cookies Marshmallows

MENU 3
Cheese Sandwich
Baked-Bean-and-Tomato Sandwich
Two Kinds of Fruit Cup Cake

Pigs in Blankets make a very substantial lunch or dinner food and are made by cutting a piece of steak about an inch thick, an inch wide and two inches long, laying a thin slice of onion over the top, and rolling it in a piece of bacon. Over a bed of glowing coals, at the end of a long stick or fork, each gypsy member may broil his steak to his liking and place it between buttered slices of bread, lightly salted.



Some Mores call for two graham crackers, half a cake of plain chocolate bar and a marshmallow. The marshmallow, toasted to golden softness, is placed on the chocolate between the two crackers, where it slightly melts the chocolate and spreads the fluffy goodness of the toasted marshmallow over all.

In places where flat rocks are plentiful and a big fire can be started while games are in progress, the rocks can be heated for an hour or more in the fire and the steaks broiled on them. Wiped clean with a piece of suet, they are greased and steaming, ready for the steak. The hostess should have the stones selected ahead of time, and should provide a small shovel or pitchfork for lifting the hot stones from the fire.

When the weather is warm, so that only a small fire is desired, the bacon may be broiled to place over sliced egg between the bread and butter, or cheese sandwiches may be toasted to delicious crispness.

—NENA WILSON BADENOCH.

On Horseback to Breakfast

MOST girls and boys who live in the country ride today, and even young city dwellers may belong to classes that ride in the park once or twice a week.

Illustrated By Earle Kirkbride

As April, unless you live in a climate where spring comes late, is a wonderful time for exhilarating, before-breakfast canters on bridle paths or along country roads, what could be more delightful than for a group of enthusiastic young horsemen and horsewomen to gather for a just-after-sunrise ride, and wind up at some attractive small inn or tea house for breakfast?

The route the ride is to follow will have been carefully worked out beforehand by the girl who gives the breakfast party, making it just long enough to end, before everyone grows too hungry, at the chosen inn, or at her own home if this seems more practical.

The girl's mother will, of course, make all the arrangements ahead of time for the breakfast, and if an inn is chosen, she will be there early enough to greet the riders when they arrive.

After a brisk gallop in the chill of early morning, scrambled eggs, sizzling-hot bacon and luscious, buttery muffins will be popular fare, as will also crisp little brown sausages and piles of smoking griddle cakes or waffles. Naturally there will be hot coffee for those who drink it, cocoa for those who do not, and everyone will have appalling appetites and be in high spirits. It will be something new in parties too.

Handfuls of Charm

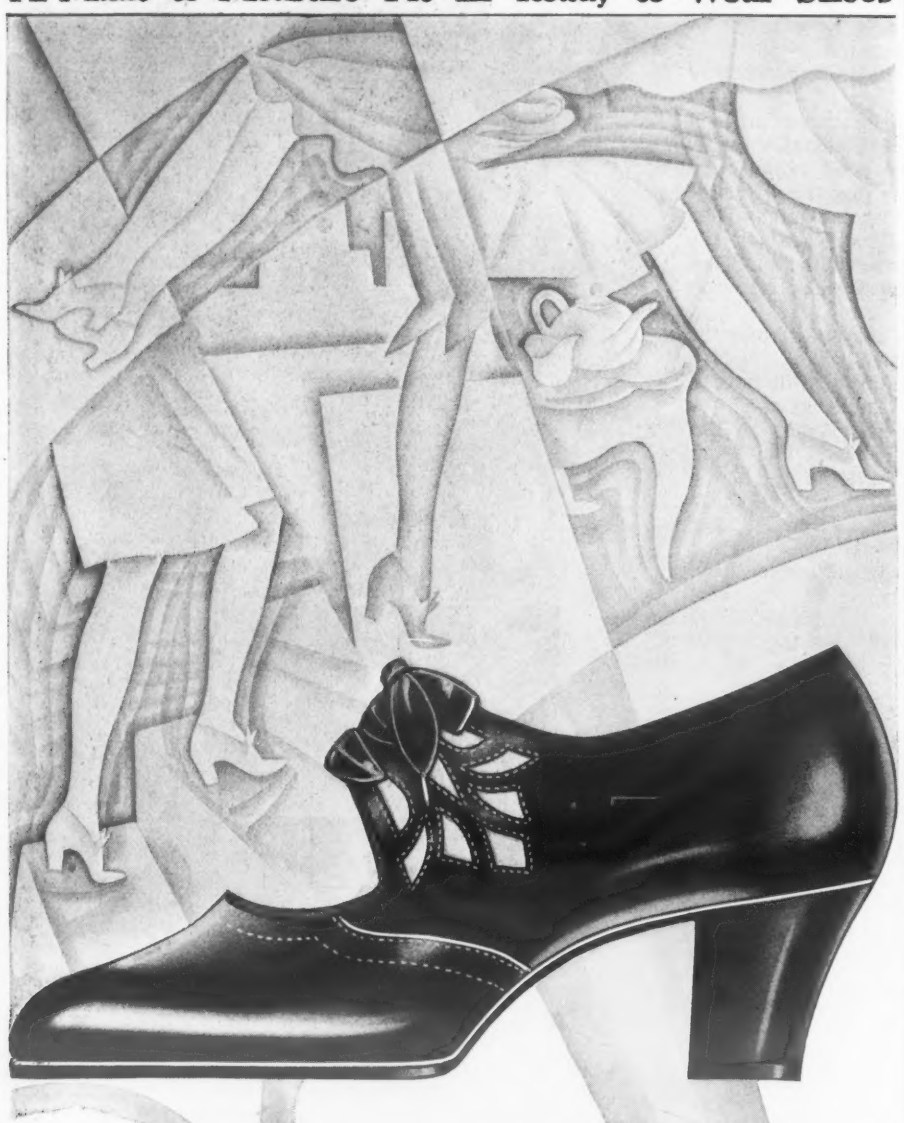
EVERY normal girl wants to be charming and popular—which, after all, are pretty nearly synonymous terms. And every normal girl can be both, if —— It isn't such a big "if," either. Youth, in itself, is a lovely thing, and if you add to its possession due attention to all those small but vitally important details of a well-groomed appearance—becoming clothes, a real consideration for the preferences and tastes of your friends, and a willingness to coöperate in their good times, which is merely another description of good sportsmanship—you will find these ingredients are the unfailing recipe for just the kind of girl you want to be.

Perhaps no two things add to or detract from one's personal charm like the hair and the hands. On the December Sub-Deb page we offered an attractive little booklet showing the latest, most becoming ways to let the bob grow, and thousands of girls all over this country, Mexico, Canada, Alaska, and parts of Europe wrote to us asking for it. (By the way, these booklets, Letting the Bob Grow Gracefully, with nine delightful sketches of Paris and American coiffures for the young girl, can still be obtained if you send a stamped self-addressed envelope to the Sub-Deb Department.)

Some of these girls also asked us to tell them simple but effective ways to keep their hands in nice condition. And

(Continued on Page 134)

A Made-to-Measure Fit in Ready-to-Wear Shoes



For the foot that is "*Hard to Fit*"

NOT enough women know that their "foot troubles" are usually "fit troubles." And there's a good reason. Ordinary shoes are made to vary only in length and width. Yet the foot itself also varies at three other points—at the instep, waist and heel. When a shoe fails to fit at all five points, some foot (fit) trouble often develops.

Wilbur Coon Shoes Give This 5-Point Fit

And the result is relief from corns, bunions, callouses and arch trouble. Slipping heels, gaping sides and wrinkles disappear. Your shoe, now fitted to your individual measurements, looks smarter and daintier. Yet you pay no premium for this expert fit and comfort.

256 Sizes—1 to 12—AAAA to EEEEE

The largest range of sizes and widths and combinations available. Every length-and-width size has three combination fittings at instep, waist and heel. "Made-to-Measure Fit in Ready-to-Wear Shoes" is now a reality for women everywhere. In various leathers and fabrics.

Smart Spring Styles Now Being Shown—Write for Dealer's Name

Read This New Book

If you have trouble with your feet or shoes, this book will show you the way to foot comfort and smartness through perfect fit. Contains many new shoe styles. Mailed free on request. *Use this coupon.*

W. B. Coon Company, 71 Canal St., Rochester, N.Y.

Please send booklet *"How to Get a Perfect Fitting Shoe"*, and nearest dealer's name.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Wilbur Coon Shoes

She Earned $58.00 and Such Prizes!

ONLY three short months ago, Mary Carolyn Hurst, at right, had never heard of The Girls' Club. She was just a fun-loving schoolgirl who dreamed of earning her own money *sometime*.

Then, one fortunate day, she read a Girls' Club column much like this one.

She Wrote Me a Note

SHE sat down and dropped me a note asking about The Club. I rushed the details out to her, and she started our pleasant work immediately. She spent only her spare time and her Saturdays. Now ——

All those "earning" dreams have come true!

In an unbelievably short time after she joined The Club, she had earned $58.00. And she had increased her school outfit with an automatic pencil, a fountain pen and a brief case. The girls in her "crowd" all gathered round when she wore the pretty blue-and-gold club pin.

Things came along in a rush after that. An attractive desk set, won as a prize, found its way to her and a camera and sports watch added to her good times. Of course the string of glowing pearls was just the thing for dress-up times.

I'll Tell You About It

MARY CAROLYN HURST is but *one* of the hundreds of schoolgirls who are wearers of the blue-and-gold pin and who are winning independence and good times in The Girls' Club. Won't you join us?

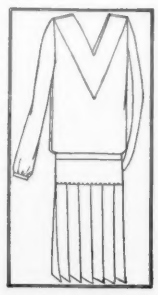
Write me a note just as Mary Carolyn did, asking about our pleasant Club and I'll speed the details, so that you may start *immediately*. You'll be under no obligations and not a cent will it cost you now or later. Please tell me your age too.

Manager of the Girls' Club

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
964 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The Sub-Deb

(Continued from Page 133)



V-necked tennis dress No. 6122, shown here with long sleeves, is designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

so this month we are offering a small folder with a number of hints and suggestions on this important subject.

Athletic girls, girls who skate, coast and play hockey in winter, and swim, ride, handle sailboats and play golf and tennis in summer, use their hands hard, just as a boy does. Yet they don't want them to look as a boy's hands look, nor do they want to give up any of their healthy, outdoor activities.

This does not mean that anybody in these modern, athletic days wants a pair of soft, white, helpless-looking hands. Of course you don't want that! But neither do you wish to feel uncomfortably conscious—at lunch, tea or card table—of neglected hands with badly trimmed nails, and ugly calluses on the palms.

A very few minutes of effort each day can remedy all that, and make you proud not only of what your hands can *do* in the way of sports, but of how they appear to your friends. No matter how charming your frock, or how well groomed your hair, your hands must match both in charm and care or the effect is lost.

Why not see, then, what the Sub-Deb Editor has found to tell you about the care of your hands?

A stamped, self-addressed envelope sent to the Sub-Deb Department, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, will bring you the little folder.

Cat Cushions for Cars

HERE is a black cat for good luck as well as comfort for the automobile driver. Patent leather, black oilcloth or leather, whichever is most convenient, may be used.

Material required: ½ yard patent leather or black oilcloth, or two skins of leather, ⅛ yard rose millinery felt, ¼ pound of any light stuffing, white paint and a fine brush.

To make: Fold material double and cut according to pattern. Paint face on one piece for the front. Cut felt tongue and bow, sew tongue from the wrong side, pin bow in place. Sew back and front of cushion together, leaving ⅛ inch edge, and lower edge open for packing. Stitch bow in place. Stuff cat and sew lower edge. Made of black satin or felt, the cat will also be a jolly addition to any girl's bedroom.

Pattern and directions for cutting out the cushion will be sent on receipt of four cents in stamps to cover postage. Write to the Sub-Deb Department, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

—MERLE MUNN.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail from Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Dresses, 45 cents.

The Pied Piper ,, Aladdin ,, Fauntleroy!

—*at the famous Jack and Jill Theatre for children they keep fit on* "HORLICK'S"

Unique—this little Chicago theatre with its repertoire of a dozen plays, acted and costumed for children, by children! All the favorites of fairy lore and history come to life on the stage of Jack and Jill. "Aladdin" (left) and "The Piper" (below, left) are among the productions which play to crowded houses repeatedly

In all of these young actors, one notes keen imagination . . . vitality plus—*evidences of their sturdy health which "Horlick's" helps to preserve*

JOYOUS responsibilities—these of creating new rôles, making costumes, tending lights! Hard work—that calls for robust health as well as sparkling enthusiasm.

Socially prominent patronesses of the Jack and Jill Theatre, mothers who attend rehearsals, agree that a supplementary diet is necessary.

And because only the *best*, only the *safest* and *purest* will do for these children, Horlick's Malted Milk is specified.

Your children—do they not deserve as much?

What "Horlick's" gives

"Horlick's" contains all the nourishment of fresh, full-cream cow's milk, plus that of malted grains. Carbohydrates, proteins, minerals, vitamins—all conserved by the exclusive Horlick process.

The action of the malt enzymes makes these food elements so easily digestible that they are assimilated almost at once.

It is easy to see why "Horlick's" is so good for your children! Why drinks of "Horlick's," warm or cold, will give them energy for all day!

If your children are nervous, irritable, lacking in appetite, give them "Horlick's" (natural or chocolate flavor) to strengthen, to build up naturally.

Energy, fresh color, sound sleep, and keen appetites usually return when these underweight conditions are corrected.

Do not confuse

But do not confuse "Horlick's" with other preparations which have appeared on the market. Only "Horlick's" is the original Malted Milk—used and endorsed by physicians and hospitals for nearly 50 years.

"Horlick's" is made under sanitary conditions. The milk is from Horlick's own herds, or from herds under Horlick inspection. The choice grains are malted in Horlick's *own* malt house. Every care you would take to protect your own children, Horlick has taken.

Why not start your children *now* on "Horlick's"? Let us send you a generous sample—free. Your choice of flavors, natural or chocolate. Just clip the coupon and mail it. Or, go to your dealer and buy a package today. Insist on "Horlick's," the original and genuine.

A nourishing, delicious table drink for adults. Induces sound sleep if taken before retiring. An ideal food beverage for invalids, convalescents, nursing mothers, the aged and infirm.

"Horlick's," the original Malted Milk, is sold in both natural and chocolate flavors, in powder or tablet form

The Piper and Ian, of the Jack and Jill cast of "The Piper," enjoy glasses of "Horlick's" between acts of a strenuous rehearsal. Everywhere, mothers of modern children such as these, with their full programs of work and play, recognize the value of Horlick's Malted Milk as an extra "builder"

THE ORIGINAL MALTED MILK

HORLICK'S

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CORP.
Dept. A-18, Racine, Wis.
Tear out and mail this coupon for sample package. Check flavor wanted.
For Speedy Mixer, the improved method of mixing a creamy Malted Milk *in a pitcher or a glass*, enclose 4 cents in stamps for postage.

☐ *Natural* ☐ *Chocolate*

Name.....

Address.....

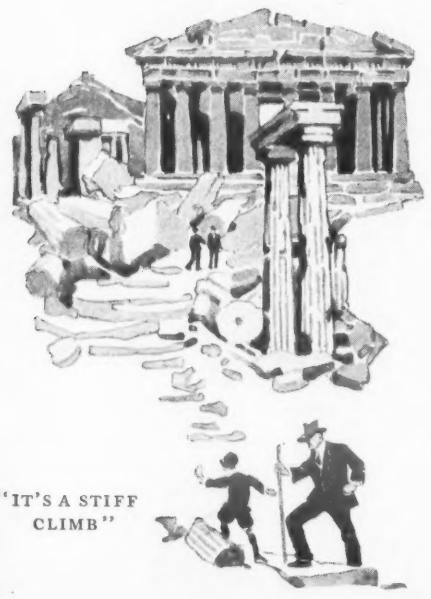
(If you live in Canada, address 2155 Pius IX Ave., Montreal)

THE LOCAL MILKMAN

ONE OF THE GREAT GATES

Adventures in Geography

Written and Illustrated by GERTRUDE A. KAY



"IT'S A STIFF CLIMB"

COLONEL BOB was slowly moving his pencil across the Mediterranean, past the island of Capri, around the boot of Italy, and over toward Greece. His pencil stopped.

"And that's where we'll be tomorrow," he said to Bobby, who was watching over his shoulder.

"Let's talk about it," said Bobby.

"Suppose we do," said Colonel Bob. And he began by saying that Greece was the *real* land of fairy tales—though some people call the fairy tales Greek myths.

"Now in Athens we will see all sorts of fine temples and statues and arches that are named after certain of these fairies, or gods and goddesses as they called them. You see, they had about thirty thousand of these, but twelve of them were very important and were supposed to manage the affairs of the others as well as the entire universe.

"First came Zeus. He was supreme, and it was his business to take charge of all men, women and children generally. And Hera was his wife. She probably gave him lots of good advice in his work. Poseidon, better known as Neptune, ruled over the sea; he was often called Father Neptune. This was another important job. Then came Hephæstus, or Vulcan. His home was inside of a mountain, and that's why volcanoes are named after him. Apollo was the most beautiful of all, and besides was the god of the sun and of music. Artemis was his twin sister, and she was the goddess of the moon and of hunting. But Ares was a terrible fellow. He was the god of war. Hermes was the errand boy of the whole outfit and had wings on his cap and sandals. Aphrodite, of course you've heard of her, was the goddess of beauty, and Hestia was the kind goddess who looked after the household. Demeter is still another who took care of the farmers. But Minerva, or Athena, the goddess of wisdom, is the one we hear most about in Athens, for the city was named after her and the great Parthenon was built in her honor."

THE LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Helen of Troy

"NOW one of the first stories that came out of Greece was the story of Helen of Troy and the Trojan War. And this is about what happened: Once upon a time there was a young man named Paris. His father was the king of Troy. Now Paris was a very ambitious young person, for he wanted to marry the most beautiful girl in the world. Venus, the goddess of beauty herself, decided to help him. She felt that she should, and so she told him that Helen, the wife of the king of Sparta, was the most beautiful of all.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

"Paris immediately went over to Sparta, which was one of the great cities of Greece, and ran away with Helen. This started a war: the Trojan War. Now Troy was a walled city and the Greeks, try as they would, couldn't break down the wall. And so they resorted to a very clever trick. They built an enormous horse, so big that a company of soldiers hid inside of it. They hauled this horse up to the gate of Troy, then got into their ships and sailed away, or appeared to do so.

"The Trojans were very curious when they discovered this strange horse outside of their city. Finally they couldn't stand it any longer and went out and looked it over. The Trojans were greatly puzzled, but they moved the horse into the city."

The Olympic Games

"WHEN night came, out crawled the soldiers and opened the gates. The Greek army returned, swarmed through the walls of Troy, and took the city. And Helen went back to Sparta.

"This story of the Trojan War is told in two great poems which were written by Homer, a blind poet. They are the Iliad and the Odyssey. When you go to college you will read them."

"How long ago was this?" asked Bobby.

"About a thousand years before Christ was born," answered the colonel.

"Tell more," said Bobby.

And so the colonel went on and explained about the people of Sparta and Athens. "The Spartans were very brave and from childhood were trained to suffer pain and hardship without flinching. They were great fighters and wrestlers. And though the Athenians loved athletic games just as the Spartans did, they also loved music and poetry and sculpture and painting and architecture. They believed in training the mind as well as the body."

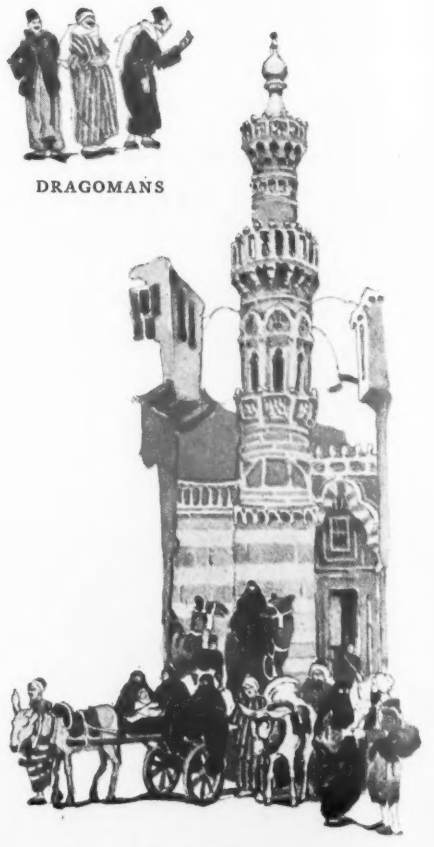
"Now tell about the Olympic games."

"Well," said the colonel, "they were begun at about this time to celebrate a great holiday in honor of the god Zeus. They didn't play football or basketball or baseball, as we would, but they wrestled, and ran, and jumped, and threw disks. And the great foot race, the Marathon, which was named after one of their victorious battles, started here. Then there were contests between the poets and musicians to see who could write the most beautiful poems or play the best music on the lyre. And, Bobby, while this was going on in Greece, *our* ancestors in Europe were *wearing skins* and *living in caves*."

Bobby was thinking of these things the next day as they drove along the road that led to Athens. Far ahead they could see

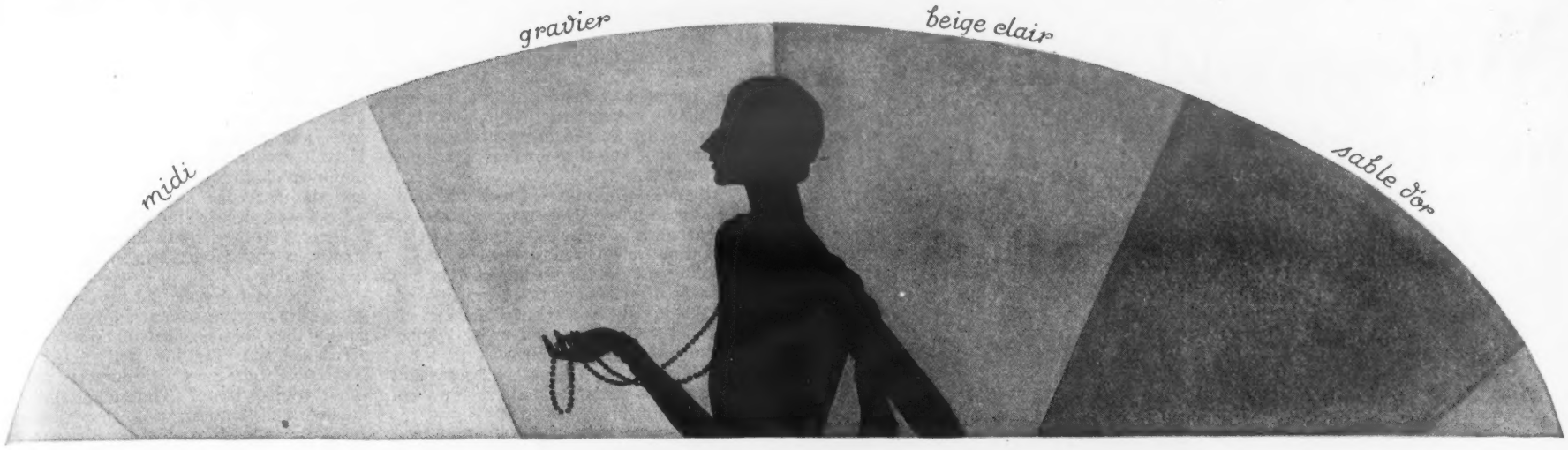
(Continued on Page 138)

DRAGOMANS



IT'S A NOISY, PUSHING CROWD

OUT ON THE DESERT



hosiery colors – new for spring

All hail the sun—new source of style!

Our costume colors, our hosiery shades for Spring, says the Realsilk Fashion Committee, have been planned to harmonize with the sun-tinted skins one sees everywhere.

It's the sunburn vogue which has prompted the brilliant new array of *costume* shades . . bright blues, clear reds, chartreuse-greens, mustardy yellows . . .

And this same healthy fashion is directly responsible for the new Realsilk *hosiery* colors!

Golden beiges . . sandy beiges . . . nude beiges . . . mauve beiges. Worn by a smart sunburned world . . . Chosen for you by these experts in *chic*, the Realsilk Fashion Committee.

***Nuage* . . a silvery beige, worn with blues, greys, beige and black.**

***Midi* . . a delicate flesh-beige, proper accompaniment to the pastels and tint tones of the evening mode.**

***Gravier* . . a sunburned beige so transparent that it gives the effect of sunburned skin. Worn with all the bright sports colors, white and black. *Chic* for evening with the stronger costume colors.**

Steichen

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Katherine Harford
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Lynn Fontanne
Elinor Patterson

Lady Egerton

***Beige clair* . . a nude beige, for reds, browns, blues, black and certain colors of the evening mode.**

***Sable d'or* . . whose deep tone suggests the sun-warmed sands of the fashionable Mediterranean beaches. Smart women choose this color for the new greens, browns and black, and for whites—both day and evening.**

***Tourterelle* . . an elusive, lovely grey-beige with the new mauve cast, suitable for any neutral shade.**

Twenty-two shades in all, assembled for you by the Realsilk Fashion Committee . . A famous Paris designer, America's foremost stage star, a renowned artist, the debutante star of "The Miracle," a noted American stylist . . .

Let us show you the new colors in these famous stockings, in your own home! All weights, from sheerest chiffons to sturdy service weaves . . . Added length, picot tops, a new nicety of details throughout. Realsilk Hosiery is never sold in stores. If your Realsilk Representative is not calling regularly, telephone him today. The Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana, U. S. A.

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The New REALSILK Hosiery

Widespread interest in newly discovered health value of Japan Tea

Many thousands are now profiting by this simple safeguard against several common maladies

In simple Japan green tea, scientists have discovered a rich supply of Vitamin C

IT has created widespread interest—this recently discovered health value in simple Japan green tea. Day after day letters come pouring in to us from every state in the union.

So many men and women suffer from these everyday minor maladies. So many are glad to learn that flavor-laden cups of good old Japan green tea are a protection against them. Scientists now know that this familiar tea is rich in the precious food element Vitamin C—an element which is lacking in most of the foods which we eat.

"Important to us," writes one eminent scientist, "are the results of a diet *poor* in Vitamin C. The symptoms are a *sallow, muddy complexion, loss of energy, fleeting pains usually mistaken for rheumatism.* It now appears that this condition is rather common among grown people."

Everyday ailments

Loss of energy that so often brings with it lethargy, lowered vitality, poor appetite, sleeplessness, nervousness.

A sallow, muddy skin that mars good looks.

Pains in the joints and limbs that seem like rheumatism.

To many who suffer from these ailments, the discovery about Japan green tea has come as welcome news. Good old Japan green tea is certainly no sovereign remedy. But today it is known to be rich in precious Vitamin C—a protection against these maladies.

Try this simple plan

Only a small group of foods aside from Japan green tea, spinach and a few fruits and vegetables, contain Vitamin C. The Japan green tea that grocers sell, brings an abundance of it.

If you are "run down" and easily tired out, if your complexion is sallow, if you are troubled with so-called rheumatic pains, try this simple plan: Drink tempting, fragrant cups of Japan green tea, regularly at lunch, at supper, in the afternoon. Take advantage of its rich supply of Vitamin C. In a few weeks you will probably feel more vigorous, more healthy—and look it, as well. Whenever you drink tea, be sure it is Japan green tea.

For years one of the two most popular kinds of tea in this country, Japan green tea comes in several grades—in packages under various brand names or in bulk. Your grocer has it or can get it. American-Japanese Tea Committee, 782 Wrigley Building, Chicago.

(Continued from Page 136)

the Acropolis, which rises five hundred feet above the surrounding country. It looks like a great platform or throne, and on top of it stand the ruins of temples and statues.

Athens is a mixture of modern buildings, broad paved streets, automobiles, as well as ruins of temples, arches and theaters that are thousands of years old.

Bobby saw boys dressed much as he was dressed. Then he saw a boy wearing short, stiff skirts, tight trousers and an embroidered jacket. On his head was a strange sort of red nightcap. He was driving a herd of goats from house to house, and Colonel Bob said that he was the local milkman.

They came to a place where fifteen great Corinthian columns stood. "And this is all that is left of the Temple of Jupiter," said Colonel Bob.

"And now for the Acropolis," said Colonel Bob. "It's a stiff climb up steep steps. Up and up, and you feel as if you could see all over the world when you get there. Columns, parts of columns and great blocks of marble lie all about.

"That," said Colonel Bob, pointing to the biggest temple, "is the Parthenon, and was dedicated to Minerva or Athene, the goddess of wisdom. Pericles the Great built it, and Phidias the master sculptor designed it. Always remember those three P's—Parthenon, Pericles and Phidias."

"What happened to it?" asked Bobby.

"Well," said the colonel, "it was built about four hundred years before Christ. Then war followed war, and it was shot to pieces. One time it was a Greek temple, then a Christian church, then the Turks conquered Greece and it became a mosque.

"Over there is Mars Hill," said the colonel, pointing in the other direction. "That is where the Apostle Paul preached when he came to convert the Greeks."

Down below they could see men digging in the dirt. Excavating, the colonel called it. They were hunting for more buried statues and other relics.

That evening as Colonel Bob and Bobby stood on the deck of the Reliable, they looked back at the coast of Greece.

"Let's tip our hats to all the gods and goddesses," said Colonel Bob.

"Let's," said Bob—and they did.

The Crusades

BOBBY had begun to feel as if the ship was his home. He talked to everybody—especially the captain. At Bobby's age the captain was on a sailing ship that went round Cape Horn. Then Bobby had another friend—Kinky, the elevator boy.

Now there was a seaman who had a parrot that couldn't speak a word of English—just Dutch. You should have heard him. The parrot came from Java. Bobby decided that he'd buy one with his spending money, or else a monkey. He and Kinky and the seaman talked it over and decided not to tell a soul, for it would be such a nice surprise for everybody.

"What's tomorrow?" asked Bobby as they walked around the deck arm in arm.

"Jerusalem," answered Colonel Bob, "and we must each pack our bags, for we'll be gone several days.

"Do you realize, old man, how easy it is for us to go to Jerusalem? When you stop to think of all the pilgrims and all the crusaders that have been going there on foot for hundreds of years, and all we do is to ride over on a big ship, get off and climb on to a train, and in a few hours we are there."

"Tell about it," said Bobby.

"Well, at one time, in Europe, all good Christians, and some not so good, wanted to go to Jerusalem. They wanted to see the spot where Christ was crucified and buried. But since there were no trains, and most of them were very poor, they walked. They went from England, France, Germany and Spain. And sometimes it took months and even years. They were called pilgrims. You see, at this time Jerusalem was ruled by the Turks who were Mohammedans, and they had no respect for these holy places. So the pilgrims who had been there carried back tales, and a certain one, called Peter the Hermit, organized a group of men, women and even children, who determined to go and take Jerusalem away from the Turks. They sewed pieces of red cloth in the form of a cross on their coats, and that is why they were called crusaders, which means cross bearers.

"These poor people had never studied geography or even seen a map, and so of course they had no idea of how far off Jerusalem was. On they went, a few on horseback, but most of them on foot. Can't you see them? Thousands died of hunger and sickness. As they neared Jerusalem, the Mohammedans heard that they were coming and went to meet the Christians, and a terrible battle followed in which most of them were killed."

The Holy City

"IN THE next two hundred years a crusade set forth at regular intervals. Jerusalem was won and lost again, over and over. Somewhere about the year 1189 the third crusade started. This is the one you hear the most about, for Richard the Lion-hearted, of England, led it, and he was a great knight, kind, gentle, strong and brave. Even his enemies admired him. The Mohammedan ruler of Jerusalem finally became his friend and an agreement was made that Christians in the future could come to Jerusalem and visit the shrines in peace.

"Years passed, and then we hear of other crusades; so probably the Mohammedans broke their agreement. Then a few years ago when peace terms were made after the World War, Jerusalem was put under English rule, so today the Holy City is in the hands of the Christians once more. And that is the story of the crusades."

The next morning the colonel and Bobby had their bags packed and were out on the deck early.

"Is that the Holy Land?" asked Bobby.

"It is," said Colonel Bob, "and all this country of Palestine that you see is historic ground, fought over by the crusaders."

When they landed on the pier they saw men in fezzes or turbans, or queer flowing headdresses, according to their nationality, for there are Turks, Jews, Christians and Arabs, all living in groups in Palestine. Boys in funny long robes were selling Jaffa oranges. Imagine an American boy in such an outfit!

On the train going up to Jerusalem they passed queer little villages, with low, flat-topped, stone houses. Men and women in the fields were plowing with oxen, and slow-moving camels, laden sometimes with big stones, walked in rows. A young shepherd boy, standing with his flock, waved at the passing train.

"Probably David looked like that chap," said Colonel Bob. The boy had a flowing headdress which he had wrapped round his head and shoulders, he wore a broad-striped robe and sandals and carried a staff in his hand.

The plains of Palestine are barren and stony, the mountains steep and high, and on the whole it's a lonely landscape that the traveler sees. After dark the train came to a standstill in a small station and everyone said, "Well, this is Jerusalem at last!"

It was. And there were American automobiles standing in a row waiting to take them to hotels—strange sight in this far-away land.

Early to bed, and the next morning they started for Bethlehem. Think of it, the Little Town of Bethlehem.

They came to the well by the roadside where the wise men stopped when they had lost sight of the star—and where they saw it again reflected in the water, and so were led to the stable where the infant

(Continued on Page 140)

Off to a fresh start

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

THERE'S a cheery top-of-the-morning feeling in a glass of ice-cold Coca-Cola. A tingling, delicious taste. A cool after-sense of refreshment. As the day rolls on, with much still to be done, the little red sign invites you to drop in at a cool and cheerful fountain—to pause and refresh yourself, and be off to a fresh start. ▼ ▼ ▼ Coca-Cola is a blend of many flavors, perfectly combined to give a flavor all its own. ▼ ▼ ▼ It has made friends with all the world—because people know its natural purity and wholesomeness are protected by the highest standards of manufacture.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

Served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD

OVER 8 MILLION A DAY

TO GET WHERE IT IS

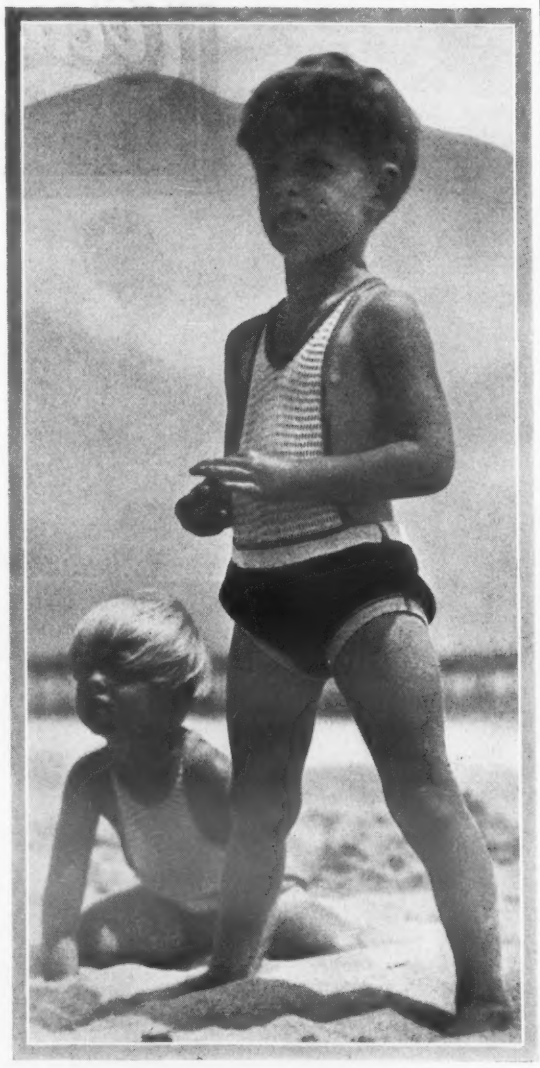
The children's coolest summer—*plan it now!*

THE routine of school, as well as that of business and household affairs, is wearing. A child's need of change is even greater than an adult's. That's why school vacations are so long.

The more different that change is, the better for the child. Consider this fact now, and plan a new trip for next summer.

Probably nowhere in this country is there so great a change, so interesting and educational a journey, or so healthful and wholesome a vacation as will be found in a trip to Southern California.

It is the air, the mountains and valleys, the orange groves, the missions, the ocean, the desert . . . that give this land the charm of a trip abroad . . . yet it's in your own America.



Perfect motor roads, or a network of trolley lines, take you through a lovely country to myriad interesting points . . . all within 200 miles of a great modern city. All the sports are here *at their best*. And you count on rainless days throughout the summer . . . no weather interruptions for your children's glorious playtime.

Summer days are glorious. The air is free of humidity. In the evening, light wraps are worn and ten nights out of eleven you will sleep under blankets.

Should you stay over into Autumn, there are new and modern schools here for the children.

The sights they'll see, the observations they will make, the new impressions they will gain of *Nature* as it is in this unusual place will be invaluable to them.

They will see Los Angeles County with its subtropical agriculture and farm crops valued at $95,000,000 annually. The oil fields of this county are valued at a billion dollars.

And the railroad journey to Southern California gives an idea of the Great West that no geography can teach.

There's so much more to tell that this space isn't nearly adequate.

We will mail you, without charge, "Southern California Through the Camera," a new book containing 73 large pictures in gravure which show the scenery, sports and events that await you here.

Plan now for a great "family trip" to Southern California next summer. Summer rates are lower. It will pay you . . . every one. The little folks never will forget it, nor will you.

Southern California

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All-Year Club of Southern California, Dept. 4-J
Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, California

Please send me your free book, "Southern California Through the Camera." Also booklets telling especially of the attractions in the counties which I have checked.

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☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Ventura
☐ San Bernardino ☐ San Diego

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

(Continued from Page 138)

Christ lay in the manger. A chapel stands there now. The entrance is through a low doorway made so that all must bow who enter this holy place.

They went down a flight of dark stone steps beneath the old church and there came to a stone cavern where Christ was born in the manger.

They walked through the narrow streets of Bethlehem, where the people wear the costumes of Bible times and everything seems like the long ago. They noticed crosses painted over the doorways of Christian homes, the bread seller with his loaves piled on a donkey's back, women carrying huge burdens on their heads, and the water carrier with his pigskin holder.

They went into the Garden of Gethsemane, where Christ prayed before the crucifixion. It is now kept by kindly Franciscan monks, who told Colonel Bob that the gnarled old olive trees which they saw were offshoots of the same trees under which Christ had rested.

Cairo and the Nile

THE next day Bobby and Kinky and the sailor talked some more about the monkey that Bobby was going to buy with his spending money. The sailor said that maybe he'd find a monkey at Port Said. The boys both hoped so. The ship would be there tomorrow morning.

Port Said is at the Mediterranean end of the Suez Canal. You know some years ago the continents of Asia and Africa were tied together by a tiny thread of land, the Isthmus of Suez, and ships going from Europe to India, China or Japan had to go clear around the Cape of Good Hope at the southern end of Africa. But France dug a great ditch through the isthmus from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, and now all sorts of ships go sailing through, saving thousands of miles.

Colonel Bob and Bobby and all the other people left the Reliable in the harbor at Alexandria and got onto a train that was going to Cairo. Then they began to see the Nile.

"And now," said Colonel Bob, "you are in the great delta of the Nile, which you read about in your geography. Do you remember that it said that Egypt is the gift of the Nile? Well, that's really true for if the Nile disappeared Egypt would soon dry up and become a desert. It is the second largest river in the world, and gathers up the rains in Abyssinia which it carries thirty-six hundred miles across the desert to empty into the Mediterranean.

A road ran beside the river, where long strings of camels and loaded donkeys moved slowly along. The mud villages were sunk low in the black soil, and tall date palms waved above them. The water buffalo, a queer enough animal, worked in the fields, oftentimes with a little boy astride its back. Bobby was interested in an old water mill where a blindfolded cow moved round and round in a never-ending circle. They had been using that kind of a pump since the time of the Pharaohs.

Then there were the Pyramids. And there were the minarets, dozens of them, for Cairo is the City of Minarets.

Bobby felt when they rode from the station as if their automobile was cutting in and out of a circus parade, for the streets were full of turbaned soldiers on horseback, Bedouins on camels, splendid sheiks on donkeys, whole cartloads of veiled women and children. It's a noisy, pushing crowd with fakirs of all kinds and blind beggars yelling, "Baksheesh, a gift."

But it's great fun at the hotel, sitting on a wide terrace at a little table, sipping a tall glass of lemonade, and all the time watching this strange procession go by. Yet Cairo is an up-to-date city, too, with fine hotels and apartment houses, broad boulevards and beautiful parks. And of course, since it is the capital of Egypt, the sultan's palace is there.

After lunch the colonel said, "You know who King Tut was, don't you, Bobby?"

"Sure," said Bobby.

"All right," said the colonel; "we are about to see his throne and his bed and his chariot and his sandals, and his safety razor for all I know." So they set out for the museum.

Now, if you'll believe it, there are some things in the museum that are about six thousand years old. They have found out a way to prove it. The old, old Egyptians used to write by making pictures of birds and snakes and bugs and things in a row, on stone, and after they had died nobody knew what it was all about. Well, one day a man was digging in the Nile delta, when he discovered a big flat stone with a lot of this picture writing on it, and underneath the same story was told in two different languages, and one of them was Greek. And so, of course, the scholars began to work out this picture puzzle, and though it took twenty years to solve it, they finally got the answer. Nowadays we know a lot about these people who lived along the Nile centuries ago.

In the museum there were rooms and rooms filled with statues and cases of things, and there were mummies and mummies, but most important of all were the rooms where King Tut's things were. First of all, there is the gold mask that had covered his face and looked like him; then there is the gold coffin that he had lain in. Nearly everything is solid gold—chariot, throne, bed, everything. "And after all he was nothing but a boy," said Colonel Bob.

"And now," said Colonel Bob as they left the museum, "I have a surprise for you—*a very nice one.*"

"Tell it," said Bobby. "Please!"

"How would you like to go camping on the desert near the Sphinx? Ride a camel, sleep in a tent, and cook your supper on a bonfire?"

And that very afternoon they started. The first part by automobile, as far as the edge of the desert. Other people went too. The fun began when they got out of the cars and climbed onto the camels that were squatted in the sand waiting for them.

Then the camels got up. First in front and then in the back. You are sure that you will fall off. Colonel Bob's camel was called Yankee Doodle, and Bobby's, Uncle Sam.

The Sahara Desert

THE camel boys, in fezzes and long colored nightgowns, trotted along at the sides, trying to sell all sorts of things or tell fortunes in the sand.

The procession wound around the Pyramids which have stood there since 2900 B.C., past the Sphinx who sits in the sand like an enormous lion with his paws stretched out in front of him. They stopped in front of the Great Pyramid, which looks like an enormous pile of rocks rising to the sky.

"Think of it," said Colonel Bob; "they had no building machinery in those days and all of these great stones had to be lifted and pushed up there by human beings. It took one hundred thousand men over twenty years to build it."

"What's inside?" asked Bobby.

"Nothing. Everything has been taken to the museum where you were today," answered Colonel Bob.

Then they rode quietly on over the soft sand till they came to the camp where they were to spend the night.

As soon as the sun went down it began to get cold and they all gathered round the big bonfire, where a cook was preparing their supper. It was a strange sight to see the sheiks, camel drivers and Bedouins in their long robes standing about, and the camels resting in the sand back of them.

Bobby and the colonel slept that night in a little tent pitched in the sand. If you've never done it you don't know what a funny feeling it is to wake up in the morning and look out on the Sahara Desert.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The third of Bobby's Adventures in Geography will appear in the June Journal.

MRS. FREDERIC CAMERON CHURCH JR.

formerly Miss Muriel Vanderbilt

Has these "*exceedingly comfortable*" beds in her Newport Home ~ ~

THIS CHARMING GUEST ROOM *has the original panelled doors and mantel that date back to Revolutionary times when Lord Dudley occupied the house. Simmons spool beds in maple finish "harmonize perfectly" with the old maple pieces Mrs. Church herself collected. On chintz-hung walls are seen some of her famous collection of hunting, driving, and riding prints. Spool Bed No. 1850 comes in maple, walnut, green-and-ivory, and gray-blue finishes.*

IN DUDLEY PLACE, her delightful Newport home which dates back to Revolutionary times, Mrs. Frederic Cameron Church Jr., has artistically preserved the beautiful historic atmosphere of the old house. And yet, with great ingenuity and taste, she has mingled brilliant modern colorings with her fine early American pieces.

For her guest room she chose these quaint, maple-finished spool beds from Simmons, which "harmonize perfectly" with this attractive background and yet, as she says, are "exceedingly comfortable."

Of course, Mrs. Church wanted the very finest appointments for her beds, so she chose damask-covered Simmons Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs as offering the utmost in comfort and beauty.

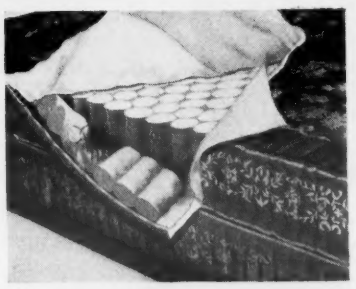
Mrs. Church, who is only one of their many proud owners, says, "I'm enthusiastic about the Simmons Mattresses and Springs. I was glad to find them covered in damask in such interesting patterns and colors to go with the color scheme of the room."

This marvelous bedroom equipment is the unique achievement of the world's largest makers of finest beds, springs, and mattresses. In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Simmons Ace Box Spring, $42.50; Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75. Simmons Beds $10.00 to $60.00, No. 1850, $37.50. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

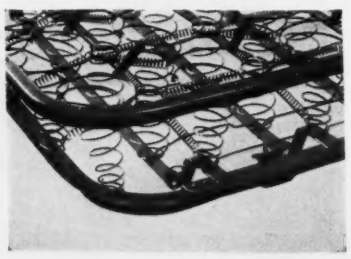
SIMMONS BUILT FOR SLEEP

BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES

MRS. FREDERIC CAMERON CHURCH JR., *formerly Miss Muriel Vanderbilt, is a spirited leader of the younger set at Newport. At Dudley Place she has a stable of magnificent show horses which she manages herself. She gives many unusual and amusing parties during the season, and the charm and originality that make her so popular in her set are delightfully present in her home.*



Detail of Inner Construction of the Beautyrest, unique for comfort and long wear. Hundreds of individually pocketed coils, wonderfully resilient, insure luxurious sleep. Uncrushable sides. Thick felt overlay; damask cover.



Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring made by the world's largest manufacturer of beds, springs, and mattresses. Damask covers in six pastel shades, two patterns. The Ace Box Spring, resilient and long wearing, has stitched sides and taped edges to match the Beautyrest.

Another Type of Spring—Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring, light weight, unboxed—sturdily constructed, low in price. The coils are close together to afford smooth, even action and marvelous resiliency. Banded border protects sheets. Slip covers at slight additional cost.

"Now wait, Mother. I want to Bon Ami the other candlestick, too."

Bon Ami

—MAKES IT SO EASY TO KEEP THINGS BRIGHT

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

POWDER AND CAKE

~ every home needs both

LITTLE Miss Housekeeper smiles with delight, for she has Bon Ami'd the candlestick all by herself. And now she's ready to help Mother brighten up the other metal pieces.

For *it's really fun* to clean and polish with Bon Ami—to watch this scratchless cleanser absorb all the dirt and tarnish, as if by magic! Quick . . . easy . . . in no time the job's all done.

Bon Ami is made in a compact *Cake* and a snowy-white *Powder*. Two friendly helpers which take so much of the work out of housework—so much of the hard rubbing out of cleaning.

Bon Ami *Cake* is America's most widely used window and mirror cleaner—housewives everywhere have used nothing else for years. And what a host of uses there are for Bon Ami *Powder!* Brass, copper, nickel and aluminum ware are only a beginning. Bathtubs, too—tiling and basins, painted woodwork, floors, refrigerators and ever so many other things.

A joy to the hands, too! For neither Bon Ami *Powder* nor Bon Ami *Cake* will redden or roughen the skin.

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Name _____

Address _____

Do you use Bon Ami? (*Cake* ☐ *Powder* ☐ *Both* ☐)

Note on "This Corruptible"

WE PRINT this month on page 33, This Corruptible, a poem by Elinor Wylie, one of the most distinguished poets of America, whose sudden, tragic death occurred upon December 16, 1928. The poem was purchased during the fall, while she was still in England. It will appear in her last volume of poems, Angels and Earthly Creatures.

Occasionally in the history of literature a poem is written of especially deep spiritual significance, a poem that for piercing insight and dignity of utterance continues to impress generations. This Corruptible we believe to be such a poem. Its argument, as is easily seen, is for the importance of "the poor material flesh" in the scheme of things; a profoundly mystical importance. A footnote concerning the poem's history is added by Elinor Wylie's husband, William Rose Benét:

"One never precisely knows, even the poet, just how certain significant ideas suddenly possess the mind and demand expression. The first two lines of the poem seem a particularly natural beginning to me, in that it was written during last August, and at the beginning of that month my wife was but just recovered from a severe accident in which she had sustained a complete fracture of the lower part of the backbone. She was up and about again but still convalescent through August. For years, also, she had done her beautiful work in spite of severe physical handicaps. During September, however, she was in a state of health that enabled her to take long walks in the English countryside. She intensely enjoyed the autumn in England, living quietly in a small cottage she had rented and spending much of her time in the open. But in August it is natural that the state of her health should have led her to writing such a first verse as opens This Corruptible. Her spirit was always indomitable. It is her spirit at its most exalted that speaks in the last four magnificent verses, with her own extraordinary eloquence.

"I have only one memory of the actual writing of the poem, aside from her first reading of it to me as completed. We were coming down from London to Henley-on-Thames in a third-class carriage. My wife sat opposite me in the corner, working, as she often did, with a small blue pad and pencil, upon some verses. When we came into our cottage, at the end of the journey, she laid down the pad upon the table. I happened to pick it up, and there, in her rapidly penciled scribble, were several of the finest verses of this poem. This only serves as a slight indication of the intense concentration she gave to all her work; surroundings vanished for her; she was alone in the realm of ideas. I have only this to add: The concluding lines of the poem pierce me with their personal, premonitory application—with the intuition of which she could not have been fully conscious. Her death came unexpectedly and instantaneously.

"In eight years she had produced four distinguished novels and four extraordinary volumes of poems. She was genius in the flesh, if I am capable of recognizing it. Her courage was superb to the end."

I Helped 10,000 Women Earn Money Last Month

Dear Manager: My fondest dream has been to make my home attractive and I joined The Girls' Club with that in view.

With my Club savings I have accomplished so much. I began by painting all the dingy pieces of furniture and varnishing the floors. I purchased two lovely pottery flower bowls, draperies, and a vacuum cleaner. In addition to the money, I like the friendly social side of the work. Mrs. H. W. M., Texas.

ARE things to add charm to your home among your dreams? Then there's room for you in our Club whether you need $10.00, or $100.00.

Dear Manager: I have bought a wonderful electric stove, rugs, and furnishings for my home, clothes for myself and the wee girl, and have an honest-to-goodness bank account of my own. All through The Girls' Club, and all within one short year. Mrs. V. A. T., Canada.

One of the nicest things about Club work is that it may be done in leisure moments, and it need not take you away from home. And the more time you have to give to it the more money you can earn.

Dear Manager: Last fall I was desperate. My daughter was to be married. How could I support myself and my 89-year-old father—pay the bills and taxes? In answer to a hurried letter a message from The Girls' Club came. I had the time of my life. And you know I earned $200.00 within a month. Mrs. A. W., Connecticut.

And we not only have the joy of being well dressed—but the pride of having earned the money ourselves.

Dear Manager: A becoming spring hat, and figured-silk dress to match, have been paid for with Club money and I am practically a new member. What a satisfaction to buy your own charming clothes! Elizabeth L., Ohio.

A few extra dollars—over and above the family budget—can change the whole atmosphere of a home, as this letter shows:

Dear Manager: My good husband's salary is needed for such uninteresting things as coal, groceries, insurance, building and loan. Such a small margin at times for joyful, happy things.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Even so, all work makes home a dull place.

Girls' Club dollars have made home a happy, joyous place, as now we have money for recreation, money to indulge in some educational things and some frolicsome, happy good times. I count that worth while.

Long life to The Girls' Club, say I! Mrs. Fred K., Neb.

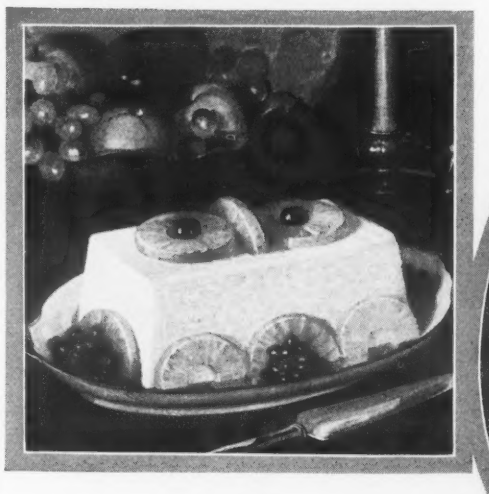
Write Today!

IF YOU would like to join us in earning you could scarcely find a better time. It will cost you nothing. Then why not write me today—now, before you turn another page? Simply say: "*Dear Manager: Please tell me all about your Club plan.*" And state your age if you wish. Address:

Manager of the Girls' Club

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
963 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

How many of your Salads or Desserts can you put on Dress Parade?



Fruit Rice Bavarian Cream

SOMETIMES the desserts and salads you are accustomed to serve, simply won't "fit" into a special luncheon or dinner. They are either too heavy or lack that "picture" effect you know is needed. What to have, is the question.

There is an ever-appropriate answer in the Knox recipe books. For example, the salad and dessert shown here made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine are colorful, dainty dishes that you would be proud to serve at the most formal occasion. Yet, they are so easy to make—so inexpensive that you will love to have them often. Remember, too, there are no last-minute rushes. They are *ready* in your refrigerator.

One package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine makes four different salads or desserts of six generous servings each. In many recipes you can use leftovers or those familiar ingredients which you always have on hand. Many of the Knox recipes are ideal for children. For Knox Sparkling Gelatine is a pure protein, hence a perfect food.

Your grocer has Knox Sparkling Gelatine. Recipes are in every package. Let us send you Mrs. Knox's recipe books. When writing, please give us the name of your grocer. Address Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., 113 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N.Y.

* * *

Use the leftovers in your refrigerator with Knox Sparkling Gelatine and see what delicious dishes can be made.

TOMATO JELLY
(6 servings)

2 level tablespoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
3½ cups tomatoes
2 tablespoonfuls onion juice
½ bay leaf
Stalk celery
Few grains Cayenne
2 tablespoonfuls mild vinegar
Few grains salt

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Mix remaining ingredients, except vinegar; bring to boiling point and let boil ten minutes. Add vinegar and soaked gelatine, and when gelatine is dissolved, strain. Turn into wet molds, and chill. Remove from molds to bed of crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise or boiled dressing made with gelatine; or the jelly may be cut in any desired shapes and used as a garnish for salads or cold meats.

Note—If desired, the dressing may be forced through a pastry bag or tube for fancy salads.

* * *

FRUIT RICE BAVARIAN CREAM
(6 servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
¼ cup sugar
¼ teaspoonful salt
1 cup cooked rice
1 cup cream, or evaporated milk
½ cup fruit cut in small pieces
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve over hot water. Add to hot rice and sugar, salt and vanilla. Beat well, cool, and when it begins to thicken, add whipped cream and one-half cup canned or cooked pineapple, canned or maraschino cherries, fresh or canned peaches, strawberries or cooked apples. Bananas or preserved figs with one tablespoonful lemon juice may also be combined with the rice mixture. Garnish rice mold with the fruit or a few nut meats. With fresh fruit, additional sugar may be required.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

WHEN you want the finest preserved foods—fish and meats, fruits and vegetables, jams and jellies, sauces, dressings and condiments—ask for the brands that come packed in glass

SEE what you buy —buy in glass

DELICACIES that tempt by their appetizing appearance, selected foods so carefully prepared that all their natural beauty is retained, deserve to be seen before you make your purchases. How natural, then, that the choicest foods should come to you in glass. You could not fully appreciate their quality if they were hidden from view.

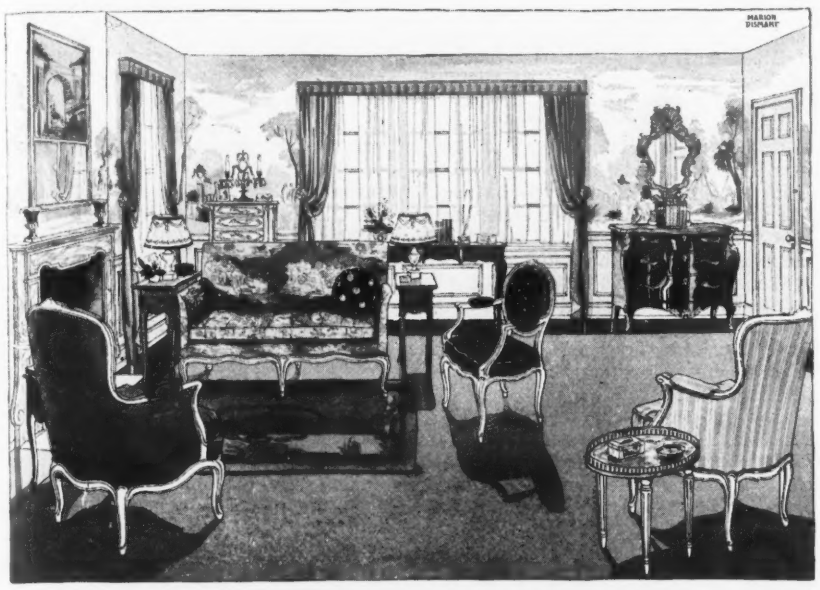
The glass container, with its convenient seal, is your guarantee of excellence, guiding you safely to wholesome, nourishing foods. You can be sure that only the finest foods are packed in glass. The use of the glass container shows the food packer's pride in his product.

Glass jars, tumblers and bottles, reveal both quality and quantity. They help you get the most from the family food budget. Costly waste is avoided when you buy foods packed in glass, and attractive, nutritious meals are prepared with greater ease and economy.

SUPPLYING wholesome foods for robust appetites, glass jars, bottles and tumblers—with convenient seals—help protect the health of the nation.

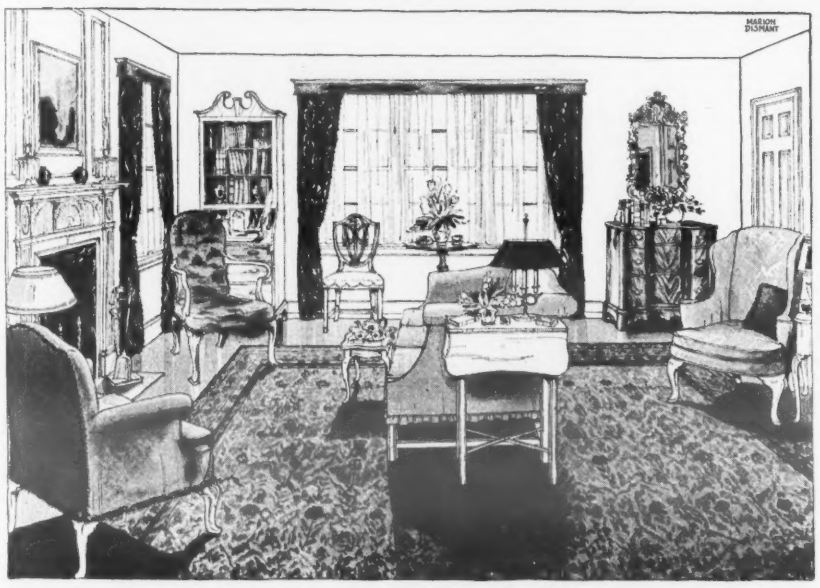
Published in the interest of the consuming public and of the industries who serve it by packing foods and household necessities in glass, by the

GLASS CONTAINER ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA



A charming room, slightly formal, achieved with French furniture.

The same room furnished and decorated in quaint Early American fashion.



Furnished in the friendly spirit of the late Georgian period.

The modern style may suit your personality or merely stir your imagination.

Four Styles for One Living Room

By ETHEL DAVIS SEAL

Drawings by Marion Dismant

WHEN you buy the first piece of furniture for your living room, it's very likely you are setting the future style for all the rest of your home. For more often than not it is this first piece you try to live up to; or, if it turns out to be a mistake, it's the first piece you try to live down in each subsequent purchase. More than this: Whatever such beginning pieces have of historic period flavor will influence the selection of all the other furniture to be used in the room, just as this living room in turn affects the style of the other rooms in the house.

But how many of us have a clear idea of what we want the living room to look like when it's finished? Instead of choosing the first piece so blithely, because we like it and its price is right, thus letting it decide the fate of the room for us, we should try to picture our living room fully furnished in any number of different ways, and then make an intelligent choice. If the room is brand-new and needs to be furnished completely, let us imagine how it would look in the French style, let us say, or in the Early American character, or in the gracious and friendly dignity of eighteenth-century English things, before we buy the first chair or table. If the room is an old one we have planned to refurnish a bit at a time, do let us decide upon the various merits of these as well as the Italian or Spanish, Duncan Phyfe, French Provincial—before we replace the shabbiest of sofas, or select the new overdraperies the room sadly needs.

Everyone who has a house to furnish, or to refurnish, should give it and himself at least a chance to choose the most suitable style. For even the simplest of period furnishing has such a distinct character of its own that if we put ourselves in the position of choosing, almost at once we can cry, "That is the style I want for my furniture! That looks most like me! It just suits the house I live in!" Even the most modest furniture, if it deserves to be considered at all, has a pervading individuality of period style which must be regarded as one of its chief determining factors. And furniture always should be chosen because of the real suitability it has for our own particular taste and our own way of living, rather than because it is a fad of the day. Next year another fad will take its place, and then it's such a comfort to have selected our furnishings, like our husbands, because they just seem to suit, not because they're dressed in the height of the fashion.

As an aid in helping you to visualize how your living room will look furnished in any one of several differing styles, I have had one certain living room pictured in various ways. And doesn't style make a difference? With the same windows and doors, with the fireplace in the identical position in the same wall, with chairs, tables, sofas, chests, curtains, providing the same comfort, the same well-furnished look, can you imagine that one room could present such a totally changed appearance simply because of the influence of period style?

So, in that most fascinating game of imaginary furnishing, try each of these styles on your own living room and see which suits the best.

Perhaps you will find that both you and your room will react at once to the furnishings broadly chosen from the influence of eighteenth-century English styles. The living room which shows a tall narrow secretaire to the left of the long-window series is planned in the versatile and friendly spirit of this late Georgian period, during which the individual designers of England did so much to achieve a new elegance, grace and comfort in domestic furniture. For in the days of Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Sheraton and Adam we learned the charm of less-ponderous furniture. We began to see what individuality in furnishing might come to mean. Nowadays in any representative shop we find a wide choice of furniture inspired by these earlier fashions, broadly termed Georgian, and with them we may accept the friendly influences of the Queen Anne styles, the simplest of the styles of William and Mary, as well as those of the individual designers already named. With them, too, we may include the influence of Duncan Phyfe, whose earlier styles are so much like Sheraton's, although they were designed right here in our own land.

And in choosing our modern Georgian furniture out of our present-day shops, we may select the English or the American types, since our own eighteenth-century styles were inspired very largely by the contemporary types used in England about the same time.

If you will glance at this living room schemed in Georgian spirit, you may see at once what character such a room will have in your own house, even if you substitute other pieces of furniture for those shown here. You might choose a Sheraton instead of a Chippendale sofa; you might choose Chippendale instead of Queen Anne chairs; you might select an Adam commode instead of the block-front chest; you might prefer the slim secretaire to be lacquered after the Chinese taste instead of being dull-finished walnut. But in a room of this character you'll likely want to mix pieces of walnut, mahogany, satinwood and lacquer, all inspired by the design of these times. You'll want unobtrusive walls of plain dignity; you'll choose hangings of damask, and upholsteries of damask and velvet and fine needlepoint and antique satin. You will choose your floor coverings from among the more delicate small-patterned Orientals, in soft and neutral quiet colorings, or you'll want plain carpets and rugs.

This actual room is softly colored. The walls are putty-toned. The window draperies are of shimmering leaf-green damask over glass curtains of pale-putty silk gauze. The

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that wonderful new textile yarn"

WHEN YOU PAUSE at the hosiery counter to express wonder at fine, full-fashioned hosiery for a dollar . . .

When you are shown smart, cleverly fashioned and dainty underthings at a surprisingly moderate price . . .

When you examine sheer voiles and enchanting prints with the loveliest soft depth of lustre and nice, crunchy feeling . . .

And the saleswoman tells you in each instance, "This is made of Bemberg, madam," you may know that it contains the wonderful stretch-spun yarn that gives all materials made from it the luxurious beauty of texture, the soft lustre and friendly feel of a superior silk. You will find that there are no laundering or ironing "don'ts" for fast-dyed materials made of Bemberg.

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Please send me your booklet, samples of fabrics made of Bemberg and a twist of Bemberg Yarn as it comes from your Mill in Tennessee. I was unable to find garments or fabrics of Bemberg at (Store Name).....

Name.....

Address.....

L. H. J. -4

cornice boards are decorated in black and gold. The secretaire is walnut, the chest is plumed mahogany veneer, the Hepplewhite side chair has a seat of deep ashes-of-roses damask. The Queen Anne chair near the secretaire is covered with needlepoint predominating in rose tones, the sofa is covered in deep antique-putty color. The rug is a small-figured Oriental predominating in rose, the wing chair is covered in green brocade, the chair at the left of the hearth in leaf-green velvet. The Pembroke table is of mahogany, the coffee table of walnut. For it will be found that in this general period the woods blend harmoniously.

How different in character is the Early American room! Neither less lovely, nor more so, than rooms schemed just as attractively in various other styles, but there are some personalities, both in houses and people, it will seem exactly to fit. The furniture is of maple. And again, though other pieces may be chosen instead of those shown here, this is the general look an Early American room of your own will have. The walls might be plain cream; they might be soft, pale Adam green, either painted or papered and with a small and almost invisible diamond pattern; they might be covered with a reproduction of Early American figured paper, not more pronounced than the paper known as Ship-and-Mill. The maple furniture could be either dark or light in color. Instead of the chest near the window, a desk might be substituted if preferred. The table could be of gateleg or butterfly type. There could be some Windsor and ladder-back chairs. The sofa might be any plain and simple variety slipped or upholstered and flounced. Or it might be of an Early American type with a puffed headrest, or of a Normandy peasant style which blends so beautifully with our own furniture of quaint character.

This actual room has deep cream-colored walls and window draperies of Early American chintz predominantly brown, golden-yellow, orange and black. The wing chair near the window is covered in yellow cretonne. The hooked rugs are dark with vague but harmonious colorings; the sofa is slipped in vivid golden-brown. The wing chair at the left of the hearth is upholstered in a large-patterned cretonne showing a golden-brown ground. The little footstool is covered in green and there are some other green notes in the room accents. This room is informal and friendly and cheerful, and yet it has its own dignity too.

A Wee Bit Formal

FRENCH furniture, as we know how to use it today, can be friendly also. But of course in a totally different way, as you will see when you examine this same living room schemed in French character. There is no doubt of its being a more elegant style, calling for some formality of living, but there is nothing in this room which discourages the general run of everyday needs. The furniture is of dull-finished light walnut, with the exception of the commode, which is black, and the tall chest near the window, which is of mahogany and satinwood. The room is paneled wainscot height and painted café au lait. The walls are covered in a beige-toned scenic of French character. The window draperies are of a coppery rose-toned silk over cream silk glass curtains. The floor is covered with a carpet rug of deep beige. The sofa is covered with a needlepoint tapestry predominantly blue and green. The desk in front of the window series is of satinwood. The chair near the sofa is covered in a small-figured damask of deep greenish-blue. The bergère chair at the left of the hearth is upholstered in deep coppery-rose velvet; the one to the right of the room is covered in a deep old-gold striped brocade.

Simplicity is the Better Style

WHEN choosing French furniture for an everyday home, it is always best to select such types as impress one particularly with a quality of sturdy simplicity, for in this character is the French style at its best. Fussy, spindly, gilded objects will only deter it from suitable and usable beauty. But there are such lovely French-furniture pieces to choose from, no one will have any trouble in assembling a goodly enough collection to provide for any room. There are delightful commodes or chests of all kinds, marquetried or plain, painted or lacquered; there are innumerable narrow French chests in brown-wood combinations as well as those lacquered in the Chinese taste. Usually the sofas are of love-seat size, and often more than one can be used in a room. The chairs may be large and comfortable, or of the small armchair type; and of course there are very delightful side chairs to choose from. Usually the most usable of all these chairs have frames of light waxed walnut, or the same frames are done in a decorative and not too fussy color. In furnishing a French room it is improved by mixing the styles of Louis XV and Louis XVI, with some of Louis XIV if desired, though this style is somewhat less copied.

Since there is great curiosity about the moderne style, which at its simplest and best has become a style to be reckoned with, I am showing you the same living room done in this fashion. If you are a very modern sort of person, and live in a modern house, you may want to see, in imagination anyway, how your living room would look furnished this way. If you are uninterested in such a strange venture, at any rate its presence here will be justified for purposes of comparison, thereby making you react more clearly to one of the classic styles. At least it will help to make good my contention that style does make the greatest difference in the world, and that merely by changing the types of the tables and chairs, any room can be changed entirely.

The walls of this room are pale gray edged with silver. The hangings are striped in putty, gray and brown; glass curtains are in cream voile, shadow-embroidered in self-color. The floor is carpeted in dark taupe accented by rugs patterned modernistically in pale putty, brown, gray and almost black. The hearth opening is faced with strips of silver and mirror; the andirons are silver color. There is little color in the room except for the books, the pillows and the wall hanging above the fireplace. In the books every red binding counts, blue-green notes predominate among the the pillows, and the wall hanging is dominated by tones of soft peacock-blue. But the chairs and the sofa are covered in subtle tones of gray, putty and tan. The wood used in the furniture is neither dark nor light, but combines both gray and tan.

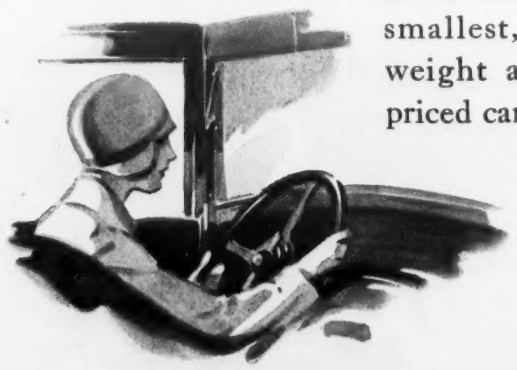
EDITOR'S NOTE—Another article on styling your living room by Ethel Davis Seal will appear in an early issue.

ESSEX
THE CHALLENGER

A challenge to real Big Six enjoyment for all the family

A man's car—powerful and fast. A woman's car—beautiful, convenient of control, easily steered, always dependable. A family car—big, roomy, comfortable, economical to buy and own. No wonder its challenge is answered by all motordom coming to ride!

Every advancement suggested by the experience of more than 1,000,000 Super-Six owners is incorporated in Essex the Challenger. These include adult-sized bodies, greater performance range, distinctive beauty, and enduring values, heretofore the exclusive qualities of costlier cars. Come take a real, big, fine six ride—and remember the price—it is but little more than for the smallest, lightest weight and lowest priced cars.



$695 AND UP AT FACTORY

Coach	$695	Standard Sedan	$795
2-Pass. Coupe	695	Town Sedan	850
Phaeton	695	Roadster	850
Coupe (*with rumble seat*)	725	Convertible Coupe	895

Standard Equipment Includes: ***4 hydraulic shock absorbers—new type double action 4-wheel brakes, uniformly effective in all weather—starter, electric gas and oil gauge on dash—radiator shutters—saddle lamps—windshield wiper—rear view mirror—electrolock—controls on steering wheel—all bright parts chromium-plated.***

The spring mode presents

NEW RAYON FABRICS FOR EVERY SMART PURPOSE

THIS is a year when, unmistakably, Spring is proud of her fabrics! For costumes of every type she offers new weaves, new colors, new patternings—fabrics to which rayon lends its unique modern beauty, its sturdy strength.

Rayon-and-cotton fabrics for the countless little tennis frocks, the sports coats and skirts, the beach pyjamas and ensembles that every summer wardrobe *must* include.

Jerseys and knitted rayons that color the sports mode with a new brilliance—in skirts, in cardigans, in sports and beach ensembles.

Tweeds, in which wool and rayon combine to achieve novel patternings, soft textures that refuse to wrinkle.

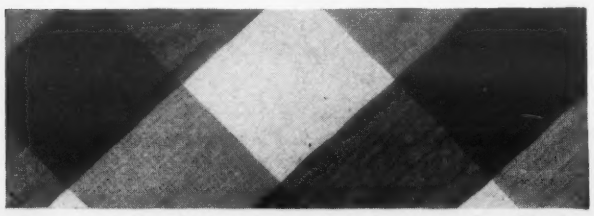
Flat crepes that have won their way even into the evening mode, and, of course, are widely used for sports and afternoon frocks. These rayon flat crepes—pure dye, unweighted—offer an amazing new washability, holding their rich colors through repeated tubbings.

The exquisite rayon laces which the season sponsors for evening; the moirés; the satin weaves, and, of course, the perennial transparent velvets.

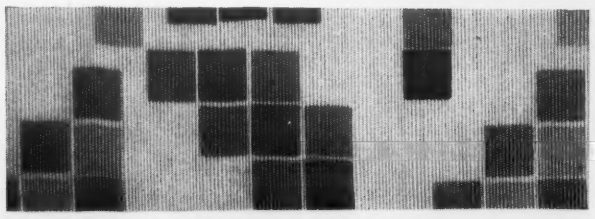
Doubtless you have read about these rayon fabrics in your favorite fashion magazine. But you will want to see them for yourself, and you will find them in your own store—at the yard goods counters and in ready-to-wear garments for every occasion.

And remember that rayon is *not* an imitation, *not* a substitute, but an entirely individual textile, offering new beauty and interest, and a new durability and economy as well. Rayon Institute of America, Inc., 250 Fifth Ave., New York City.

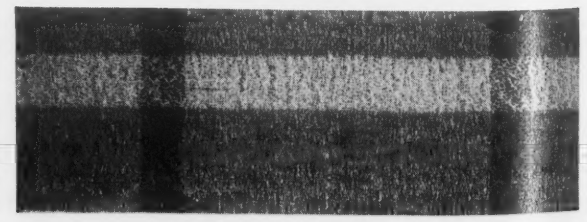
A rayon-and-wool fabric fashions this smart Vionnet tailleur in one of the new red shades.



A rayon-and-cotton fabric in a checked gingham pattern from Macy's.



A rayon piqué in a colorful simplified modernistic print from Stern's.



An exquisite new Rodier fabric in rayon and cotton.

rayon

"S'long, Skippy!"

(Continued from Page 29)

over an extended thumb: "Er—ah—suppose you place the catcher's mitt in front of you. And perhaps it would be well to put the baseball—ah—did you say you had a baseball with you?"

"Yes, sir," they chorused.

"Very well. Put the baseball in the middle of the mitt —— Wait! I forgot to say to cross the bats; and put the glove on top of the bats."

Mr. Bradley waited patiently; during the operation he squinted under a turned-down thumb. "Who's the cap?"

"I am," said Skippy.

"THEN you squat right in back of the gloves and bats." The photographer took a plumb line out of his pocket; when it had ceased swinging he motioned until Skippy edged in place. "Now two boys on the right of the captain and two on the left—wait! I want the four tallest boys to stand in the rear."

Mr. Prince sized the team up and motioned to four of them. "All right," resumed Mr. Bradley. "Now the other boys sit on each side of the captain."

After a little commotion the Honeydale team was ready for the picture. Everything seemed to be arranged to the satisfaction of the photographer. He ducked behind the camera, pulling the cloth over his head, "Er—that boy smiling—the one with the two teeth in front—just close your mouth. I don't want to take a picture of a vacant lot. This is a development company."

Mr. Prince chuckled and the Honeydale team laughed heartily, thinking they saw the point. Underneath the photographer's canopy Mr. Bradley giggled until the cloth shook.

"All right, Mr. Bradley," called Mr. Prince. "Whenever you're ready."

The team stared until their eyes watered. At last the camera clicked. As soon as the picture was taken the photographer folded up his canopy and squeezed his tripod.

"That will be all for today, boys," said Mr. Prince. "I think it would be a good idea to meet your fathers at the station and surprise them with the new uniforms."

"When shall we begin to dig our diamond, Mr. Prince?" Skippy's arm swept over the acreage of Anderson farm land. "We'll put it any place you want."

"Well, yes"—Mr. Prince hesitated—"yes, of course. But don't make anything elaborate, because I expect some changes. You see, we're going to break this up into streets—and then, again, I don't want you to soil your uniforms."

"HEAR that, fellers?" cautioned Skippy. "I don't want any of you fellers to wear your uniforms to dig in. I want you to be careful of them all the time." He spotted Somerset. "Been eatin' in your uniform, ain't ya? I seen the egg down the front, all right."

"Gee, I hope that don't show in the photograph," moaned Ray.

"Well, good-by, boys," and Mr. Prince disappeared in the office.

"Good-by, Mr. Prince," they all replied as they turned toward the station.

"Y'know what I was thinkin'?" said Barrelhead. "I think we all oughta get together, all of us Honeydales, an' give Mr. Prince a lovin' cup or somethin'."

"Or a pair of solid-gold, fourteen-carat cuff buttons."

"All I got to say is," broke in Freddie, "that I never seen a kinder and lovabler man than Mr. Prince."

"You bet yuh!" they all agreed.

"And after puttin' our pictures on the spring catalogue, too," Skippy pointed out. "I think we all oughta get together an' do somethin'. But what, though? That's the question, fellers."

Somerset breathed close to Skippy's ear. Skippy mumbled: "All right, I'll see what they say."

"Listen, fellers," said Skippy, holding up his hand. "Somerset says that Lizzie'll make a cake."

The Honeydale team had taken many trips to the city with Mr. Prince, delivering the Honeydale Spring Catalogue. These trips became so frequent that Skippy found little time to arrange any game schedule. Moreover, it was almost impossible to know where their diamond would be from one week to another. The team had laid out four diamonds so far; but each time they had found that stakes ran through a corner of the infield, or somewhere in the outfield, making it practically impossible to play. Whenever stakes were laid tractors would follow up, destroying all their work. If the team complained to Mr. Prince he only listened with a smile and offered them another area.

"Now, what do ya know about that?" complained Skippy. "Here's a signpost in the pitcher's box."

"Do you think this visiting team'll mind?" asked Ray, pointing to an approaching group.

IT WAS somewhere around the seventh inning that a group of men appeared and looked on. This was the first time the Honeydale team ever had an audience, and naturally there was great excitement.

Skippy was in the pitcher's box; he began tapping on his glove, and from that moment on became a one-hand catcher. He was not alone. The whole team instantly became one-hand scoopers, and ran all over, chasing the ball. It was the eighth inning, and the score was 53-2 in favor of the visiting team.

Ray was catcher. He signaled to Skippy with two fingers on the catcher's mitt. Skippy wound up like a pitcher whose picture he had studied many times on the sporting page. The ball shot well out of the range of Ray's glove. He glowered at Skippy, and then in the manner of a big leaguer sauntered to the pitcher's box: "Looky here, pitcher," he whispered, "I signaled for an in drop."

"With a left-hander up?" Skippy spoke aloud for the benefit of his audience; for the Honeydale diamond had assumed the proportions of a big-league field. Flags were waving on the grand stand and bands were playing. He heard cheering from every section of the field—cheers that were meant for him, because he was pitching a no-hit game and saving the day. It was for dear old Yale. Women were crying; old graduates, toughened old men, had tears in their eyes as they saw their star athlete holding up the name they loved so well. For a fleeting moment Skippy thought of the previous fall when he kicked an eight-yard drop kick over the goal, saving another day. Yale owed him a debt of gratitude, he felt. The student body was singing, all for him.

"Come on, play ball, play ball!" called the rest of the team impatiently. "Let's go! Come on! Play ball! Play ball!"

AS SKIPPY was about to wind up he noticed a commotion among the group of men. He sent the ball squarely over the plate; it was met by a crack that sent it through the legs of the boy at second base. Waiting for the ball, he observed to his surprise that Hecky was the center of the group's interest. He heard one of the men ask "Where is he?" and Hecky answered: "He's waiting over at the office now." The men left the game in a body and hurried toward the Honeydale Realty Office. As he watched them depart Skippy realized for the first time that Jim was watching the game from the milk wagon.

"'Lo, Jim!" Skippy called. "Goin' up my way—after, I mean?"

(Continued on Page 151)

Five minutes of your time may mean a beautiful new car *for you*

$5,000 O-CEDAR CONTEST

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To get started on your letter read the pointers at the right.

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O-Cedar Polish Mops dust and clean as they polish. Patented triangular shape makes corners easy to clean. New improved construction, practically unbreakable. Mops are interchangeable, washable and renewable. New O-Cedar Slip-on Mop pad quickly removable for cleaning and washing.

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Contest closes May 31st. Midnight of that date is the latest post-mark acceptable. Address Contest Editor, Dept. E-4, O-Cedar Corp'n, Chicago, Ill.

Unnecessary to buy O-Cedar Products to enter contest.

Put name and address at top of *each sheet.* Write only on one side of sheet.

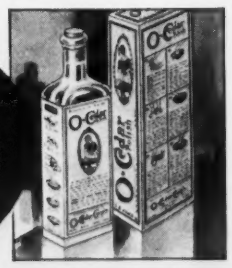
In case of tie for any award full amount will be given to each of tying contestants.

Winners will be announced at earliest possible date — but prize money will be mailed as soon as judges make decisions.

Judges are Katharine H. Fisher, Director of Good Housekeeping Institute; Della T. Lutes, Housekeeping Editor of *Modern Priscilla*; and Cora F. Sanders, Associate Editor of *Woman's World.* Their decisions will be final.

Easy to have beautiful floors with O-Cedar Polish Mops. 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50.

O-Cedar Polish Mops



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BAB-O... the beautifier of millions of bathrooms a day. You will marvel at its magic. A sprinkle on a damp cloth, a wipe... and this fine powder brings gleaming snow-white radiance to all enamel and porcelain. At its touch... dirt, stubborn stains, rust marks, water-lines ...dissolve and vanish. Nothing else gives such sparkle to tubs, tiles, basins and bowls. And in the kitchen... BAB-O makes the sink, refrigerator, gas range, walls and floors, even chinaware... glitter. ¶ A little BAB-O goes a long way... because

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BAB-O

brightens bathrooms

works like magic all over the house

At all grocers' 15¢

(Continued from Page 149)

"How soon is this game goin' to be over?"

"Any minute, now," answered Skippy. "I got all these batters tired out and they're fanning right and left."

"That must have been since I wore out my pencil, then."

Skippy signaled to Ray to come to the pitcher's box. He walked and met him halfway.

"Say, listen, Ray," began Skippy. "Here it is the beginning of the ninth, and luck's been against us. It's 69 to 3 in their favor, and I don't see how we're going to warm up enough to make sixty-seven runs in one inning. Even then, it might be just our luck to only tie the score. What do you say we call it a day?"

"THAT'S all right with me," replied Ray. "A ball hasn't hit my mitt since ya started pitchin'."

"All right, fellers," Skippy announced. "Let's call this a day. We're going to let you have the game, but next time we're going to wipe the field with ya."

"Oh, what a rotten bunch of players!" jeered Hecky.

"Always belittlin'. Never open yer mouth unless it's somethin' cuttin'," said Skippy, advancing threateningly. "Say, you! What's the idea of takin' away the audience?"

"I didn't take away the audience. Mr. Krausmeyer asked me to come over for them."

"I'd like to know what Mr. Krausmeyer's got to do with this team," rejoined Skippy.

"I guess Mr. Krausmeyer can tell you and your old Honeydales where to get off, if you knew what I do. But I ain't tellin' everythin' I know."

"Ah, you're full of balloon soup," sneered Skippy.

"And what's more, Mr. Prince said he wanted to see ya tomorrow," added Hecky triumphantly. "He said for you to come around after school, because he wanted to tell you something."

As the milk wagon bumped over the unfinished road, Skippy asked: "Who are them men, anyway?"

"They're salesmen, son," said Jim, "and they're out here to sell these lots, 'ceptin' all the corner ones. I guess somebody's got them sewed up already, without mentionin' any names."

"Who'd want to buy a property in a lot o' farm land? My father says it's too far from the station."

"Yeh," answered Jim, "but suppose I tell you they're thinkin' of puttin' a car line out here."

"Gee, wouldn't that be swell!" exulted Skippy. "When will it be?"

"OH, 'TAINT definite. Just talk so far; but it's comin'. Look at Morrisville! Folks didn't believe me when I said they'd be sidewalks. No, I was just talkin' through my hat, accordin' to them. But they think it's a great thing now that Elm Street is going to have a cement road."

"You know, Jim," Skippy mused, "Mr. Prince don't seem to be so glad to see us like he used to was."

"No?" said Jim slowly.

"Of course he ain't exac'ly said nothin'," explained Skippy, "but every time I talk to him about schedules lately he says, 'Some other time, Skippy; I'm up to my neck in work today.' I says, 'Do you think we could have a baseball diamond for next year, Mr. Prince?' 'A year's a long time,' he says. 'Maybe this'll all be built up by then. Of course I don't want you boys breakin' in windows.'"

Jim sucked a tooth in silence.

"I wonder what it is he wants to see me about tomorrow so important?" asked Skippy.

"Well, fellows," greeted Skippy, as he entered the orchard, "I just been to see Mr. Prince, an' he told me to tell the team not to go down 'round the Honeydales Estates any more. He says it won't look nice for us to be runnin' around, yellin'."

"When did we ever yell?" inquired Ray.

"I told him we'd be very quiet 'n' everythin'," continued Skippy, "but he says, no, we don't belong to Honeydale an' it'd be better if we kept in our own neighborhood. Besides, he says it's almost all sold out an' houses are goin' to be built in the whole section."

"In the very whole section?" asked one.

"Yes, sir," said Skippy, "in the very whole section. There ain't even one place left in all Honeydale for us to have a baseball diamond."

"Where can we play?"

"I asked my father that last night," informed Ray, "and he says we can have the field back of the house."

"Gee, that'll be great," said Skippy, "but we can't call ourselves the Honeydales. We've gotta go back to the Oriole A. C."

"A. C.—Athaletic Club," prompted Hecky.

"I forgot to say," said Ray, "that my father says that we shouldn't always play around the field, 'cause he doesn't want a lot o' shoutin'."

"THERE'S no place else to play in Morrisville," said Freddie Hopkins, "unless we play in the streets. An' I know we can't do that, 'cause my uncle says we're goin' to have cops out here pretty soon. We'll get arrested if we start hittin' a baseball around."

"I got bigger news than that," said Freddie Hopkins. "My uncle just sold his house, an' he got three times more'n he thought he'd get. An' he no sooner sold it than he found out that the whole row o' houses is goin' to be tore down."

"Here comes Barrelhead," announced Somerset Gohagen.

"'Lo, Barrelhead."

"What's doin'?" asked Barrelhead.

"Oh, nothin'," said Skippy, kicking a tuft of grass with his toe. "We just ain't wanted any more down in Honeydale, an' there's no place to play ball any more."

"Well, that won't hurt me," answered Barrelhead, "'cause I'll be leaving for military school next week. Oh, boy! I saw the uniform I'm going to have. Gee, ya oughtta see it! It's all blue, and the pants have wide stripes down 'em. An' I have brass cross guns on my collar, an' brass buttons all the way down my coat. An' think of it, I'm goin' to live with hundreds of fellows!"

"Won't you come back?" asked Ray.

"Only on vacations," said Barrelhead.

"Well," proposed Ray, changing the subject suddenly, "what d'ye say we have a little game of two o' cat?"

"All right, let's go," came the hearty response.

"Where ya goin', Skippy?" inquired Ray. "Ain't ya goin' to play?"

"No," answered Skippy, "I think I'll go over an' chew the fat with Jim for a little while."

"Well . . . s'long, Skip," called Ray.

"Last look!" said Skippy; and as he strolled through the orchard alone, he knew Ray was walking backward, yearning for the farewell look.

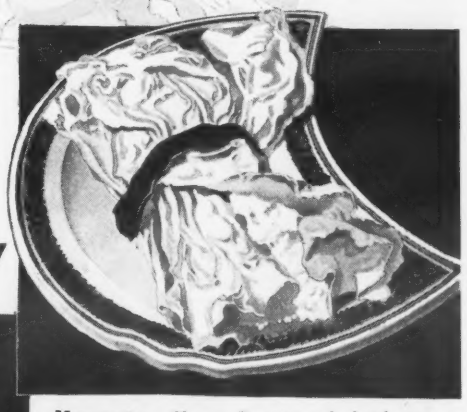
SKIPPY sat in the classroom, lazily turning over the pages of his geography. He passed over a picture of trees; instinctively he gazed out the window, but now a row of houses jutted against the sky like the teeth of a rusty saw.

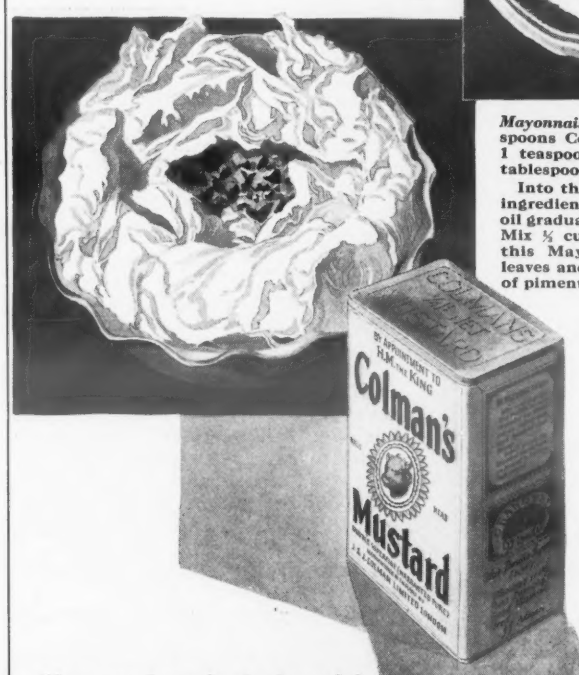
His eyes swept over the class, and he surveyed the new faces all around him. Pasquale Maraccini was sticking out his tongue at Sadie Lefkowitz; Skippy trembled at the thought of writing such a name five hundred times. He glanced at the clock. Twelve minutes of three. He must outline Europe in his mind. It was easy for the foreigners in the class to do that; they knew what it was like. They were almost all foreigners now. He wrinkled his nose. He wished the windows were open.

His eye wandered to Ray's desk, and he wondered why Ray hadn't been to school.

LETTUCE ALONE *makes* DISTINGUISHED SALADS

If you've a knowing hand with the dressing





Mayonnaise—Cheese Dressing—3 level teaspoons Colman's Mustard; 1 teaspoon salt; 1 teaspoon powdered sugar; 2 egg yolks; 2 tablespoons lemon juice; 1½ cups salad oil.

Into the well-beaten egg yolks stir the dry ingredients, then the lemon juice. Add the oil gradually, beating the mixture constantly. Mix ½ cup of cottage cheese with ¼ cup of this Mayonnaise, spread on large lettuce leaves and roll like jelly roll. Tie with strips of pimento.

Harlequin Salad Dressing—¼ cup oil; 2 tablespoons vinegar; 1 teaspoon paprika; 1 teaspoon powdered sugar; ½ teaspoon Colman's Mustard; 2 teaspoons salt; dash cayenne; ¼ cup finely chopped canned beets; 1½ hard-boiled eggs chopped fine; a few drops of onion juice; 1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley.

Place all ingredients in a bottle or cruet, chill, shake vigorously just before serving. A gay and colorful dressing for endive or heart of lettuce!

You need not look abroad for exotic fruits and vegetables to make your salads unusual.

In the world's most luxurious hotels, in sumptuous homes, you are surprised to see from what simple ingredients chefs make their famous salads.

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Please send me a Betty Bright Self-wringing Mop complete; I enclose $1 (money order, currency, check).

Name.....*Street*.....

City.....*State*.....

This store hadn't it (name and address).....

.....

NOTE: *Betty Bright Reversible Dust Mop, $1.50; Betty Bright polish for lacquer, enamel, varnish, 30c, 60c. At dealer's or sent postpaid on request.*

As he left the school he romped down the street on his way toward Marlowes', heaving his books on the front steps as he passed his own house. As he entered the orchard he paused bewildered. Ray was carrying things from the barn to the house. Boxes. . . . What on earth did they want with boxes?

"Hey, Ray! Yoo-hoo!"

Ray stared in silence. As Skippy drew nearer he answered: "'Lo, Skip."

"Why wasn't you at school today?" asked Skippy.

"'Cause."

"'Cause? 'Cause why?"

"'CAUSE"—and Ray pointed to a heap of white stakes that had been piled in the orchard—"'cause, that's why. We don't own the old place any more."

"Who says so, I'd like to know!" Skippy demanded.

"Krausmeyer," informed Ray. He drew Skippy's attention to a sign posted beside the mail box:

TRESPASSING FORBIDDEN UNDER PENALTY OF THE LAW
PRINCE & KRAUSMEYER, OWNERS

Ray sat on a box and tugged at a tuft of grass with his feet. "It's that bill of ours what did it," he murmured. "Pop didn't have the money, an' we got to get out."

"Yuh mean you're goin' to move away?" asked Skippy.

"Yep, we have to, 'cause they're goin' to tear down the house an' put up a row of stores."

"Gee, what'll I do without the old orchard?" asked Skippy. "It's the only place left to play in."

"Ya mustn't come in any more, Skip."

"Won't I never see you no more, Ray?"

"Oh, you know me," replied Ray. "I'll write every day."

"It's too bad we can't round up the gang for a good old get-together. Be nice to give you a little send-off, or somethin'."

"Gee, it'd be great, but I don't think we can, Skippy. Ya see, we was told to get out right away."

"You mean they told ya to get out—like that!"

"Yeh," Ray hung his head. "Just like that!"

"Ray, come!" his father called. Skippy looked up at Mr. Marlowe. He had his sleeves rolled up and he was sweeping rugs. Something flashed in the window, and he saw that Mrs. Marlowe was taking down the curtains. How bare it seemed to have just the windows—no shades or anything. He felt Ray's hand on his arm.

"I gotta go now, Skippy, an' help pop. If I don't see ya again, I'll have to bid youse *adios!*" Ray held out his hand and Skippy took it. "Now don't forget!" he heard Ray saying. "I'll write every day, an' don't forget to let me know the doin's o' the gang. I'm goin' to come to that get-together, you betcha!"

"Ray!" called Mr. Marlowe again.

"Comin'! Comin'!" Ray hurried across the orchard; then he paused and turned. "Hey, Skip."

Skippy halted. He looked back slowly.

"LAST look!" called Ray triumphantly; and he climbed the hill. He reached the top, and turned once. At the final flash of his friend's face, Skippy tried to call. Instead he waved his arm silently. He trailed toward Jim Lovering's.

Jim was hanging up harness when he entered the barn. "'Lo, Jim," Skippy greeted in a listless voice. "Hear about Marlowes goin' to move?"

"I knew that a year ago," said Jim.

"Yuh know, Jim. . . ." Skippy paused and tugged at a board with his toe. "Yuh know . . . sometimes I feel this ain't the same town it used to was. All the gang's goin' away, an' everythin's all changed like."

"Do I know it!" Jim spit out of the window. "Do I know it! Would the board of health ha' given me notice about sanitary conditions? It's the big dairy companies."

Bess whinnied; Jim filled the bag with oats and rested it on the edge of the bin. For some time he toyed with the grain, letting it filter through his fingers. "An' besides, Bess ain't what she used to be." Though Jim spoke more to himself, he looked full at Bess; she turned her head in the stall and seemed to be taking part in the conversation. "That's what I get for not tradin' ya off before ya gets to carryin' on like a nanny goat. Anyway, nanny goat's 'bout the only animal fit for this place now. When I think of the empty cans out in front o' the houses, waitin' to be took off. . . ."

"That's nothin'," said Skippy. "You don't have to sit with a lot o' garlic all day like I do. Say, Jim, did I tell yuh they're goin' to put us on half days till they get the big brick school built?"

BESS whinnied again, and Jim gave her the oats. "Oh, well," he mused from within the stall, "I guess I've stopped here too long."

Skippy watched as Jim pitchforked some hay into the manger. He listened to the sound of hammering in the distance. "Say, Jim," he said, "they can't change the town any more, can they?"

Jim straightened up, and taking a plug of tobacco from his pocket zigzagged it between his teeth. He chopped the lump and rolled it in his mouth reflectively. "No, Morrisville can't be changed any more. An', after all, maybe we oughtn't to be blamin' the trees when the roots ain't planted straight," Jim muttered to himself. "Right or wrong, my country!" And he spat in the manure.

"Gee, they're certainly slammin' up them houses in Honeydale! Who'd ever thought that all the Anderson farm'd be built up like that!"

"Well, son," said Jim, "when that hammerin' first sounded in this town I knowed it was goin' to grow an' grow until it swep' everythin' before it." He paused and listened to the faint, incessant beat in the distance. "An' now we been through it, an' I guess it'll go on an' on . . . on to the Lord knows where . . . on till they's not a inch o' farm land left in this country. Ya know, son," sucking a tooth, "my father used to say: 'They's only one thing worse than a battle'"—he thrust his hands deep in his back pockets, and rocked quietly for a moment with legs spread apart, staring like a beaten chieftain in the wake of the dwindling tomtoms—"'an' that's a battlefield after it's all over.'"

"YA KNOW, Jim," said Skippy, "me an' you has been friends a long time, an' if you ever move I don't know what I'll do. Say yuh won't, will yuh, Jim? Say it!"

The milkman stared long at his large open palm, and then looked at the pleading eyes through powerful fingers. "Son, I won't leave unless I have to, if that's what you mean." He ushered Skippy out of the door, and swung it shut behind them. As he mumbled over the lock Bess answered with a stamp. Jim smiled at Skippy: "The fool thinks I'm puttin' through a tradin' deal. Whoa, ya old—— Whoa, Bess, old girl!"

Jim ambled slowly toward the house; his eyes took in the little figure clinging by his side. As the two shadows merged into one he said: "Well, son, a feed bag's a feed bag."

"Yeh . . . S'long, Jim."

"S'long, Skippy." And Jim went in the house.

Skippy walked up Elm Street, kicking an empty can. "Gee, the old gang busted up just as we're goin' to get a gas house in the neighborhood." And then added hopefully, "Well, we'll have to get a new bunch together, an' we'll call it 'The Gas House Gang.' An' of course I'll be the captain."

This Dainty cake of soap *is yours for the asking*

Mail the coupon below that you may know as soon as possible the delightful luxury of this fine soap. A soap as superior to ordinary soaps as sheer handkerchief linen is to coarse cotton cloth. A soap that is a toilet luxury.

If you will accept this FREE Acquaintance-size cake, you, too, will see why this soap, faintly fragrant with rose, has become a familiar fixture in some of the most important homes today . . . why thousands of fastidious women are finding it an indispensable complexion, shampoo and bath aid.

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The Answer to "What is Youth?"

by Elizabeth Arden

Women no longer want merely to look young. No—they want to be young. And what is youth? Elizabeth Arden has evolved a complete and satisfying answer.

"FACES need not lose the firm elastic muscles of childhood," says Elizabeth Arden, "or the fine, clear texture. The signs of age are due to neglect and they are avoidable if the skin is kept immaculately cleansed, if it is nourished and the blood flows joyously beneath it."

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The marvel of it is that women everywhere can enjoy the benefits of the Salon method. Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale in the smartest shops throughout the world. And Miss Arden's scientific manner of caring for the skin may be learned by writing for a free copy of her little book, "The Quest of the Beautiful."

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"In every cell of your body," she says, "you must feel tinglingly alive. No excess fat, no undernourishment. Nerves at rest, muscles lithe and responsive."

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And again, the perfection of the Salon method is available for all. Elizabeth Arden Exercise Records, playable on any phonograph, enjoyably teach a series of rhythmic movements that will regulate contours and stimulate circulation. A valuable outline of Miss Arden's health programme is available in her free booklet, "Your Masterpiece—Yourself."

For one of Elizabeth Arden's many means to youth it is necessary to go to a Salon, and that is her Vienna Youth Mask. This is the discovery of a certain famous professor of the University of Vienna, and through Miss Arden alone is it available in this country. It achieves rejuvenation by deep, *natural* stimulation of circulation, it possesses none of the dangers of plastic surgery.

The Vienna Youth Mask is the perfect remedy for flabby flesh or sagging muscles. Miss Arden will gladly send additional information to all who are interested.

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For cleansing: VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM. $1, $2, $3, $6.

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For nourishing: VENETIAN ORANGE SKIN FOOD. $1, $1.75, $2.75, $4.25.

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Write for Elizabeth Arden's book, "THE QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL," which will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home. And a second book, "YOUR MASTERPIECE—YOURSELF," will tell you about Elizabeth Arden's Home Course for beauty and health.

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To Make Stockings Left Over from Broken Pairs into Perfect Mates

(Note the Coupon)

ONE MINUTE
2 Odd Stockings, One Light and One Dark

NOW
A Perfect Pair—in the Smartest of New Light Shades

An Unique Discovery that is Saving Women 50% on Hosiery Bills

DUE to new discoveries in home tinting and dyeing, a pair of stockings is never lost until *both* stockings of the pair are worn out.

You can now take two "leftover" stockings from entirely different pairs, even if one is a dark color and the other light, and make them perfect mates. And choose your color, incidentally, from those found usually in only the costliest imported hose.

The coupon below will bring you a full size 15c package of WHITE RIT. This amazing new color remover takes all the old color out of your odd stockings. It restores them to original loom white. Then dip them in any of the latest Paris hosiery shades supplied in RIT tints and dyes. You get the exact colors—not imitations—of French hosiery. There is no "re-dyed" look, because taking the old color out first gives a clear ground work, making the new color absolutely clear and true. And by using the new improved RIT tints (obtainable at any drug or department store) you assure smooth, streakless, professional results.

Gather your faded, your leftover stockings together today. And go in for the Great Adventure of a complete supply of new hosiery—minus the expense.

Thousands of women are doing this. Saving money and having lovelier colored stockings than when new. You'll be surprised how easy it is. Wonderful too for lingerie.

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I enclose 4c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your full-size 15c package of WHITE RIT.

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Young Mrs. Greeley

(Continued from Page 25)

Mrs. Caples was surprised. "You don't mean to say you aren't the happiest woman in the world?"

"Happiest?" Stella murmured. "I suppose I should be; but I'm afraid I'm not. No, Mrs. Caples, I'm afraid I'm not very happy today."

"Oh!" Mrs. Caples, instantly eager, tried to look as though she had no wish to intrude upon a private matter. "I'm terribly sorry," she said, and sought the eye of Aurelia, who shook her head in unspoken lament, sighed and then obligingly breathed, in the slightest of whispers, the words, "It's her husband."

"Oh, dear me," Mrs. Caples said. "I am so sorry to hear it." She leaned toward Stella with a manner of benevolent compassion that formed an excellent surface over a perfectly natural inward self-congratulation upon the fact that this chance encounter at the confectioner's was becoming so interesting. "My dear child," she said, "I think I'm enough older than you to remind you that you're still comparatively very young, and that young married people always have their troubles. You mustn't take things too seriously. Remember that your husband is young, too, and he's lately been elevated to a position that might turn any man's head. We wives must remember that men are very queer creatures, my dear, and that especially in moments of triumph they're apt to forget and neglect us, and even to seem a iittle impatient with us. Most of all, they're apt to forget the share we've had in their success."

A BEAUTIFUL tear appeared upon Stella's left cheek. "That's not all they forget," she said in a broken whisper.

"No, of course not," Mrs. Caples agreed quickly. "But, my dear, I think we must always remember to make allowances. They may wander a little from the fold; but they always come back, my dear; they always come back."

"Maybe they don't if they get to wandering away with Miss Crystal Nelson," Aurelia blurted out, as if she could not help it. Immediately she seized upon one of Stella's hands and gripped it in hot sympathy. "I know I shouldn't say it; but some things just make my blood boil and I can't help it. When, just because a man's got a swelled head about himself, he hasn't got sense enough to appreciate the woman who put him where he is, and talks to her like she was mere dregs and ——"

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Caples protested, horrified. "I could never believe such a thing! With a wife like Mrs. Greeley, I simply couldn't be convinced that anybody with no better looks than Miss Nelson ——"

"All right," Aurelia interrupted. "Just ask Stella what he said to her last night."

Stella made a murmur of protest, and for a moment a sense of annoyance prevailed over the pathos she had been feeling for herself; curiously enough, she had a momentary impulse to set up some sort of defense, however lame, for the offending William. He was her husband, not Aurelia's. "Aurelia, it isn't your business to be saying such things about Mr. Greeley. Besides that, you'll make Mrs. Caples think he's behaving worse to me than he is, and the very last thing I want to do is to begin setting people against him."

"Of course," Mrs. Caples said tenderly. "Of course you feel that way, you poor dear thing!"

"YES, I do." Stella's voice, under the influence of this ready compassion, again became a little broken. "I've spent my life working for him, and if he doesn't appreciate it and shows he doesn't—like last night ——" She faltered.

"Oh, my!" Mrs. Caples exclaimed. "Last night, of all nights! Just when every one of those distinguished men and Mr. Cooper himself had been saying how wonderful you were and all!" Her tone became indignant. "I can't believe it. If Mr. Greeley did such a thing he simply must have been crazy."

"Oh, no," Stella said wanly. "That's what he thought I was."

"What!"

"Oh, yes," Stella said. "'Lunatic' was among the other things he called me."

"Oh, dear, dear, dear!" Mrs. Caples moaned. "And that was the end of your evening of triumph. I never knew anything so heartbreaking. I'm afraid that is bad; yes, I'm afraid that's pretty bad!"

IX

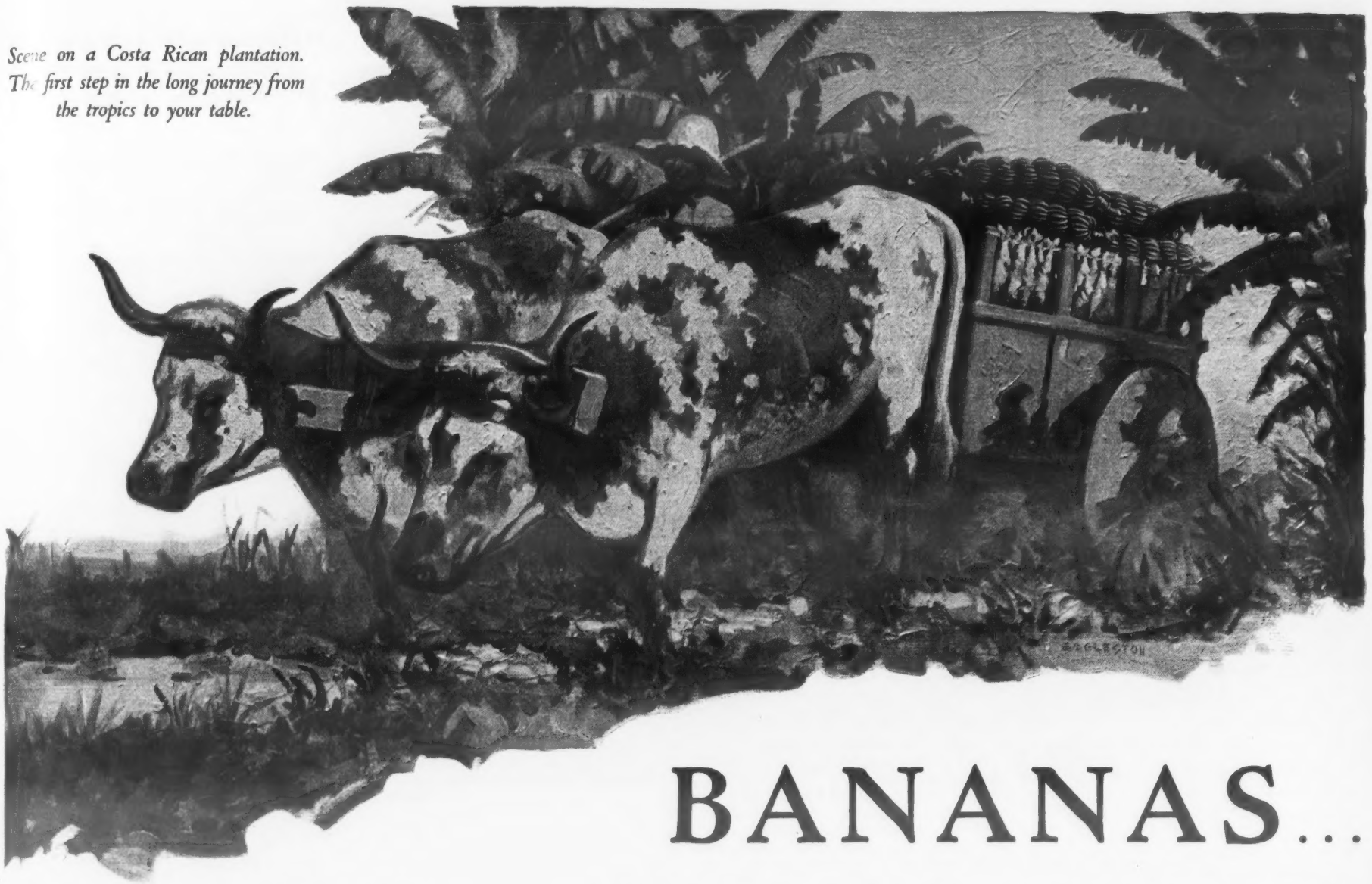
STELLA herself had just begun to feel that it was indeed pretty bad, though not in the sense intended by Mrs. Caples; her puzzlement had unexpectedly returned to the surface, and she sat wondering how on earth it had come about that she was again doing what she could to injure her husband. Until a few weeks ago, she had never in her life either spoken or hinted ill of him; on the contrary, she had often bragged of him, and had ever been his ready and affectionate champion. Even now, in spite of all she did and said, her affection for him still existed; and yet it seemed that to speak ill of him was on the point of becoming her habit. Suddenly such a habit appeared to her as a horrible one; and for an instant there shot within her bosom a strange, breathless fear that she herself was horrible. This small and icy fright of hers passed rapidly; and indeed the unfortunate lady need not have felt it, for she had no cause to fear that she was horrible, or that what she was doing held any horribleness. What she did was not horrible; it was natural, and she herself was not exceptional; she was merely the servant of natural human impulse. Her puzzlement was that of a wife whose flights of fancy have sought the air about an alluring figure not her husband's; for, since a wife must feel that such a flying of fancies is a threatened blow to the husband, she must instinctively seek to possess herself of resentment against him, because our natures so order us that if we are to strike we must, if we can, be spurred to the blow by resentment. Stella was gropingly trying to acquire the resentment that would be necessary if destiny should solidify castles in the air; for compunction of any kind never finds place in such castles so long as they remain in the air, where hers at this juncture still obviously were. She did not understand that her own nature and the nature of her gilding new fancy required her to manufacture within her as much feeling against William—no matter how little he himself incited—as she possibly could. No more than she, did Aurelia comprehend such simple laws of our being, although Aurelia instinctively furnished her friend with all the resentment she could supply; nor was Aurelia horrible, either.

THE brisk Aurelia, indeed, had no suspicion of any horribleness anywhere, and she lived now for the new excitement of every fresh hour. Her early jealousy of Stella's rise had long since disappeared entirely; but, although she meant to take benefit of that rise herself, her great pleasure now was that of the intimate subordinate who dresses the belle for the ball. Aurelia was even unaware that the dress for the belle was made of goose feathers supplied by herself; she forgot that she had made it.

"Bad," she said, repeating this word of Mrs. Caples' and making it ominously eloquent. "I'm afraid if you knew everything you'd say it's worse than bad."

Stella checked her. "Never mind!" But the ardent friend was not so easily to be suppressed.

(Continued on Page 156)



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BANANAS...

Delicious . . . Nutritious . . . *and they bring out the flavor of other fruits*

RIPE, luscious bananas — so distinctively flavored, so delicious and nourishing — always seem to bring out the flavor of other fruits and make them taste better.

The banana goes well with every fruit that grows and always improves a fruit cup, fruit gelatine or fruit salad.

Oranges, grapefruit, apples, pineapples, peaches, grapes . . . all these and many others blend perfectly with bananas, and when served together have the added advantage of combining in a single dish many important food-values.

A valuable energy-producing food

Mothers who understand what is good for children usually keep bananas on hand at all times. There are ever so many ways to serve them as appetizers, salads, and desserts; and they are so convenient to give the children between meals when they come in, tired and hungry.

Doctors and food experts consider the banana one of the foremost energy-producing foods and one of the most easily digested.

Keep ripe bananas in the fruit bowl for hungry boys and girls

It also contains the essential vitamins and mineral salts so necessary for protection and growth.

Serve bananas with other fruits, with cereals, with milk . . . or serve them plain. They are just as good for grown-ups as they are for children. But always be sure they are fully ripe (generously flecked with brown spots). If not fully ripe when you buy them, let them ripen at room temperature. Never place them in the ice-box. Bananas are the all-year-round fruit—just as good in chilly December as in sunny July.

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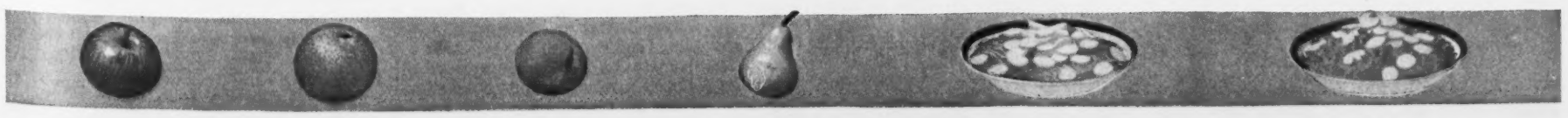

BANANAS MAKE EVERY FRUIT AND EVERY CEREAL BETTER

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HOW women delight in planning a distinctive menu for an unusual occasion! And, because La Choy food Products can be used in so many ways to add charm and individuality, many clever housewives always keep them on hand. They cost but little, and no special skill or effort is required to use them.

You can make tasty Chop Suey or crisp Chow Mein at home. Just buy La Choy Sauces and La Choy Sprouts in packages of a size to suit your needs. Simply combine them with domestic vegetables and your favorite meat. A few minutes' cooking and your Chop Suey is ready to serve. Or, just include those golden brown, ready-to-eat La Choy Chow Mein Noodles, and enjoy the supreme goodness of crisp Chow Mein. You will find simple directions on La Choy labels.

La Choy products, too, are used variously to improve the appearance and flavor of many ordinary dishes. Coupon below will bring you forty La Choy tested recipes.

This La Choy Assortment Package contains a free book of Chinese Recipes and ingredients for making real Chow Mein, Chop Suey, and many other dishes. At your grocer's or sent you direct.

Imported Soy Sauce—Chow Mein Noodles — Sprouts — Bamboo Shoots — Sub Kum — Water Chestnuts — Brown Sauce — Kumquats

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Please send me, as checked, the following:
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(Continued from Page 154)

A waitress came with the account, and as Stella opened her purse and found the money to pay it, Aurelia leaned closer to Mrs. Caples, whispering indignantly, "To think that with a man worth millions ready to marry her any minute he's free, a woman should have to put up with such outrages from a spoiled little snip of a husband that thinks he's Napoleon just because he's been stuck up over *our* heads in the N. K. U. and ——"

THIS whisper was left unfinished; but no doubt it had its effect, for Mrs. Caples, as her many acquaintances knew by instructive experience, was a sort of town crier or walking news sheet for the circulation of all matters public and private, rumor or fact, pertaining to the N. K. U. Her distribution of what she had been filled with in the confectioner's shop must have been both rapid and thorough, for not many days passed before it brought some discomfiture upon William Greeley himself. This troubled gentleman already had enough of perplexity to burden a heretofore equable and kindly disposition, it may be said; his domestic life, within the short space of time elapsed since his promotion, had become unbearable; and he was completely mystified to find it so. Naturally he was not at a loss to attribute his unhappiness to the alteration in Stella; but the only explanation of the difference in her seemed to be that suddenly improved prospects in life had gone destructively to her head.

After their bitter quarrel, which more and more astonishingly seemed to him a senseless and inexplicable one, he waited a day, then approached her with apologetic hints of affection and made overtures for a truce of reasonableness. "To save my life, dearie," he said, "I can't think what it is that's come between us. Maybe I'm in fault; I don't know. And, if I am, I certainly am sorry for it. It'd be terrible for us to go on like this—not saying a thing to each other unless we're just forced to, and shut up here in the same room the way we are until the house is ready for us to move into it. Besides, if I go down to the N. K. U. thinking about this trouble when I ought to be thinking about my work, the way I did today, why, it's going to get me rattled; it scares me about not making good, and it's dangerous for a man in my position to be scared of that. He's got to be sure he *is* making good, you see, Stella. So, let's just try and sit down together and see if we can't find out what's wrong between us. Won't you, for both our sakes, dearie?"

"BOTH whose sakes?" she inquired, and she laughed contemptuously. "Yours and Miss Crystal Nelson's?"

"Oh, my glory! You're at that again, are you? I don't suppose I've exchanged words with Miss Nelson a dozen times this whole day. Honestly, I think you must be ——" He paused abruptly; but she finished the sentence for him.

"Crazy?" she inquired calmly. "Going to call me a lunatic again, weren't you?"

He offered amends. "Honestly, I don't mean to say such things to you, Stella; but you've got me rattled ——"

"*I* have! *I!*"

He wiped his forehead. "I wasn't accusing you of anything, Stella. Seems as if I can't say a word that you don't take it like something against you. Why can't we get together the way we used to be? Looking back, it seems to me that we were always pretty happy, and certainly we never had any trouble like this before; if we could just sit down together and get at it, so to speak, why, probably we'd be all right again. Don't you want to try to do that, Stella?"

"You mean give you the chance to call me a lunatic again?" she returned.

He got no further with her then, nor upon his next attempt to reason with her did he get so far; she repulsed him at once, and he found himself wholly baffled.

"I DON'T know what's come over you. I guess I'll just have to give it up," he said sadly. "It looks to me as if you felt you had to keep yourself just deliberately set against me—as if you were just bound to keep on being furious with me, Stella, no matter what I say or what I do."

This was a gloomy and aimless shot from the dark; but unfortunately, as it struck the bull's eye, it scored. It was a truth that Stella could acknowledge last of all to herself, a fact not possibly to be endured; her only way to face it was to take it as the most slanderous of all his insults, and she was never more furious with him. She went immediately to extremes. "You—you coward!" she cried; and then, with a volubility new to his experience of her, she began an arraignment, the end of which he did not remain to hear. He went forth and walked the streets until an hour when he could be sure that she had retired; then came home, tired and bemused, and slept upon the maroon-colored sofa.

His wife was not the only lady whose manner showed signs of change toward him. The expression of Mrs. Hedge, whom he saw most frequently, bothered him a little when she looked at him. Her eyes were arch and rallying; but they had a secret in them, a triumphant amusement that could not be shared with him, though he had a bewildered perception that it was shared with Stella. William and the mournful Henry were not unaccustomed to be excluded, temporarily at least, from secret understandings between the two ladies, and this one added no more than slightly to the new factory manager's disturbance of mind; what did increase that disturbance mightily, however, was some confidential advice offered to him by a woman not of the intimate and rather small N. K. U. and Warwicke Armes circle to which the Greeleys and Hedges had heretofore belonged. Some of William's former departmental colleagues had prepared a little celebration in honor of the Greeleys, a modest Saturday-night supper in the Olde Englysshe Grill Room of the Warwicke Armes, and it happened that Mrs. Gliesinger was seated next to William upon his left. She had been the "war bride" of one of the N. K. U. engineers, and, an Alsatian of homely and simple extraction, had not acquired the habit of resisting a benevolent impulse, or of regarding any subject whatever as embarrassing. The little banquet was noisy and hilarious; Mrs. Gliesinger easily made her conversation private to her neighbor's ear.

"I think you are such a fine man, Mr. Greeley. My husband say you are the finest man he thinks he know. He say you are the best man Mr. Cooper is ever going to find in this whole grand business. My husband say to me, 'Listen,' he say, 'Listen, and don't let anybody get you to believe all such things about Mr. Greeley. Mr. Greeley is too fine a man, so don't you believe it,' my husband tell me. Well, Mr. Greeley, I didn't know I would sit next to you tonight; but I am glad it happens because I would like to say to you, just you let them go on, Mr. Greeley, and pretty soon, if you are a little careful, you will find that they will be gabbling about something else."

WILLIAM stared at her. "If I'm a little careful?" he said. "If I'm a little careful about what, Mrs. Gliesinger?"

"Ah, you don't need anyone to tell you," she returned, smiling. "But Gliesinger and I have been married longer than you and Mrs. Greeley, I think, so I will say a little something. First, when we were married Gliesinger would go just crazy if he thinks I was giving some young man a smile out of the little edge of my eye. On

after hair is removed

FROSTILLA

smooths, soothes, protects!

THESE mere wisps of frocks worn for the evening bridge, for dining and dancing, make the removal of hair an essential rite of the toilette. Yet too often such treatments leave their mark—a tell-tale touch of red on arm or leg or face — irritating to your skin—irritating to your self esteem.

It is then that you will find Frostilla a most consoling confidant.

Its instant touch cools, soothes, and banishes that offending redness. Its delightful fragrance counteracts all unpleasant odor—for Frostilla contains a subtle, lasting perfume, imported from the shores of France.

Look smart—Show your skin as fashion dictates—but be sure to use Frostilla!

Now that Style has stolen sleeves from dresses, backs from bathing suits, and stockings from shoes—now that your skin *is exposed* more than ever before—Frostilla will prove a friend indeed.

It is more than a comfort and a complement to daytime decolleté. It keeps your skin supple and silken; it gives it enticing softness and smoothness. It prepares it for a gracious pat of powder and makes that powder "stay put."

In beautiful, blue-labelled boudoir bottles, Frostilla is 50c and $1, at drug and department stores in the U. S. and Canada. *Or write for an attractive, useful sample FREE on request.* Dept. 440, The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N.Y. and Toronto, Canada. (Sales Reps.: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Avenue at 34th Street, New York City.)

Stylishly Correct

This delightfully feminine ensemble of Garter Girdle and Step-ins by Hickory is absolutely correct according to the latest and smartest French style-lines. The girdle, with the Hickory supporters, softly moulds the figure and keeps stockings always in place. The voguish little Step-ins of crêpe de Chine conceal the protective Hickory no-weight rubber panel which prevents wrinkled frocks by keeping them fresh and crisp. The Step-ins, as shown, $5; others, 50c and more; Garter Girdle, as shown, $5; others, 50c and more. At your favorite notion or corset department.

Complete your wardrobe from the Hickory line of Personal Necessities, including Shadow Skirts, Step-ins, Bloomers, Aprons, Belts and Dress Shields.

A. STEIN & COMPANY
Chicago New York Los Angeles Toronto

HICKORY
Girdles and Step-ins
31

the train once there were some boys coming home from their university—Whee!" She laughed out heartily and clapped her hands together. "That Gliesinger! You would think he is going to throw me straight out through the window! People all must go through their married troubles, Mr. Greeley; but I could throw my arms around you now and that Gliesinger he would just laugh. Someday you must be like that, too, Mr. Greeley; your wife is young and beautiful and not very busy, I think. It is natural that great attention would be made to her, and when great people make it perhaps it would put some ideas in her head; she might think a little foolish; then if you get jealous the way like my Gliesinger used to, and say all such rough things to her, she might be pushed too far. She might do more than think foolish; she might act foolish. Besides, when you get jealous and talk so angry to her, you help to make all this gabble that goes around. I would just be a little careful, Mr. Greeley; be patient with her not jealous; then the gabble will stop."

"Gabble?" William repeated in a startled voice. "Me jealous?"

OBVIOUSLY altogether friendly, she nodded. "Yes; of course when a man is as important as you are now, Mr. Greeley, if he is jealous there has got to be a great gabble."

"About my being jealous?" he gasped incredulously. "Upon my soul, Mrs. Gliesinger, I don't know what you're talking about! I don't understand a word of what you're telling me."

She beamed upon him and gave his arm a friendly little pat. "Oh, yes," she said, "you understand me very well, Mr. Greeley; but it is all right for you to say you don't. It is what my Gliesinger would say if someone would talk to him when we were first married the way I have been talking to you. Anyhow, just be a little more careful and patient, Mr. Greeley. Now we talk of something else, don't we?"

"But I don't understand," he insisted. "On my word ——"

He was interrupted; the party was drawing to a close, and there was a loud demand that he and Stella should rise to their feet and stand during a chorus, "For Stella and Bill are jolly good fellows!" The toast was heartily drunk in grape juice mixed with ginger ale; the entire company then rose and with joined hands sang Auld Lang Syne; and with this ceremony the festivities ended. William had no opportunity to press Mrs. Gliesinger for her meaning.

X

BESET by a curiosity too painful to bear in silence, he determined to obtain light from Stella; but he knew he would have to wait until she came from the conference it was her nightly habit to hold with Aurelia in the latter's apartment before either couple could retire. Henry Hedge, with his bad cigar and flaccid with depression, was shunted off upon the perturbed factory manager for a full two hours of disjointed and spiritless conversation; but at last Stella appeared, and the Greeleys were left alone together.

"Look here," William said after an interval of silence. "I'd made up my mind I wouldn't speak to you again about our trouble unless you spoke first; but I've got to break the rule. Have you been talking, Stella?"

"Certainly I've been talking," she returned airily. "I've been talking all evening to two nice men on each side of me and I'm about talked out. I don't care for any more tonight, thank you."

"I'm sorry, but I expect you've got to listen to some, Stella."

"Have I? You mean I have to listen whether I want to or not?"

"Listen," he said sharply. "I want to know who's been filling Mrs. Gliesinger up with what she was telling me tonight?"

"Mrs. Gliesinger? How do I know what it is Mrs. Gliesinger's filled up with?

(Continued on Page 159)

GOOD NEWS!

GENUINE
LEONARD
REFRIGERATORS

HERE'S an announcement that home-makers the nation over will receive with enthusiasm!

for $35 to $70

For as little as $35 you can get a genuine Leonard with all the worth that name implies — insulated with thick compressed corkboard, the greatest ice-saver known—and approved by the National Association of Ice Industries following their thorough temperature tests at Columbia University. Some of these $35 to $70 models even have the famous "Leonard Cleanable" seamless porcelain lining!

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All-porcelain models up to
$400

LEONARD
REFRIGERATORS

NEW DANIEL GREEN CREATIONS

WHETHER elaborately draped or tailored most simply, each colorful boudoir costume of today requires its own slipper! Here is a style challenge which the newer Daniel Green creations have met with a notable degree of distinction.

What is it one prefers? Strap mules of shimmering metal brocade, perhaps? Suitable to the tailored negligee and tea pajama. Or it may be the D'Orsay slipper, proudly ornamented in feathers—a charming and important part of one's feather- or lace-trimmed ensemble. Or again, the simpler slippers which blend so well with almost any costume—those impeccable leathers and satins, in the delicate pastel tints and richer shades.

Let individual taste lead where it may, one finds the slipper of most beautifully harmonious colors and materials among the many charming designs of Daniel Green. Indeed, every member of the family can be pleased with slippers of comfort and worth from the selection offered by any Daniel Green merchant.

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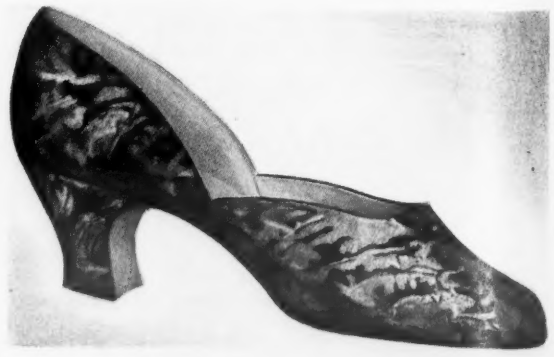
STAY young with your nerves. Thousands of women now benefit from the rejuvenating effects of the "Comfy Rest Hour." Once a day they relax utterly in a luxurious pair of Daniel Green Slippers.

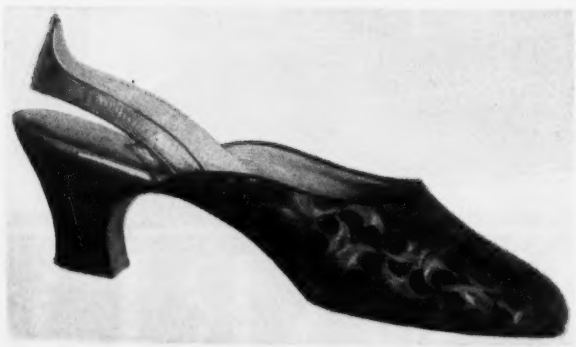
THE new "Cocktail Slipper" shown above is done in a metal brocade with harmonizing ostrich trim. One of our smartest styles.

A new Paisley D'Orsay is shown at the right. Strikingly new in color effect.

Lower left: A silk embroidered Strap Mule, of extreme individuality—colorful yet restrained.

Lower right: The Daniel Green "Bridge Slipper," a smart new slipper for afternoon wear.





Daniel Green
Comfy Slippers

It is important to look for this famous trade-mark, or the name DANIEL GREEN, on the slipper you buy. Any reputable dealer can supply you with the genuine Daniel Green Slippers.

47 Years of Making Fine Slippers for Men, Women and Children

(Continued from Page 157)

I scarcely go with her at all, and I don't know anything about her."

"It looks like that might be the point of it," he said. "If she hears such things, what have the people you do go with heard? And where'd they get hold of it? That's what I want to know."

"Why don't you ask them?"

"I'm asking you," he said slowly.

"Are you? That's right cute of you!" And Stella, who had begun her undressing at once upon her entrance into the room, whistled the air of Auld Lang Syne as she went on with rapid preparations for bed.

"I want an answer," he said heavily. "Mrs. Gliesinger has got it all wrong. The way the story reached her, I'm the one that's jealous."

Stella interrupted her whistling to laugh. "You are? Who of? Old Hank Hedge?"

"Somebody's been talking, Stella, and I want to know who it is. Somebody's started the story around that there's trouble between us and that I'm being tyrannical with you ——"

"WELL, what do you call this? I've told you that I'm tired to death, and nervous and worn out with having to drag around to parties and be nice to all your friends and look as if I'm a happy woman, when all you do, whenever we're alone, is storm and scowl the way you're doing now!"

"Stella, I want to know who started this story."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" she cried angrily. "Do you think I'm going to sit up all night and talk about your old Mrs. Gliesinger? If you've got to go on ranting about her, go outdoors and rant about her to yourself; you can't rant about her any longer to me because I'm going to try and get a little sleep." And with that, her other preparations being now completed, she pulled down the bed, shook out the pillows, and promptly placed herself under the covers. "Good night!" she said conclusively.

William had begun to pace the floor. "I intend to find out what's going on," he insisted doggedly. "I've always felt sorry for anybody that had stories going around about his domestic life; it always seemed to me to kind of disgrace 'em, and I never dreamed such a thing could happen to me. I'm going to find out what started ——"

She interrupted him sharply. "How long do you propose to keep that light shining straight in my eyes?"

"Stella, I propose to find out how this story got started."

With her eyes tightly closed, Stella began to hum loudly the air of Auld Lang Syne; and, when he repeated with increasing sternness that he was determined to discover the origin of the misinformation that had stimulated Mrs. Gliesinger to offer him advice, his recumbent wife made her humming more coherent; she began to sing the words.

THIS overcame William; she was too much for him, and he sat down upon the foot of the bed, taking his baffled head in his hands. "You talk about dragging around to parties and trying to look happy, I guess I've had to be doing my share of that! How do you think I felt tonight when Mrs. Gliesinger let it out to me what must be going all around the N. K. U.? Once a story like that gets started there's no telling what twists they won't put on it or where it'll end. Lord knows when it'll reach the Big Boss himself! Pretty nearly everything does get to him, in one shape or another, before it stops. For all I know it may have got to him already, and I certainly don't feel like going up there tomorrow night. It makes me feel just sick, as if I couldn't face anybody for fear of what they're thinking about me."

Stella had continued to sing Auld Lang Syne; but a part of what he was saying caught her attention sharply. "Going up where tomorrow night?"

"To the Big Boss's to dinner."

"Who is?"

"We are."

"What?" she almost shouted, and abruptly sat up straight in bed. "What are you talking about?"

"WE'VE got to go," William said dismally. "I didn't feel much like it when he asked me, and I certainly feel a whole lot less like it now. He said he wanted us to come up to his house for Sunday-evening dinner because he thought on account of our new relation it'd be pleasant to establish a little more personal intimacy between us. That was the way he ——"

"When did he ask you?"

"This morning."

"He told you this morning!" Stella cried angrily. "Why didn't you tell me before? Why didn't you telephone me instantly?"

"What? I didn't think of it. But anyhow, Stella, you've got me so that I hardly dare to say anything to you about anything. We'd been almost not speaking at all, and when you're hardly speaking to a person, it's not very liable to occur to you to be calling him up on the telephone."

"I think that's the flimsiest excuse I ever heard any man mean enough to make in my life!" She was furious. "You've known it all day and you wait until after midnight to tell me, and tomorrow's Sunday! And then you come ranting around to me, wondering how the story's got around that you're jealous. If you haven't given the trickiest, most treacherous exhibition of it ——"

"OF WHAT?" William asked aghast. "Of jealousy? In the name of heaven, what am I jealous of?"

"Of your wife's success!" she shouted, fairly in his face. "You didn't tell me until now because you want to make me look cheap, and in your mean little heart, Bill Greeley, you know it!"

"I want to make you look cheap?"

"Yes, you do! If you'd called me up even this morning I could have got Aurelia and hurried downtown and found something that would have been at least half decent to wear!" She jumped out of bed, ran to the closet where she kept her clothes and began to rummage through her dresses, continuing meanwhile to upbraid him fiercely. "It never occurred to you to call me up; no, I guess it didn't! You wanted me to go up there to meet the best-dressed people in this town and have them all thinking that I look like Bennettsville, didn't you? Well, I guess you've got your way; that's what I'll look like! I haven't got a single evening dress fit to wear to anything better than sloppy, third-class parties like the one your friends gave us tonight."

"You haven't? Why, what's the matter with that blue one you wore at my inauguration banquet?"

"*Your* inauguration banquet! Oh, my!" She hooted at him. "Talk some more about that; I like to hear you!"

"Well, what's the matter with that dress?"

"I wore it!" she shouted. "I wore it at the *banquet!* I'd rather go to that dinner tomorrow night in a wrapper, and I expect that'd prob'ly suit you perfectly. You've done your best to get me up there looking like a scarecrow, and I don't want to hear any more from you. Get off the bed!" She began to bring dresses from the closet and to dispose them upon the bed for inspection. "Get off that bed and go sit somewhere else. Not on the *sofa!*" she cried at him shrilly, as he moved in that direction. "And not at my dressing

Why 218 Health Commissioners Advise

This "COOKED" *Bathroom Paper*

Costs No More Than Ordinary Toilet Paper

218 Health Commissioners in 40 states advised, after careful inspection, this New-Type Paper

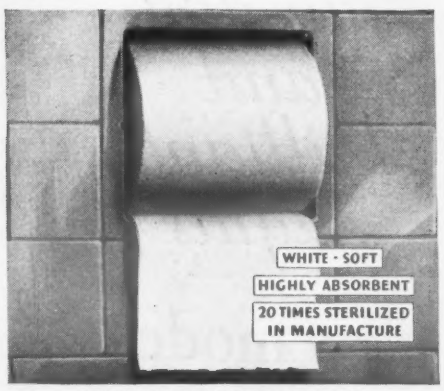
MODERN science has found that many menacing disorders are traceable to the common use of a wrong type of bathroom paper. To irritating particles of raw wood found in harsh, yellow, ground-wood "toilet papers" . . . papers made largely of raw ground-wood.

That is why 218 Health Commissioners and scores of practicing physicians all over the United States are advising the new-type *cellulose* bathroom paper called "Northern Tissue."

Hospitals use it. Tens of thousands of homes have adopted it—until today more homes use "Northern Tissue" than any other white bathroom paper in the world.

***Cooked At* 302°**
20 *Times Sterilized*

First, this new-type paper pulp is cooked at 302°.



FITS RECESSED FIXTURES

That cooking process produces a firm-textured paper, highly absorbent and of linen-like softness. For all irritating substances have been eliminated. And the paper made white as whitest linen.

Then "Northern Tissue" is 20 times sterilized, just like hospital cotton. Tests by the nationally-known Columbus Laboratories show that all contaminating bacteria are thus destroyed; giving you an unglazed bathroom paper free of infectious germs.

10c *A Roll*

The price of this linen-white paper is but 10c a roll. Thus it is no longer necessary to use harsh, yellow, ground-wood toilet papers. Obtain today at any grocery or drug store . . . just ask for "Northern Tissue."

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FREE—
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Dear Miss Neidle:

Please send me the free trial roll of soft, white, 20 times sterilized, "Northern Tissue"—the paper free from raw ground-wood.

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A smart color combination is shown in this frock of Skinner's white crepe, with red hat and short red jacket.

Skinner's crepe makes this one-piece frock using bands at neck and sleeves for trimming.

Gay days and brilliant nights

New modes *and* Skinner's Crepes

HERE come spring and summer with their call for color . . . and more color. And here are the new Skinner's Crepes, in all the lovely shades that Fashion favors.

For your sports frocks, afternoon dresses and evening gowns, these incomparable fabrics are the very last word. So admirably adapted to the latest, smartest styles that it seems as if those Paris designers had Skinner's Crepes in mind! Soft, rich, draping perfectly in slender lines, yet with that famed Skinner wearing quality.

Among the Paris patterns in this issue of the Ladies' Home Journal particularly adaptable for Skinner's Crepes are Nos. 1057, 1059, 1069, 1073, 1077, 1087, 1095, 1097, 1103.

Did you know you could now get charming ready-to-wear dresses in Skinner's Crepes? Always identify them by the Skinner ticket.

Write us for name of nearest store handling Skinner's Crepes

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS *Established 1848*

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Skinner's Crepes

In buying garments ready-to-wear look for this Skinner ticket

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

table either. Good heavens! When you've done a thing like this to me, can't you even keep out of my way?"

It was William who finally, with the tables reversed, begged for the chance to slumber that night. Stella, accompanying her researches with reiterated murmurs of reproach and allowing him small opportunities for either plaintive explanation or dismal repartee, busily continued to flurry among all the items of her wardrobe, until at last he drowsed in a stiff chair with his head against the wall. Not until after three o'clock did she let him get to bed; and when he woke in the morning he found that she was already up and had gone to Aurelia with her problem.

XI

THE question of selection from their joint wardrobes occupied the two ladies most of the day; William was turned out of his apartment; and all afternoon he and Mr. Hedge drove apathetically through the city's parks and about the suburbs, while their wives, at home, remained in diligent conference. Aurelia and Stella scissored and sewed, mumbled to each other feverishly with pins in their mouths, and in their tensest moments examined the result of their work as Stella anxiously posed before the mirror, trying on one transformed vesture after another. It was not until after sunset that the decision was made in favor of an afternoon dress of Stella's from which the sleeves, the shoulders, a generous section of material in front between the shoulders and, at the back, a triangular piece extending down to the waist, had been removed. This lively garment of figured pale-green silk came just to Stella's knees, and Aurelia devised for it a vivid ornamentation. She had a rhinestone girdle, which she cheerfully dismembered and used to make an edging at the neck and down the back and two little glittering straps over the shoulders. Stella owned a sunburst of false diamonds, and with this they caught the dress up a little at her hip. They chose silver-colored stockings and the silvered shoes with rhinestone buckles that Stella had worn at the banquet—she might risk this much repetition without fear of detection, they felt.

FINALLY, then, Stella stood silently before the mirror with this extemporized costume completed upon her; but Aurelia went into raptures. "You're it! Stella, you're absolutely it! You can walk into that house absolutely self-confident because it's certain that he's going to fall flat at your feet the minute he sees you!" She laughed joyously.

Stella, fascinated, had not taken her eyes from the mirror during the last half hour. "What about just a touch more color?"

"For your face? Just a shade more; but not on your lips. Your lips are exactly right." Aurelia applied the rouge herself. "There, and don't you touch it again."

"No," Stella said in a hushed voice. "It certainly does look right."

"Right? I'll tell the world! You know, yourself, you never saw such a wonderful picture as you make right now in all your life!"

"I guess I never did," Stella said almost in a whisper, and her entranced eyes grew dreamy. "I guess I have to admit it, Aurelia; I guess, after all, it even beats the cornflower chiffon. I thought I'd wear my crystal earrings; but I don't believe I need one more touch."

"Yes, you do but not any earrings. I've just had one last big idea. When those two men come back again I guess we'll have to let 'em in, because Bill made such a fuss about getting a chance to do his own dressing the last time he came hammering on the door that we can't keep him out much longer. Well, we'll let him get started—he can take his clothes in the bathroom, and Henry can run an errand for us. The Boulevard Flower Shop is open on Sunday, and we'll send Henry to get a bunch of orchids for you as exactly like the one Mr. Cooper sent you for the banquet as they can make up into a corsage. That ought to let him know you aren't so hard-hearted that you haven't been doing a little thinking about him, Stel'!"

"Who?" Stella asked. "Henry?" And, upon this sally, the two joined in a short burst of laughter; they calmed themselves quickly. "I never felt so excited in all my life!" Stella said.

"Who wouldn't be? Think what's happening!"

"Aurelia, after I get there, what do you think I better talk about?"

"I guess you won't have any trouble about that," Aurelia returned archly. "You'll be sitting next to him, of course, so just go on with what you were talking about with him at the banquet."

"Yes; but that's the trouble. You see, we didn't talk much about any one special thing that night. He paid me all those compliments I told you about; but the whole world was staring at us, and the mayor kept breaking in and talking to him and ——"

"I guess he said enough!"

"Yes; but I do wonder how I'd better begin tonight, after we get at the table. For instance ——"

"FOR instance," Aurelia interrupted with burlesque gravity, "you might ask him how much of an invalid the flu has made Mrs. Cooper, and whether she really is going to get well or not."

"Oh, you wouldn't ——"

"No, I certainly wouldn't," Aurelia returned, greatly amused. Then she became more serious. "If I were in your place, I wouldn't bother much talking about the weather just to get going; I'd start right in. Just about the first thing I'd say, I'd say it was just perfectly wonderful how he didn't have any gray in his hair. I'd say that of course I didn't mean on account of his age; but with all his cares and worries over being the president of such an enormous business anybody would have expected that he'd be kind of more worn-out-looking, so to speak. Then I'd just sort of laugh, as if I didn't mean it *too* much in earnest and was only half-joking, as it were, and put in something a little more serious about how I always did like distinguished-looking men."

Stella was impressed. "That's just about what I thought I would do. I think that's just about the way I'll start things off, Aurelia. I'm all right, once I get going; I know that."

"Oh, you're certain to get going; and when you get going really good, Stella, you're absolutely great. When you get that way there isn't anything on earth you can't get away with; and, for heaven's sake, don't forget about the raise for Henry! The sooner we put that over, the better."

"You needn't be afraid about that," Stella said lightly. "It's almost the first thing I intend to put over tonight. I'm going to have you in a house just as near ours as we can get it. Do you think I ought to hint anything definite about what salary'll be needed for ——"

"No," Aurelia returned thoughtfully, "not exactly in so many words. Just feel it out a little as you go along, and then shoot for it, you know, Stella."

"Oh, I'll shoot for it!" Stella, looking at the mirror, laughed exultantly and missed nothing of the lovely imaged laughter she saw there. "And I'll bring it down too!" she cried, not to Aurelia but to the reproduced beauty before her.

TIME was, and not long ago at that, when Aurelia knew spiteful moments for the joy Stella had of her mirror; but now the little confidante had no jealousy left within her; she was vehement in purest admiration. "You just make me gasp, Stella Greeley!" she burst forth. "You ought to've been born a queen! You are one; yes, you are, and you're going to be queen of the N. K. U.! That's certain! There isn't anything on earth you can't do."

(Continued on Page 163)

CREATORS OF THE MODE

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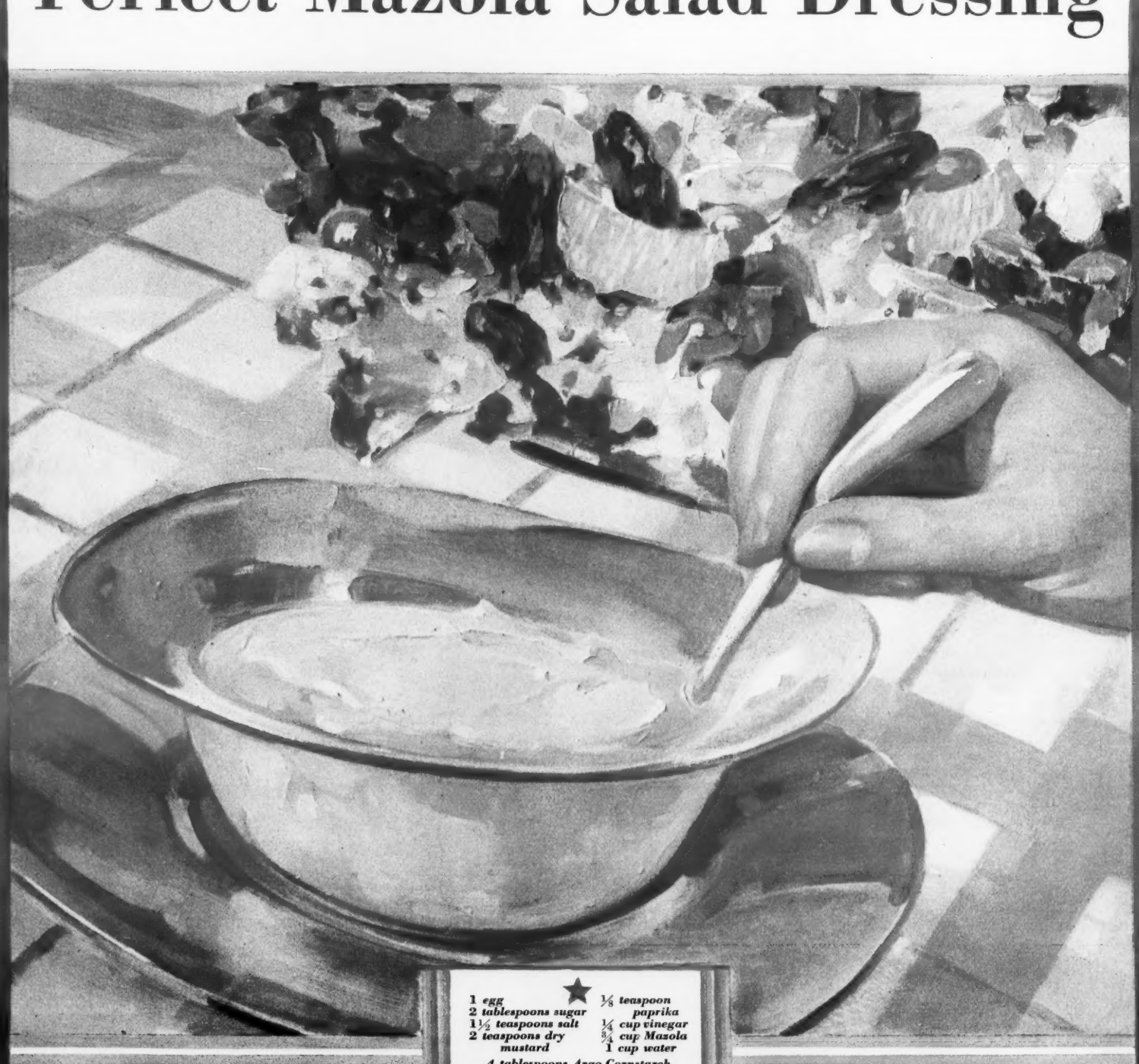
THE NEW HUPMOBILE CENTURY SIX & EIGHT

This recipe has taught the Modern Housewife how to make*

Perfect Mazola Salad Dressing



1 egg
2 tablespoons sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons dry mustard
⅛ teaspoon paprika
¼ cup vinegar
¾ cup Mazola
1 cup water
4 tablespoons Argo Cornstarch
(All measurements should be level)

PUT egg, sugar, seasoning, vinegar and Mazola in mixing bowl, but DO NOT STIR. Make a paste by mixing the Argo Cornstarch with ½ cup water, add additional ½ cup water and cook over slow fire, stirring constantly until it boils and clears up.

Add hot cornstarch mixture to ingredients in mixing bowl and beat briskly with Dover egg beater. Cool before serving.

THERE'S a fresh, distinctive flavor to this perfect Mazola Salad Dressing—delicious, irresistible to even the most discriminating palate.

But that isn't the only reason modern housewives enthuse over this recipe—

It's so easily, quickly and economically prepared! Mazola blends readily and smoothly with all ingredients—and imparts a rare delicacy of flavor comparable only to the finest imported oils (which cost almost twice as much as Mazola).

Frankly, you owe it to yourself to try this delicious Salad Dressing. It's a convincing tribute to the quality and purity of Mazola.

This recipe is typical of the many new and unusual recipes in "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods" by Ida Bailey Allen. Every modern housewife should have a copy.

Send 10c. (stamps or coin) to Corn Products Refining Company, Post Office Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City.

(Continued from Page 160)

They believed it; Stella's radiance enveloped them both and they seemed to share it; intoxicated, they saw in it the bright necromancy that was to bring them each her heart's desire, and it was upon this mood of exaltation that the hammering of William's knuckles upon the door, and his insistent demand for entrance, came as a warning that the great hour was near at hand. They let him come in and turned him into the bathroom with his arms full of clothes, while Aurelia spoke hurriedly with her husband, who had lingered in the corridor, and bade him make haste to be gone for the orchids. But he hesitated.

"I was just thinking," he said slowly, "there was something I wanted to tell you, Aurelia. At any rate, I was going to tell Bill about it this afternoon; but then I thought I'd wait till we got home where all four of us could sort of sit down and talk it over, you and Stella and Bill and I. I thought it'd be a good time to do it now, so if Stella's got her clothes on I'll just come in and ——"

"Come in? What for?"

"Why, to talk this thing over that I was going to tell you and Stella and Bill about. If we could all four just sit down ——"

"MY HEAVENS!" Aurelia uttered a cry of impatience and pushed him toward the door of the elevator shaft. "Go on. You've got just about twenty-five minutes to get back here from The Boulevard Flower Shop with those orchids for Stella. Go on."

"But ——"

"Go on! I never knew such a man!"

"All right," he said wanly, "I guess I might as well." And, as he departed down the corridor, Aurelia ran back to the brilliant figure still standing entranced before the mirror.

"Stella, did you ever in your life! You heard what the poor old bonehead said, didn't you? Wanting to come in here now and 'sit down and talk things over'! Isn't that like a man?"

"And isn't that?" Stella cried, with a gesture of her golden head toward the bathroom door which imperfectly muffled explosive words; William had evidently lost something beneath the bathtub.

The two young wives made the room ring with their happy and excited laughter; and Aurelia began to circle in a merry little dance about her friend. "Bow to the queen!" she sang. "Kiss the king's hand and bow to the queen! Bow to the fairest you've ever seen! Bow to the queen! Bow to the queen!"

XII

THE gray-stone terrace, where the Greeleys stood in the dark twilight waiting for admission outside a deeply vestibuled oaken door, had an air dimly majestic that was a little daunting to William; but not in the least so to Stella. Fresh from her mirror and Aurelia, she was full-panoplied in a dauntless self-confidence; she could almost feel herself glittering under her wrap; the dusk seemed warm with gold that shone through the wisp of chiffon she had wound about her head, and proudly and consciously wearing this glitter and this gold, she found within herself a new and triumphant personality equal to anything and not afraid of lawns or terraces—less still of such pompous and showy ladies as might be revealed by the opening of the oaken door. Only one thing annoyed her.

"You had plenty of time yesterday to have done the right thing," she said crossly to William. "You could just as well have looked up to the minute as not, even if you had to buy yourself a full evening-dress suit ready-made. You saw Mr. Cooper at the banquet with a tail coat, pearl studs, white vest, white necktie and everything."

"He was the only one," William protested nervously.

"He won't be the only one here. You'll be the only one—the only one in a tuck!"

"I can't help it now," he said desperately. "Oh, golly! I wish these next three hours were over and we were ——"

"Be quiet!" she whispered imperiously.

She had expected the door to be opened by a liveried figure defined in her mind as an "English butler"; instead, the office was performed by a colored man.

"Uh—howdy-do! Is Mr. Cooper at home this evening?" William inquired, and coughed. "Anyhow, he invited us to ——" But Stella swept by him and into the broad hall. "Mr. and Mrs. William Greeley," she announced haughtily.

"Yes, sir." The colored man smiled hospitably. "He home. Come right in, sir; come right in." William obeyed and, entering, found Stella already delivering her wrap and chiffon scarf to a negro maid. "Thank you," he said to the man, as the latter took his overcoat and soft hat. "Much obliged! Much obliged!"

STELLA, who said nothing to the maid, sent him a quick, scornful glance over her shoulder; then the two followed the colored man to a wide, open doorway and passed through it into a large, shadowy room where, in the illumination of a couple of shaded table lamps and a fire crackling under a carved-stone mantel, seven or eight people were talking quietly. In this soft and mellow light and against altering brown shadows, the marble and rose and green and gold of Stella, gleaming brilliants, were startling; her instant feeling was that of an overwhelming superiority to the other women present. Her first impression of them was not of their faces but of their clothes—silks and silk crêpes of dark blue, brown, gray and black with a little embroidery and dull-colored decoration; and all of them with sleeves. Before she had time to take detailed or individual note of these obscurely revealed ladies she sweepingly classified them in a group, and, with exultation and yet with disappointment, too, set them down as unimportant and rather dowdy.

Cooper came forward cordially, and the nervous William perceived that his own short coat and black tie were reassuringly of the mode adopted by his host and the other gentlemen present. "I'm delighted to see you, Greeley. Mrs. Greeley, this is very good of you. I want you to meet Mrs. Cooper."

MRS. COOPER had followed him. She was thin and straight, tall and of a reticent yet not ungracious presence; her hair, not short, showed faintly gray; her gray eyes were observant and withholding, and upon her fine lips there was, as if habitually, a thin, somewhat preoccupied smile. "How d'you do, Mrs. Greeley," she said in a voice surprising for its vibrant contralto richness, and she turned to William. "Mr. Greeley, I think it's high time I should have the pleasure of meeting you—my husband's told me so much about you. I can't tell you what a pleasure it is to have you here."

But Cooper was already setting the party in motion; Henry Hedge had been slow with the orchids, and the Greeleys were late. Paneled doors were thrown open upon a brightly lighted dining room, and there, at the round table where old silver gleamed upon a cloth of lace, Stella found that her seat was, as she and Aurelia had confidently expected, next to her host's; but it was upon his left. There, too, glancing across the table, she was startled to find herself looking straight into the dark, intelligent eyes of Miss Crystal Nelson. No personal intelligence of Stella, however, shone at just this moment in the glance of that capable young woman; Miss Nelson appeared to be unaware of the ocular contact and her gaze to be merely in passage and on its way to rest upon Mrs. Cooper. Evidently a discussion between these two ladies had been interrupted by the arrival of the Greeleys and the migration of the party to the table; for Miss Nelson said, with some crispness:

"Don't rest upon the complacent assurance that you convince me. The

"THE BETTER THE WRINGER, THE WHITER THE WASH"

What goes on between the Rolls of a GOOD Wringer?

AS may plainly be seen, when a wet garment goes from the tub through these rubber rolls, most of the water is removed—and the garment comes out on the other side almost dry.

But something else goes on at the same time—something that cannot be seen as it occurs, and is visible only in the greater whiteness of the garment after it has dried out on the line.

This something is the dislodgment of the dirt-and-soap particles—which cling so tenaciously to the fibres of the cloth that only pressure can loosen them sufficiently so that they float off with the wrung-out water.

"The Better the Wringer, the Whiter the Wash"

Pressure must be applied at some point in the washing process if the fabric is to be thoroughly cleansed. This fact has been recognized for centuries—and even the most primitive methods of washing apply it.

In modern washing this essential pressure comes from the wringer—which combines the *final cleansing* with the *initial drying* of the garment.

The more thoroughly and evenly the wringer applies its firm but gentle pressure, the more completely the clothes are cleansed—and, the whiter the wash.

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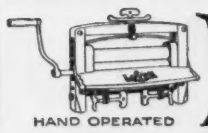
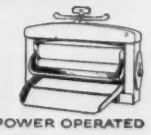


WRINGERS
AND WRINGER ROLLS

HAND OPERATED



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scherzo was by far the worst executed thing on their whole program."

Mrs. Cooper shook her head. "Ansonini didn't think so, and as he composed it himself ——"

Miss Nelson took the words from her mouth. "As he composed it himself he was the last person to be able to judge. A composer, conducting, can always hear his meanings into the sounds he evokes from his musicians; and that's dangerous. It's the weakness of a conducting composer as volatile as Ansonini to believe that he has made his meanings come out of the music simply because he's been able to hear them into it, himself."

"Are you laying down a law?" Mrs. Cooper inquired spiritedly. "Composers should never conduct?"

"That isn't implied in what I said," Miss Nelson returned. "Mr. Leahart, you'll have to continue to act as referee. Is it fair for her to assume there was any such implication?"

HER appeal was to the person at Stella's left, a dry, sallow, wisp-bearded man with a head like Don Quixote's. "No," he said seriously. "Laura has no right to hear any such meaning into your own conducting of this argument, Crystal; and you're entirely correct. But I'm not going to act as your referee any longer; I can find something much pleasanter to do in talking to Mrs. Greeley." He turned to Stella. "Mrs. Greeley, they haven't been kind enough to make me known to you; but my name is Leahart; that's my wife upon Mr. Cooper's right. Mrs. Cooper and Miss Nelson have been boring me very much with their old Ansonini and a modernist concert Mrs. Cooper had here this afternoon. I detest the whole school; and I have only one word for the movement, whether it be in literature, music, painting or sculpture, and my word is 'Blah!' What is your feeling? Could you say the word with me?"

Stella bent upon him a gaze of profound inquiry. "Say, 'Blah'?"

BUT Cooper prevented Mr. Leahart from replying. "You know perfectly well, Leahart, that Mrs. Cooper doesn't allow conversations *à duo* at our Sunday-evening table. Besides, Mrs. Greeley, he'll smother you with Bach and he won't stop to find out first whether you're a Bach worshiper—as he is—or not; he won't even care whether you have any interest in music at all. They're a terrible couple, these Leaharts!" He addressed the table at large. "It seems to me a dreadful thing that a Brahms enthusiast like Mrs. Leahart should have for a husband a Bach maniac. Bach maniacs make themselves priests of a religion. For them, if you wander from Bach, it is all '*à bas*' and '*conspuez*.' Brahms enthusiasts are not quite so mad; their Brahmsitic wildness knows temperate moments when it is able to admit that there have been other composers, and even that there may be such a thing as a composer who is not a dead man."

Here he turned again, for the moment, to Stella, explaining: "You see, my wife, Miss Nelson and I are of the catholic party; we believe in great dead men and are gratefully aware that the music of the seventeenth century did not consist entirely of Louis the Thirteenth's gavotte, nor that of the eighteenth century of the jackdawings of Rouget de Lisle; but for us enthusiasm really begins with Debussy.

"Enthusiasm!" Leahart exclaimed, and he emitted a derisive cackle. "There are two people present who spent forty-eight hours on sleeping cars going to and coming from the audition of a new symphony; they argued every minute of the way; one of them caught a cold that laid her by the heels for a fortnight; and the symphony was one that could have been furnished them here at home at any time by the slight exertion of driving to a boiler factory. You call me a maniac, and yet these two persons would do the same thing again for the same purpose and with the same result. I ask you!"

Mrs. Cooper nodded emphatically. "Certainly we would! Arguing with Crystal for two solid days is worth a cold anytime, not to speak of the symphony, which was magnificent. Ask my husband. He'd heard it, and would have gone with us to hear it again if business hadn't kept him at home. We'd all three go again, and probably shall the next time it's given. We argue, yes; it's a great pleasure, for basically we are in unison."

"YES," Cooper agreed. "We are like George Raymond here; he is horribly bored by everything musical; his ears are large but atrophied because he has never had any use for them; he cares for nothing except what comes through the eye. Our likeness to him is this: That he admits Velasquez and Goya and El Greco but gets really excited only about Matisse."

Mr. George Raymond, a young man of ruddy and amiable countenance, offered quick protest. "No, no! If I didn't do more than 'admit' Velasquez I'd think you might very well enough say I had atrophied eyes as well as atrophied ears. I don't merely 'admit' him; I proclaim him, and proclaim him the greatest of all artists; but I'm able to see something in Matisse too."

At this, the dry and thin Leahart suffered himself to utter one short and sharp yelp of laughter. "Good heavens! Matisse! Picasso! Gaugin! Oh, dearie me!" He turned for sympathy to the glittering figure beside him. "Mrs. Greeley do we have to stand this?"

FOR reply, Stella smiled, trying to impart to her expression an air of knowing archness, and this seemed to suffice Mr. Leahart.

"If it weren't for Mrs. Leahart and me," he said, "you might be led to suppose you'd stumbled upon a circle of modernist lunatics. Don't be deceived, Mrs. Greeley, they delude themselves, and they do not like what they praise. Cooper, for instance. He thinks he likes modernism in art; but you'll observe he has none of it on his walls. However, he's more inconsistent than that: He has two personalities. Here, in this semidomestic circle of his, he spends a great deal of time 'talking art,' as you've heard; he's 'precious,' highfalutin, a descendant of Petronius, apparently, or perhaps only an æsthetic suburban squire."

But Cooper, laughing cheerfully, objected. "What is this? Steele in the Spectator building up a 'character' to be guessed at?"

"If you like," Leahart responded calmly. "He's a curious fellow, this Cooper—or rather I should say these Coopers, for there are two of him; I've seen the other one upon a few occasions when he has lured me to view him in operation upon the scene of his odious commercial exploits. Those terrible tracts covered with glass and concrete and known to their own thousands of unfortunates as the N. K. U. He even got me to sit on the platform with him there once and hear him introduce a lecturer he had imported to edify his suffering employes. There was a Cooper totally a stranger to me, an unfamiliar, speaking an unfamiliar tongue; incarnately a Rotarian. I suppose he spoke to those people in the lingo they understand; and perhaps he feels it necessary to be, among them, the kind of potentate they comprehend; but on the other hand the N. K. U. Cooper may be the real one and this champion of *art nouveau*, the counterfeit. I'll appeal to Mr. Greeley for light

(Continued on Page 166)

GRISWOLD
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Write for "Aunt Ellen's" Meat-in-Loaves recipe. Free—as is also her booklet on Waterless Cooking, with fifty more of her famous recipes. Address "Aunt Ellen," Dept. B, The Griswold Kitchen, Erie, Penna.

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Little juicy steak-cakes are bundled in cabbage leaves—then steamed in the Griswold Tite-Top Dutch Oven. This is a "Waterless" Dutch Oven, which means that all the vegetables and meats you usually boil can now be steamed instead, and all their flavors cherished. Steamed safely, gently—with the perpetual self-basting that adds to their tenderness and good rich taste to a surprising degree.

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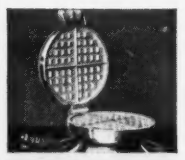
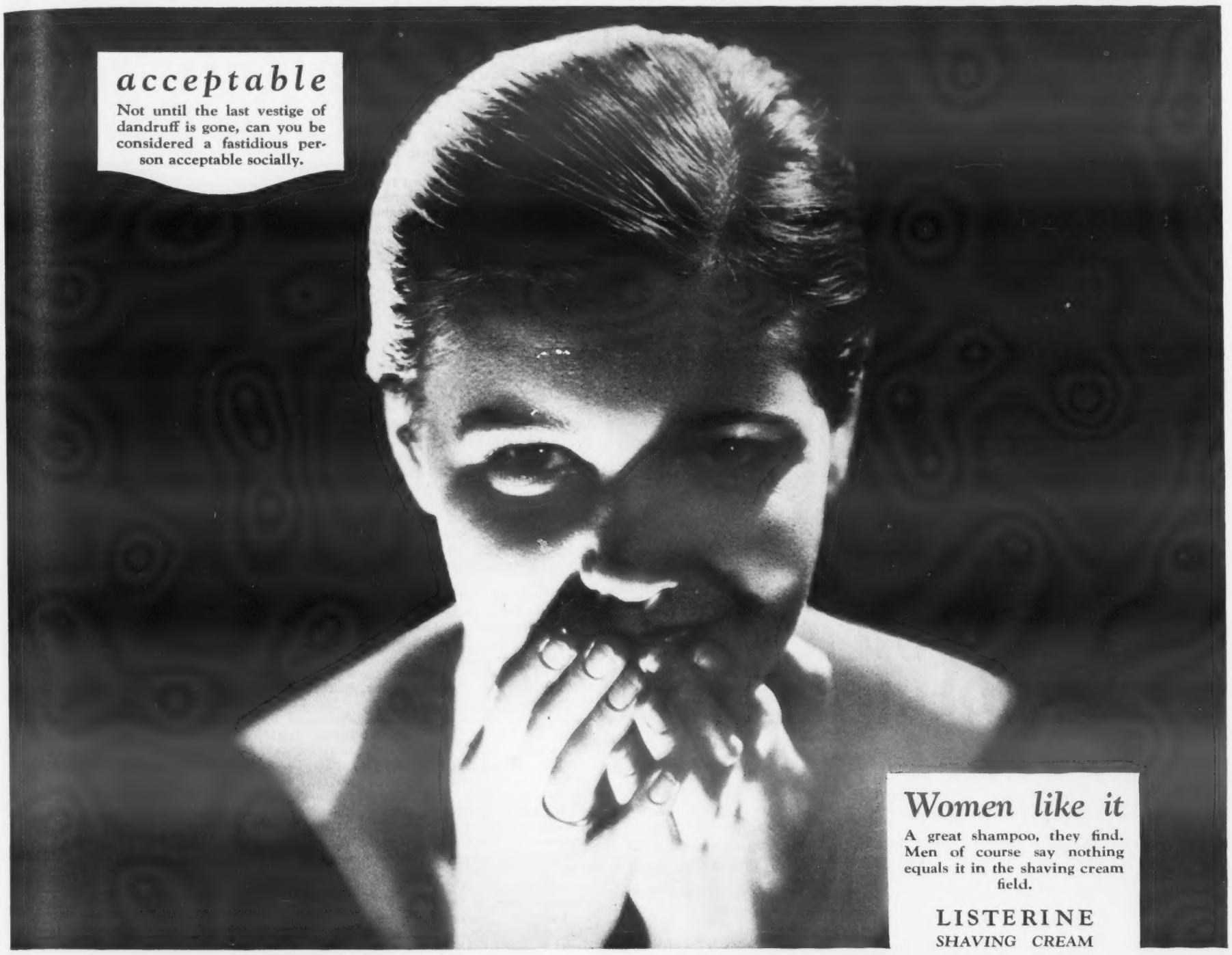


Waffles give a "party" accent to dinners—with the salad, the chicken, or the ice cream. This Griswold Electric Waffle Baker is very simple to bake with—and simple to keep clean. $10.75. It is also made in Heart-Star pattern.

GRISWOLD


acceptable
Not until the last vestige of dandruff is gone, can you be considered a fastidious person acceptable socially.
Women like it
A great shampoo, they find. Men of course say nothing equals it in the shaving cream field.
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Meals are cooked in quicker time and with great economy of kerosene (coal oil). Also, your kitchen is a comfortable place even in hottest weather.

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To get the greatest satisfaction out of a Florence kitchen, you should have a Florence Automatic Water Heater. This modern device requires no attention on your part because it works under thermostatic control, with a pilot light. The cost for kerosene is but a few cents a day.

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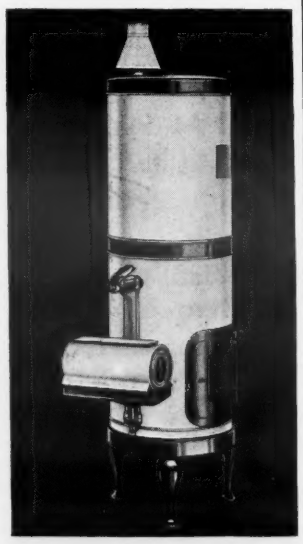


Automatic Storage Water Heater

FLORENCE

(Continued from Page 164)

on the problem. Mr. Greeley, you're one of those very unfortunates I've just mentioned; you're naturally familiar with the N. K. U. Cooper and you now behold him in his domestic, æsthetic aspect, a wholly different creature. Which, in your judgment, is the veritable?"

William, who had grown red instantly upon being addressed, became redder as the smiling attention of the table centered upon him. He coughed, produced from an inner pocket a neatly folded handkerchief, shook it out, wiped his forehead, coughed again; then said with some huskiness, "Well, if I get you—I mean if you mean Mr. Cooper's the whole works at the N. K. U., why, he certainly is, and a man who's the whole works on that job would be pretty likely to be the whole works at anything else he tackled like—like talking art as you were saying, for instance, Mr. Leahart." William seemed to gain a little confidence as he went on. "Everybody in the N. K. U. knows Mr. Cooper is a man that puts himself into anything he does; if you listen to him talking about machinery you think he's an engineer; but then again when he's talking distribution you think he must be a salesman. That's one way to tell a big man from an average man; if you got Mr. Cooper to talking medicine, for instance, a stranger would probably take him for a doctor."

THIS speech met with a success amazing to both the speaker and his wife. There was a murmur of applausive laughter and Leahart clapped his thin yellow hands together.

"Bravo!" he said. "You live up to your reputation, Mr. Greeley. Just before your arrival here, Miss Nelson and Mr. Cooper were telling us that in addition to having precisely the executive genius they found wanting in your predecessors in office you had recently shown a capacity for analysis such as you've just proved you indeed possess. They were telling us of your adroit oratory upon the occasion of some species of commercial feast or banquet when you ——"

William was unable not to interrupt. "Oh, murder!" he exclaimed, and looked pathetically at his host. "I don't suppose I'll ever be able to live it down."

"I hope not," Cooper returned genially. "Leahart's in earnest, Greeley. What we were talking about was your instinctively and in all sincerity finding exactly what was the most adroit thing for you to say under the circumstances. Your speech placated all those officials of longer service who naturally had some jealousy of you for being passed over their heads, and helped to prove the native capacity I'd marked in you for handling men." He turned to Leahart. "I'm glad Greeley's explanation of me satisfies you and I'm prepared to admit that just as you are incarnately a Bach maniac so am I what I've often been called, an N. K. U. fanatic—that is, when I'm on N. K. U. ground."

LEAHART laughed. "And that's wherever you tread! Mr. Greeley is right: If you were talking medicine, a stranger might think you a doctor; but if he listened closely he'd find you were prescribing concoctions brewed in N. K. U. utensils, and the real reason you enthuse over modernist music, like that horrible new Soviet symphony, is that it might just as well be made by your own sledge hammers and aluminum boilers and dynamos and steam whistles as by violins, cellos, brasses, drums and cymbals. After all, you see"—he turned quizzically to Stella—"for all your husband's applauded powers of analysis he's mistaken; that's because of his loyalty to his chief, of course—a virtue that one perceives he carries to the most fantastic extremes. Can you bear it, Mrs. Greeley? Do you permit so much diversion of worship to a deity I'm positive he did not mention when he took his marital vows? I was unable to persuade you to say 'Blah' to modernism with me, but here is a subject that must elicit from you some expression of natural indignation; I am sure that you will speak."

Stella stared in utter blankness at this terrible old man whom she already began to hate; she had been afraid that he would turn to her again with another of his inexplicable questions. She had only the vaguest and most clouded perception of his meaning now; but it was clear that he, and the rest of the little company as well, expected a reply from her, and, as a defense against what seemed to her an unfamiliar form of hostile raillery, she fell back upon the kind of light mockery of which Aurelia had prophesied such great things in case Stella should "get going" at this vital little dinner party.

"Isn't he the highbrow cut-up, though?" she said to Cooper loudly but in the manner of one intimate joker to another. "I'll tell the world!" And, as was her habit when she spoke humorously, she followed up her jocosity with a peal of corroborative laughter.

FOR a moment the hearty sound of her own voice in laughter reassured her, and she seemed to have passed a crisis successfully; but she had the misfortune to laugh alone. Therefore, she continued her hilarity as if in the hope of inspiring others to join her; then she stopped abruptly. Cooper, whose coat sleeve she had ventured to touch in a gesture customary with her when she emphasized a joke, was looking at her strangely, and slowly his face reddened though he made some indulgent sounds as of a courtesy laughter. But a hush had come upon the table; gravity prevailed in all expressions there; tension was felt, and then the crackling voice of Leahart relieved it.

"So little success," he said, "have ever I had with the fair! Mrs. Greeley is right, and my wife bestowed her hand upon me only to win an argument in which I held the affirmative that she wouldn't." Upon this, someone laughed nervously and then, as it seemed, most of the small party began to talk at once, and rapidly.

XIII

STELLA, however, was not one of the talkers; when the vocal tokens of her merriment had ceased she still contrived to retain upon her face the contours of laughter, and thus strove to appear unconscious that her reprisal upon the incomprehensible Leahart had not proved a great comedy success. Gradually, this expression of hilarity relapsed into what she intended for a smile of reminiscent amusement; but the smile was a little like the jauntily flown flag of an ammunitionless citadel under fire and unable to reply. She wished to join in the conversation now suddenly become lively; she tried to think of witticisms to be flung right and left among these people who apparently had no sense of humor and misunderstood her effort to "get going." But the needed witticisms remained elusive and she could only sit silent, suffering more and more with the knowledge that her fixed smile was becoming glassier and glassier.

At the outset of this dinner party she had perceived that the evening was not going to be what she and Aurelia had so confidently and thrillingly expected; the word "scherzo" sprang from a vocabulary appalling to her, and this word upon the lips of Miss Crystal Nelson, just after the company had sat down, was almost as startling to her as the very presence of Miss Nelson herself, familiarly and intimately in this house. Other words not less discomfiting than "scherzo" had followed—phrases and concatenations of sound meaningless to her, and outrageous names seeming to belong to remote foreign celebrities of whom she had never heard anything and never wished to hear anything. Now the talk seemed to whirl and eddy more confusingly than ever about her self-conscious head as with admirable spirit she sought to maintain her smile and wear the air of a superior person bored

(Continued on Page 169)

CLEANS *MASSAGES*

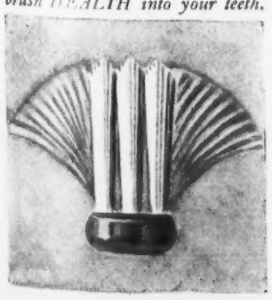
like a washup *like a rubdown*

Pro-phy-lac-tic *does double duty!*

Danger!

Blame sluggish circulation in the gum tissues for much of the trouble you have with your teeth. These dental ills can largely be prevented by careful daily massage of the gums.

EVERY brush has a special blend of spring-back bristles, so straight and alive, so ready for action, so full of cleaning and massaging power, they actually brush HEALTH into your teeth.



YOUR teeth are alive. They need to be *nourished* as well as cleaned. And that means gum massage. For only active gums can properly feed the teeth—set fresh vitality coursing through every dental tissue.

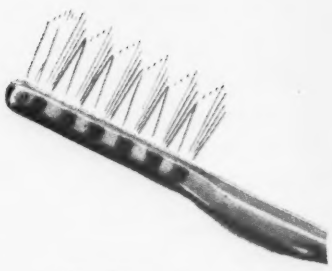
Pro-phy-lac-tic does this vital double job of cleaning AND massaging!

Pro-phy-lac-tic is scientifically shaped to sweep away every particle of waste food matter—clean those hard-to-get-at crevices where germs hide—polish every tooth surface glistening white.

More, Pro-phy-lac-tic bristles—live, springy, full of massaging power—are specially blended to gently stimulate the edges of the gums—and massage the vital membranes that dentists say really control tooth health!

Simply brush with a Pro-phy-lac-tic from the base of the gums to the tips of the teeth. Notice how your teeth and gums respond with a radiant glow of tingling good health!

Get a fresh Pro-phy-lac-tic today. Use it twice a day. Receive a double benefit from each brushing. Without one you may be missing one of the two vital things a properly designed tooth brush *must* do! Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.



The Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic, designed for those whose gums need more than normal attention.

The Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic, for those with smaller-than-average dental arch.

We've Found the Secret of Good Coffee

The Hotpoint Electric Way

HOTPOINT'S special HOT-drip method of making coffee is automatic, scientific. Anyone can make perfect coffee—*every* time. And every Hotpoint percolator, whatever the price, makes coffee the same way, whether it be a modestly-priced *quality* percolator, costing but a few cents a day, or the finest, most beautiful creation of the silversmith's art.

The difference between coffee fit for kings and poorly-made coffee is largely in how it is extracted from the ground beans. Inside each grain of finely-ground coffee are the precious little flavor-sealing cells and globules which when properly dissolved and extracted give coffee its clear color, its delightful fragrance and rich flavor. The Hotpoint HOT-drip method extracts these essentials scientifically—the same way each time—and rapidly. Just the right *amount* of water is percolated to make a perfect brew—not too much, not too little. And the water is HOT to just the right degree at each stage of percolation.

Ask your dealer or electric company to show you the line of Hotpoint HOT-drip percolators. Or write us for descriptive folder. There are styles and sizes of Hotpoint percolators and sets from $9.50 to $65.00. The model illustrated is the new "Florentine," price $20.00.

Hotpoint Electric Appliances go to the South Pole with Commander Byrd

Selected because Hotpoint electric appliances are always dependable even thousands of miles from civilization.

Far off in the frozen south seas with Commander Byrd, Hotpoint electric percolators and toasters will furnish delicious coffee and toast for breakfast—with never a falter.

In the same way millions of women throughout the country daily appreciate the wonderful dependability of Hotpoint electric irons, toasters, percolators, Hedlite heaters, waffle irons, grills, curling irons, etc. Whenever you buy an electric appliance look for the name "Hotpoint" as your assurance of highest quality, unfailing service and "most for the money."

Hotpoint

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.
A GENERAL ELECTRIC ORGANIZATION
5600 West Taylor Street Chicago
Factories: Chicago, Ill., and Ontario, Calif.

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Only Hotpoint Percolators have ALL these features

CALROD: practically indestructible heating element.

Automatic control. The patented Thermal Protector prevents damage or burn-out. Automatically turns the current OFF when too hot, and ON when it cools.

Hinged Tops; can't fall off when pouring.

Spouts and faucets specially constructed to make them dripless.

Valveless Pump; no moving parts, nothing to get out of order.

Easiest to rinse clean; there is no pump "well."

Solid copper construction; heavily plated outside with the new untarnishable Hotpoint Chromeplate—or silver or nickel; and all with silver *lining*.

Special HOT-drip process; makes better coffee.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF ELECTRIC RANGES AND HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES

(Continued from Page 166)

by all this prattle, yet polite about it. She fell back upon every reassurance she could get hold of; far beyond any possible comparison she was the best-looking woman present, and what was almost equally important, she felt, she was also incomparably the best-dressed—indeed the only one with a perfect pretension to smartness. Let these others go on with their highbrow palaverings, she thought. What need a woman who was actually a beauty care? Nevertheless, she did care; she hated the highbrow talk—it was all pose and show-off and bunk anyhow—but, as it went on, she began to feel not only excluded but overwhelmed by it.

Indomitably, she sat facing it with her frozen smile, and at intervals found some relief in bending a little over her plate, seeming to engage herself with food that was tasteless to her, while within her a proud heart held steadfast her resolution to be scornful. Then suddenly she was visited by a terrible doubt. Her dreadful and loquacious neighbor, the detested Leahart, had been making what appeared to be something in the nature of an address, and so far as Stella's comprehension was concerned, he might as well have been speaking in a foreign tongue, when for a moment or two he became all too easily intelligible.

"SUCH a passage in a work of the highest literary pretension," he said, "is as shocking as Chopin's pretty sentimentality in the midst of his Marche Funèbre. It is like a ballet girl at a prayer meeting of mountaineers; it is a false note, like a pretty woman overdressed at a quiet party. It is like a rococo frame upon a Fra Angelico; it is like ——"

But Stella heard him no further. He was entirely innocent; he had not thought of her; far less had he any wish to avenge himself upon her for her too sprightly sally; nevertheless the words, "like a pretty woman overdressed at a quiet party," rang spitefully in her ears. Unreasonably—and disastrously for her already perturbed self-esteem—she thought he had intended a wicked, sidelong gibe. "Overdressed!" Was that what these highbrow snobs were daring to think of her? She lifted her head haughtily and sent a challenging glance about the table; but everyone was listening eagerly to Leahart, who continued to be voluble; even William seemed to be interested in his crazy talk and to have some comprehension of it. No one was paying the slightest attention to her; and for all she apparently counted with these people she might as well have been sitting at home, still unknown to them, in her kitchenette apartment at the Warwicke Armes. "Overdressed!"

THE sting of the intolerable word went deeper and deeper. Why did these people so suavely exclude her? If only the women were treating her as an outsider she could have understood it as their offensive defense against a competitor of superior charm; but the men left her as completely outside the circle as did the women, and it was a man who had so slyly insulted her. "Overdressed!" Could it possibly be true?

When that fear came upon her she began to be stricken. She saw that at least from the point of view of "these people" it was true, and she was overdressed; she and Aurelia had made a terrible mistake. And with this, the smile she had worn so long became not merely glassy but piteously vacant; it was now not the jaunty flag of a still defiant fortalice but the white emblem of defeat fluttering over a pillaged city. Dazed, Stella began to have a dim perception that the "highbrow" talk of "these people" was their habitual means of expression, and that although so far as she was concerned it was a foreign language, yet it was the only one they spoke. Even if they had wished to include her they had no more power to do so than she had to speak to them in their own tongue; through the diabolic Leahart, they had made attempts at communication; but her replies, "Say blah?" and "Isn't he the highbrow cut-up?" had proved to them that their experiment was a failure. Moreover, there was painful significance in the fact that it was not Cooper who had made the experiment.

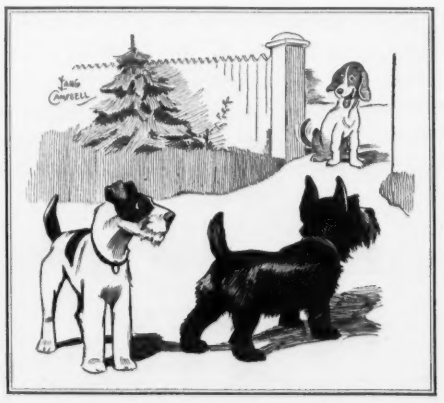
SHE had only half comprehended Leahart's whimsical characterization of his friend, yet she was now acquiring an uncomfortably clear realization of the two aspects of Cooper, and she perceived that at his own table and among his own familiars he wore his true and natural manner. With this there vanished the last shred of feeble pretense to herself that on account of the presence of Mrs. Cooper he had not deemed it wise to continue the attitude of gallantry that had marked him at the banquet. Then had that attitude of gallantry, itself, been only a part of his N. K. U. aspect, assumed as a good paternal policy? "Soft-soaping!" she thought bitterly, thus describing to herself the display of a newly promoted factory manager's wife for N. K. U. emulation. Had the Big Boss indeed thought of her all along merely in that capacity—the wife of his deserving factotum? Since she came into his house tonight he had not asked her a question or addressed to her a remark that gave her a chance to reply; evidently, he had expected nothing from her, and had already thought of her what "these people" thought of her now, that she was an outsider! Then why had he invited her?

Her beautiful, long brown eyelashes shadowed Stella's eyes as she bent her head above her plate, then lifted, and she sent round the table a slow and sullen glance that came to rest upon the face of her husband. William was not having a bad time at all; he had just replied to a question of Mrs. Cooper's, and evidently with some credit, for everyone except his wife was laughing amiably. He could communicate with "these people," it seemed, and they with him. Was he the reason his wife had been asked to sit in exile at this feast?

STELLA felt that she hated him; she hated only one person more; but this greater hatred was not because of any wifely jealousy, for she had no need to feel that sort of jealousy now, and she knew it. The most talkative person at the table, even surpassing Leahart, had become Miss Crystal Nelson; and it was for her easy and comfortable manner in this overpowering house, for the applause she met and for her assured place among "these people" that Stella hated her. Crystal talked on gayly. She was merry, and it was apparent that the others even thought her sparkling, for sometimes Mrs. Cooper clapped her hands, while Leahart and Cooper cried "Bravo!"

Stella drove her knife into a slice of partridge as if she stabbed it; she felt that she must certainly die of chagrin unless she shouted, "Oh, shut up! You're nothing but my husband's old-maid secretary! So shut up!"

(To be Concluded)



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You never knew before how SMART a window shade could be!

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The first glimpse of Brenlin Stripes will change all the ideas you've ever had about window shades.

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Smart, slender *stripes*, running top to bottom, woven right in the fabric itself. A style note that makes window shades actual units of decoration, like your carefully chosen draperies, rugs, and furniture!

Many beautiful hand-applied tints to choose from. Colors that harmonize with any interior, resist fading by sun, spotting by rain.

Brenlin Stripes will not wrinkle or sag. The reinforcing stripes, the firm, linen-like Brenlin material keep this modern window shade always straight and smooth-hanging.

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You can do this by means of an interesting Color Selector, worked out by a well-known interior decorator. 10c enclosed with coupon below brings you samples of Brenlin Stripes in all tints, Color Selector, and an instructive new book on this modish material. We will also send name and address of your nearest Brenlin dealer.

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Please send me samples of Brenlin Stripes, descriptive book, and Color Selector. Also, name and address of nearest Brenlin dealer. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin).

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No delays—no hurry, when you shop this way

Free to select what you please with no persuading and urging. Free to take what you like from the shelves—to examine it at leisure. Free to use your *own* knowledge of foods and arrive at your *own* decision.

What a delightful way it is to shop for foods—this special plan now used by two million and a half women!

A few years ago the first Piggly Wiggly Store was opened. Today over 3,000 of these unique stores cover the country from coast to coast. This method of household buying has swiftly become a nation-wide vogue.

On the open shelves you find the choice foods of the world awaiting you at Piggly Wiggly. Famous and familiar cans and packages, inviting fruits and vegetables. Big square price tags hang by every item—the famous swinging price tags of the Piggly Wiggly Store.

Shop slowly or quickly. No hurry at Piggly Wiggly. Just help yourself and choose for yourself. Fine ideas for dishes and menus keep bobbing up when you shop this way.

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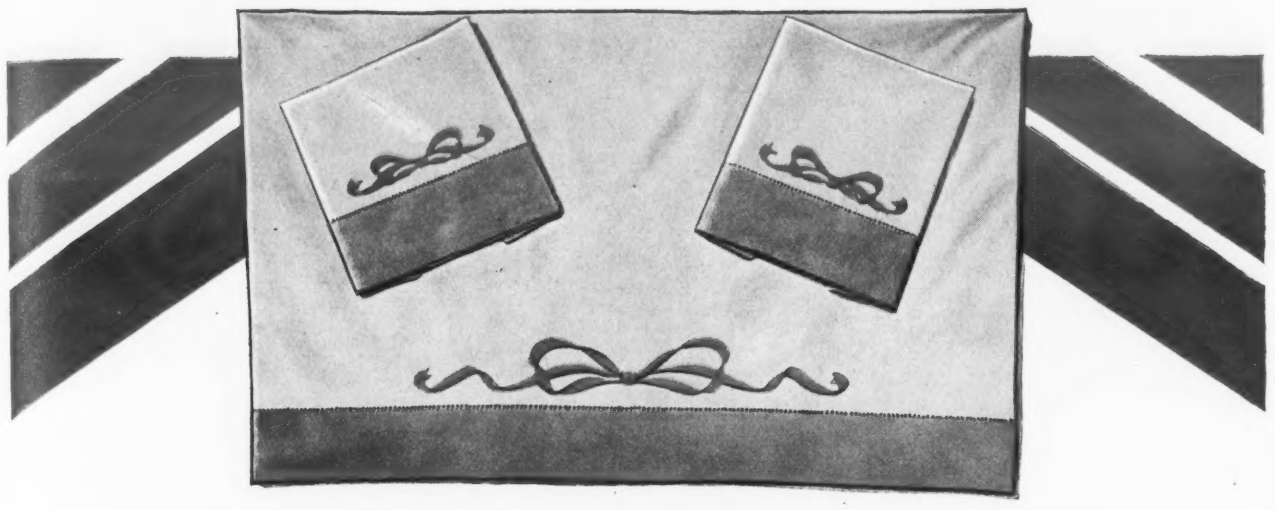
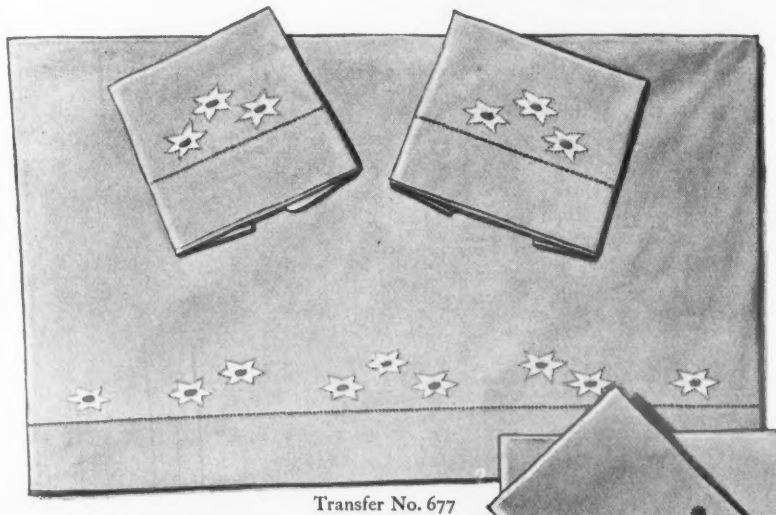
The finest kinds of each food selected for you to choose from

A SERVICE NOW OFFERED IN OVER 800 CITIES AND TOWNS



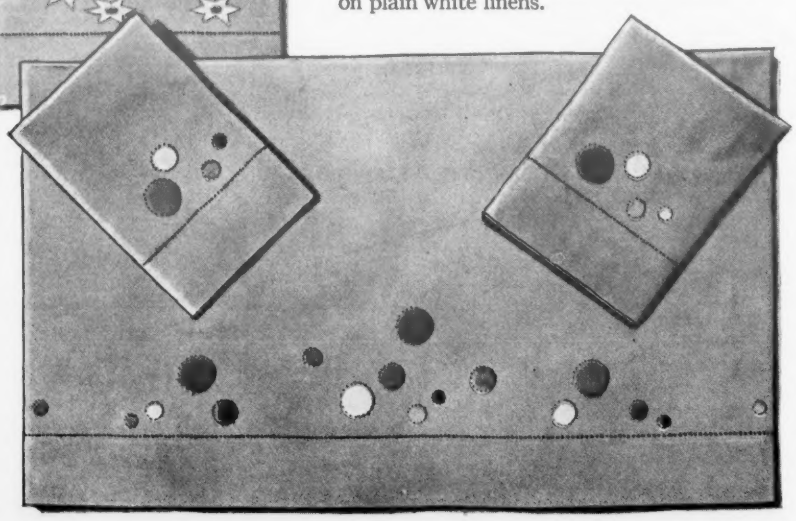
Brides' Linens—Gay With Color

Designed by HELEN PERRY CURTIS



Transfer No. 677

Orchid sheets could be made even more charming by appliquéing this design in a deeper shade of lavender. The little flower design is most effective in two shades and completes the bed ensemble for a quaint Colonial room. Pale green sheets with this jonquil design in yellow and white would harmonize delightfully with such a room. The very French circle design employs three or more colors and is used in the very modern bedrooms effectively. Dots of coral, old-blue, jade-green and yellow decorate this pale-blue sheet and pillowcase ensemble. Any conventionalized design may be appliquéd in matching colors on colored linens, on white linens that have colored borders, or on plain white linens.



LENDING enchanting color and a very new and modern personality to the furnishings of the bed, colored sheets and pillowcases have become a definite mode and have outgrown the stage of fads. The three charming suggestions for appliqué on colored or plain linens that are shown on this page are included in transfer No. 677. The addition of these delightfully easy-to-do touches of appliqué gives the appointments of a bed a definite cachet of chic and individuality. The lovely flowing bowknot design is charming in one color and it harmonizes with a bedroom furnished in the more elaborate French manner.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Dresses, 45 cents; Coats, 45 cents; Transfers, 45 cents.

Now... *rid teeth of* "YELLOW MASK"

If your Teeth have that Unbecoming Yellowish Tinge a New, Cool, Creamy Dentifrice will remove it... and the Dangerous Germs Sealed within the Enshrouding Mask.

Here is dental science's latest miracle . . . a tooth paste that removes that unlovely yellowish tint from pretty white teeth. And so safely, too . . . without the slightest harm to the most delicate enamel!

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In your saliva is a "liquid cement." It flows over your teeth, thickening and hardening. Food, coffee and tobacco stains are absorbed by it . . . and that "yellowish look" appears. Worse, germs of decay breed within it—safe from ordinary brushing. These not only attack the enamel but creep up under the gums to cause serious disorders.

Therefore, to win glorious whiteness and sound, healthy gums you must remove this mask—and keep it off. Dental science now provides a simple means. You can get it at your nearest drug or department store.

"Gone in two applications"

"My daughter-in-law had a yellowish tinge on her front teeth that no dentifrice would remove. I induced her to try ORPHOS . . . and that yellow look went in two brushings."

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The Substance that Banishes "Yellow Mask"

To remove this ugly and dangerous "Yellow Mask" leading dentists use a white, silky polishing agent known as "Tri-Calcium Phosphate." Scientific makers of ORPHOS TOOTH PASTE have transformed this wonderful powder into a cool, creamy, mouth-sweetening paste. Thus giving you the dentist's formula for home use.

A New Brilliance Found by Millions

Already millions have discarded old-time favorites for ORPHOS. And dull, yellowish teeth for the lustrous whiteness of polished pearl. Try it. There's new beauty for you in its bright red and white carton!

ORPHOS CO., Inc.
22 West 32nd Street New York City

Orphos TOOTH PASTE
-Removes "Yellow Mask"

Every woman has the right to know

the real truth about feminine hygiene

WHY not? Feminine hygiene is an intimate matter, but also it is a perfectly natural and simple matter, and nothing will keep it natural and simple but a frank view of the facts. And today authentic, scientific information concerning feminine hygiene is available to women everywhere.

Feminine hygiene *is* a healthful practice. Women of refinement know that it brings peace of mind and gives the feeling of daintiness and well-being so necessary to their happiness. Why, then, any doubt or any mystery?

Old-fashioned methods displaced by Zonite

Ask any physician or trained nurse. You will find they approve of feminine hygiene. It is only the *old-fashioned methods* that they warn against—the poisonous antiseptics so many women use. They know the dangers—not only to the women during actual use of the poisons, but to the family in case of accidental swallowing.

How different is Zonite. It is as safe to use as pure water. It is absolutely non-caustic, non-poisonous. Yet it is actually *far stronger* in its power to kill harmful germs than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely allowed on the body. No wonder women everywhere are welcoming Zonite!

Free book has all the facts

Send coupon below for "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene"—correct information given simply and frankly. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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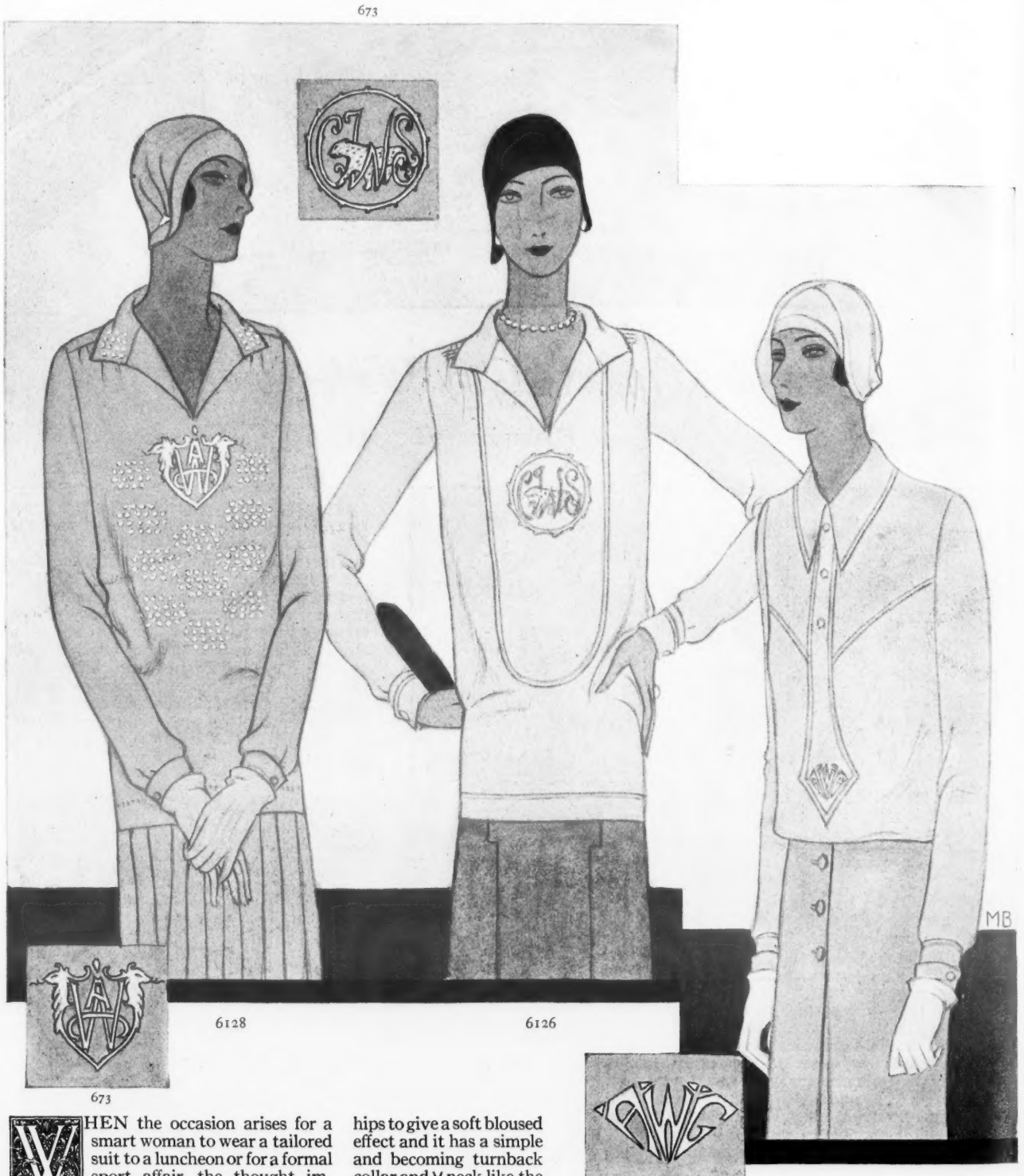
Charming Blouses for Spring Tailleurs

673



6128 6126 6127

673 676

WHEN the occasion arises for a smart woman to wear a tailored suit to a luncheon or for a formal sport affair, the thought immediately comes to her—what blouse can she wear that will have an appropriate air of the unusual and chic if she cares to take off her coat? Let these three beautifully designed French models solve this problem for those who are wondering. At the left, Design No. 6128, is a simple, tailored blouse, fitting for any occasion. It is made on long straight lines extending down to the hips and it has a shallow yoke in the back to break the line across the shoulders. The V-neck has a narrow flat collar and the sleeves are simple and loose-fitting, turned back and fastened with cuff buttons at the wrists. To add individuality and charm to this blouse a fancy monogram is placed just below the V neckline. The three initials are inclosed in a design consisting of two conventionalized dragons. A detail of this monogram, Design No. 673, is shown at the side. This blouse is designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 44.

The blouse in the center, Design No. 6126, is made with a yoke, or round set-on bosom. It is cut snugly over the hips to give a soft bloused effect and it has a simple and becoming turnback collar and V neck like the blouse at the left. The back is plain and straight and at the shoulders in front are lines of shirring to give fullness and ease over the bust. A tiger steps through the initials of the monogram, Design No. 673, which is worked in a solid stitch on the yoke of the blouse. This model is designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42.

The blouse at the right, Design No. 6127, is an excellent example of the tuck-in blouse which seems to be so popular this season. Its distinguishing note is the pointed yoke appearing both in the front and back, and combined with a long tab which extends almost to the waistline. The collar is close-fitting and soft, and repeats the pointed line of the yoke with its pointed ends. The cuffs are deep with a narrow turnback edge fastened with cuff links. The broad end of the pointed tab is embroidered with a tailored triangular monogram, Design No. 676, consisting of three letters, worked in a solid satin stitch. This model is designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Monograms cannot be too emphatically stressed as significant of Parisian taste. Every Frenchwoman wants to make sure that she is wearing something—if not everything—quite different from her friends. To assure herself of this, she monograms her lingerie, blouses, scarfs, handkerchiefs, hand bags and vanity accessories. Sometimes these monograms consist of a single letter or conventionalized group of letters, but the very newest and smartest are initials combined with bewitching animals.

The skirts on this page are not without their line of chic also. The skirt at the left is made with accordion pleats in the front and back. The model in the center is tight fitting across the hips, with *aisance* for walking given by a large box pleat in the front which is stitched a few inches down each side. The tailored skirt at the right is exceedingly simple in line with an inverted pleat down the center front, trimmed with three flat buttons.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Blouses, 35 cents; Monograms, 35 cents; Initials, 25 cents.

THE KARPEN NAMEPLATE MARKS FURNITURE OF INTRINSIC WORTH

Park Avenue Room. Illustrating Karpen pieces: Sofa and chair 260; Occasional Chair 261; Side Chair 262; Coffee Table 263; Book Stand 264.

THIS MODERN AMERICAN ROOM

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ADMIRABLY expressing an American designer's interpretation of the new age, this inspired living room may well challenge your imagination. With it as guide, your own living room can be transformed, with surprisingly few changes. For so rich in effectiveness are the colors, the simple, virile lines of the furniture, that very few pieces are needed to establish the spirited tone of the entire room. Such an interior, distinguished as it undeniably is, is yet one that almost anyone can afford. The furniture by Karpen is truly moderately priced in view of its quality, craftsmanship and, above all, *style*. Other interesting modern designs and period productions await you at good stores where Karpen furniture is displayed.

KARPEN *Furniture*

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Mail this coupon for "Beautiful Interiors"

A colorful, absorbing book on interior decoration by Edgar W. Jenney. Full of ideas for your home. Send this coupon now, with 10c for mailing costs, to S. Karpen & Bros., 801 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago; 37th and Broadway, New York; or Huntington Park, P. O. Box O, Los Angeles, California.

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Behind the Seams

(Continued from Page 23)

Caring nothing for jewels, she satisfies her taste for decoration in exquisite shoes, commanding them to her measure in Italy, wearing always hand-sewed varnished pumps, with, in case of a tailleur, the counter of the same tweed as her suit. She has a passion for gloves and can order and lose as many as thirty pairs in the course of a month.

Despite her extraordinary energy, she is by temperament a dreamer—or, as she says, lazy. Work for her is an effort she is interested in expending not on herself but on others.

She likes good food, but prefers music; she has an unusually large pianoforte memory and library in her country place and likes all dogs, favoring her own three—a pinscher, a wire-haired terrier and an Eskimo samoyed. Being British, she rides to perfection and keeps a hunter in what are now her stables, but were in the twelfth century monastic tithe barns. The house accompanying them at Giverny is part of an old French abbey, in which Madame Champcommunal keeps an English log fire burning every day in the year.

Her generosity is her greatest extravagance. She will give away in a moment what it has taken her hours to acquire. She is tall, blond, blue-eyed, introspective, shy; like most shy people, she is honest, incapable of flattery. She likes spring weather, philosophy and good conversation, dislikes ostentation and substitutes, and is fond of garden flowers.

MME. JEANNE LANVIN is the dean of the great couturières of Paris. She is the only one who has long hair, still works eight hours a day, as in her youth, is indifferent to public life and is an admitted elegant sixty.

Herself a woman of the nineteenth century and admiring fabrics and forms of even earlier periods, by her preference and position she popularized frocks which in the fifties and sixties were hailed as the *dernier cri* and in this generation of electricity are more respectfully known as *robes de style*.

In an age of athleticism, no petticoats and political freedom for women, she pulled the past forward. She saved the full long skirts of our grandmothers from the museum by wrapping them by night around their granddaughters' dancing ankles. She fastened the frocks of Winterhalter, fashionable court painter of the unhappy Empress Eugénie, on the pretty shoulders of modern American girls who had never heard of Winterhalter; nor did they need to, knowing the address of Madame Lanvin.

She is a type of old-fashioned French business woman disappearing from the ranks of Parisian dressmakers today. She enters her office in the Rue du Faubourg-St.-Honoré punctually at ten, goes to her private room, where, according to the season, she designs, dictates, selects materials, sees no clients and no clients see her. At noon she returns to lunch in her home in the Rue Barbet-de-Jouy, quiet white street of hidden gardens and departed aristocrats. At two she returns to her office, where she designs or dictates or selects materials, sees no clients and no clients see her. Work over for the day, she goes home at eight to dine.

Years ago she started her business on a thousand francs. It is her boast that she has never borrowed one sou. Like those who do not borrow, she is not lavish, is not extravagant. Her purchases and pleasures are not ephemeral, now that she has a fortune at their disposal.

She is a self-made woman and she buys only what she feels is permanent—magnificent diamonds, which she is constantly having reset, canvases by Renoir, and good food, which to a hearty French gourmet, as she is, probably is the most permanent pleasure of all.

Occasionally she attends a good theater for its first night. Her establishment is represented at the Opéra at its annual Bal de la Couture. And once a year, in person, Madame Lanvin attends the races.

On any occasion her wardrobe illustrates her character, her epoch, her experience with life. She admires gray, she prefers beige, Nature in this instance indulgently guiding her, since her head is ornamented with a superb chignon of old-fashioned massive beige braids. Her hats are simple, if not severe; alone of the women of Paris, she wears black evening gowns with sleeves; in a decade when no one else cares for it, she still admires embroidery. Six months ago she had a red dress made, but she has never put it on.

The short lamé jackets which of late have had such a vogue were originally her idea and personal property. She is a connoisseur of old brocades and she is, being a Frenchwoman, susceptible to drafts; the lamé jackets were the result. Made to satisfy her pleasure in fine stiff fabrics and possibly to prevent her sneezing, she created a comfortable house garment for herself which chic women the world over wore in public.

Behind her modern house in the Rue Barbet-de-Jouy is a small eighteenth-century garden pavilion, which is her museum of silks and prints. Here she maintains and augments a collection of fine French tissues and damasks. In her bedroom is a collection of the glass foliated paperweights which were the delight of the nineties. In her country house at Le Vésinet exotic tame birds make a living chintz of her lawn.

In the details of her habits, admirations, creations and rules, Madame Lanvin remains true to her race and early training. She is French to the backbone, was one of a dozen or more children and had her way to make in this worldly world. A sensible Gallic respect for its properties, its ordered beauties and its family loyalties has dominated her and benefited others; of the two thousand people who make up the personnel of her three shops many are related to her by blood or marriage. Her niece is second in command, a stepdaughter's husband is head of the men's shop. Many men have tailored for women; Lanvin is the first woman to tailor for men. Two sisters-in-law head the embroidery rooms.

She maintains her own dye works, her own perfume laboratories. From them comes her special scent made for her use alone—a characteristic and elegant Cologne water, flavored with thyme.

LOUISE BOULANGER is the last of the great dressmakers who can pin up a hem. She is the only one who sees her clients, advising them "Madame, that frock is becoming to you," or "Madame, that frock is not becoming to you." She is the only one who, in the midst of all the details and duties incumbent upon her as head of a great house, supervises the fittings of the gowns it makes, explaining, "That's perfect," and how; or "That's wrong," and where.

In a profession where many of its heads have elegantly learned to forget the use of a needle she still knows as much about basting as her littlest apprentice and as much about everything else as everyone else in her employ. She knows her job from A to Z; she still practices the entire alphabet of its activities. She is the Compleat Dressmaker.

In winter in her workrooms Madame Boulanger wears a magnificent working smock of white lamb fur. Her jewels were at one time like no one else's—precious floral set pieces with leaves of emerald or jade and buds of pink stones, a fashion patronized in its origin by her.

Interested in dressmaking, she is interested even in the making of her own

THIS GIRL'S *lovely face attracts a million eyes*
to magazine covers

Miss Rose Marie Sinnott, a favorite model of Neysa McMein, the Famous Artist.

She tells why she uses the MELBA A·B·C of beauty

NATURE made her "a thing of beauty." You know her type—fresh delicious bloom of youth—cheeks like sun-kissed peaches—lips that are a scarlet bow of alluring color in her heart-shaped face. This girl, immortalized on the canvases of America's greatest artists—this girl, whose enchanting face has inspired superb interpretations of beautiful femininity—tells you why *she* uses the Melba A B C of Beauty:

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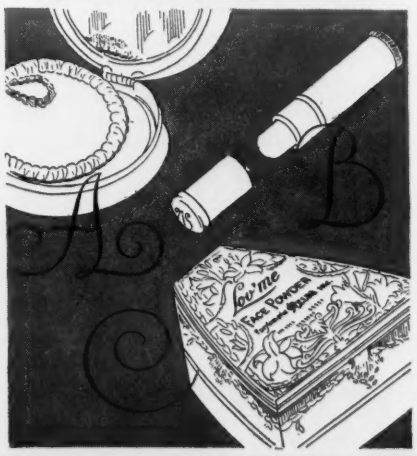

Neysa McMein, Whose Superb Portrayals of Feminine Charm Have Brought Her Fame, says:

"Miss Sinnott's glowing beauty is a perpetual source of inspired creation. Her lovely warmth of color, her sparkle, her radiance, bring the spirit of joyous youth to the magazine cover."

Enhanced Loveliness for Every *Type*

In the Melba A B C of Beauty there is a tint specially developed to bring out the charm of *your* type. Ask at your favorite drug or department store for the particular shades best suited to your coloring. With the correct tints of Melba Lov'me Rouge, Lipstick and Face Powder, you will have the natural loveliness which Beauty's A B C is sure to bring its users.

. . .

Give your skin professional care with the specialized Melba Beauty Creams—Skin Cleanser, Tissue Cream, Vanishing Cream—"The Melba Technique for Beauty."

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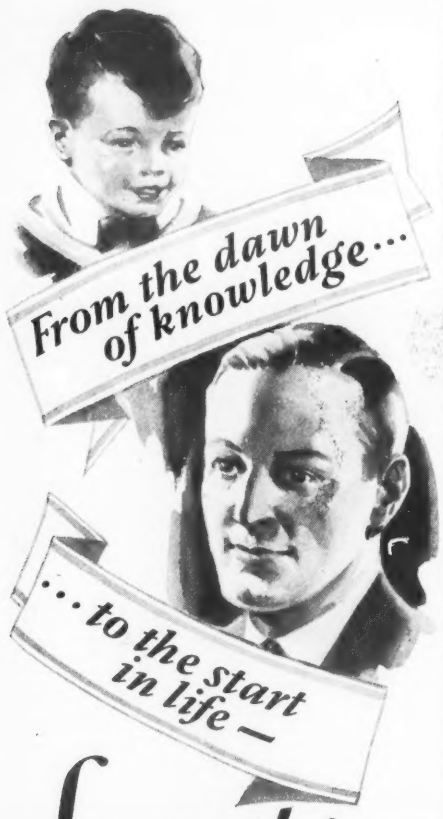

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clothes. She is therefore an exception and perhaps the best-dressed dressmaker in Paris—a plump, perfectly gowned woman in her forties, mother of a married daughter; her skin is pale, her hair black, her voice dominant, her teeth dazzlingly white and her smile ravishes the beholder.

Her taste in clothes is feminine. She is responsible for what is now called "the return of the feminines," after seasons of comfortable masculinization in which she took no theoretic part. She sees women as spherical bodies; she likes the fulled skirt, the crescent bodice, all the curves woman has enjoyed in peace for hundreds of years and only briefly lost after the late war.

She herself wears gowns of black, beige, gray—erudite colors; her success in her appearance is never ignorant. The gowns she wears do not appear in her commercial collection and therefore have no names. Fanciful titles are customarily given all garments in the big houses; they are called by her Just-One-of-Those-Little-Things-I-Wear, her affectation being to imply that no other woman would put such a garment on her back. No other woman would have the chance. Her hats are of simplicity and felt; for years they have been created for her by two shops.

Most of the big dressmakers traditionally use eighteenth-century furnishings for their shops. The fitting rooms of Madame Boulanger's establishment in the Rue De Berri are made without walls, consisting of modern movable screens of black, silver, white, mirrors and gold.

She is one of the few, as she was one of the first, whose tastes in *décors* are modern. Drien and Dunand, both known now to collectors in New York, were patronized by her. She also has a sensible softness for Chinese art but she lacks the tiresome passion of the connoisseur offering Ming rather than the appreciation of a talented onlooker. She has no hobbies except one for Italian skies.

As an individual, Madame Boulanger, being talented, is temperamental. Here is the privilege of absent-mindedness; unable to remember any of her employes' names, her constant cry of "*Jeune fille,*" being generic, brings every young woman of her staff to her door, annoying when she desires only a particular one; she may not recognize on her own staircase someone with whom she has conversed for an hour not an hour before. The only thing she unfailingly recognizes is her work—what is right with it, what is wrong with it, and the many shrewd ideas that lie in between.

"When someone says to me, 'I saw Madame So-and-So, wearing a beautiful frock,' I know something was the matter with it. When I hear someone say, 'I saw Madame So and-So, looking beautiful,' I know the frock was perfect. When a gown is perfect no one notices it; one sees only the woman inside."

This is her dictum about her work, any dressmaker's work, about chic Parisian women or any smart women the world over. She is one of the most influential couturières of France. As a dressmaker, any statement she makes is authoritative; as a Frenchwoman, any idea she has is apt to be wise.

Heirlooms to Order

(Continued from Page 18)

top slides; and behold, in the trough beneath is table linen. Presto! A dough table has become a sideboard!

If you have taste and imagination you can work wonders with almost antiques.

Running short of money is characteristic of all young people furnishing a house, I guess. Other friends of ours were confronted with the problem and met it in this way: The dining room, they said, is the least important room in the house. It is used only at mealtimes, and well-cooked food tastes just as good on a cheap little painted table as on a priceless Hepplewhite or trestle gateleg.

So they bought a collection of the knock-down furniture you get for almost nothing, and put it together and painted it and decorated it with decalcomanias and gave their dining room charm and personality. Then if, as and when they get the money to buy better dining-room furniture, they can—without feeling they have spent so much on the first set that they cannot afford to scrap it, even though it is so ugly that it interferes with the proper digestion of food. Everyone has admired the painted furniture so much, however, that instead of being a stop-gap for a year or two as originally intended, it will probably be used until it falls apart.

Clever as it was, this idea was not practicable for us, as we had been given an ancestral sideboard which would not have fitted in with painted furniture.

The Expert in Action

IT WAS beginning to look as though we should have to eat our meals standing in front of the lovely inlaid sideboard and sleep on the floor when a friend unwittingly solved the problem by buying a William and Mary lowboy.

We took dinner with him one night shortly after the momentous purchase had been made. Another antiquer, who has almost been graduated from the collector into the expert class, was there. Our friend asked his opinion of the lowboy. Was it authentic?

The expert approached the lowboy to a distance of three paces and poised there on the balls of his feet, leaning forward slightly and gazing at the piece with the rigid concentration of a bird dog who scents a grouse.

After what seemed like several minutes he broke his point and gradually drew nearer until he could run his hands over the polished surface and finger the moldings. He slipped off his glasses, letting them dangle precariously from one ear, and peered at the molding, the trumpet turnings and the cracks in the veneer.

Guarding Against Fakes

OBLIVIOUS of his surroundings, and unmindful of his evening clothes, he got down on his hands and knees and, glasses swinging from one ear, examined the scroll stretchers. Twisting his head nearly off, he squinted upward at the underside of the carcass. Without comment, other than the little grunts and mutterings he had been making throughout the entire process, he rose to his feet and pulled out the drawers. First he examined the brasses, then he focused on the joints of the drawers, and finally he peered intently into the holes from which he had pulled the drawers.

"It's all right." He turned to our friend. "The brasses aren't original and there has been some restoration—I suspect one of the stretchers is new—but the piece is authentic."

"Can't you tell by standing off and looking at it whether it is real or not?" I asked. I had thought that an antique could be instantly recognized by its beauty of workmanship alone.

The expert laughed good-naturedly at my ignorance. "There have been fakes so clever," he said, "that museum committees have been taken in." He told of a splendid pie-crust table offered to a museum, which was very nearly bought until one of the experts discovered by careful measurement that the top was still a perfect circle, whereas if the table had been genuine the diameter across the grain would have been a trifle shorter than the

(Continued on Page 178)

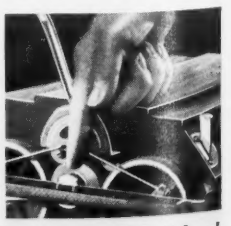
Sweeps easier now!

New "Hi-Lo" Brush Control makes amazing difference

A NEW improvement... the "Hi-Lo" Brush Control... so greatly lessens the required handle pressure that now you just glide this magic sweeper over heavy carpets, and there is no hard bearing down on any surface.

Use the improved Bissell to sweep any floor from bare linoleum to the heaviest tufted rugs. It sweeps them *all* with greater ease. You really must see the new Bissell to appreciate the improvement.

Your leading hardware, furniture or department store will gladly demonstrate the new, improved Bissell. Why not enjoy the inexpensive pleasure of a new sweeper? A Bissell with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control (on all Cyco models) costs only the price of a few brooms—$5.50 and up (50c more in the West and South). Ask your dealer to show you. "The Bissell Booklet" mailed free on request. Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., Grand Rapids, Michigan.



The new "Hi-Lo" brush control (Automatic)

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"Troubles people never talk about"

—are often caused by harsh toilet paper

OVER 65 per cent of all men and women past 40 years of age are suffering from some form of rectal trouble—according to medical authorities.

Obviously you don't hear much about these ailments. But they exist. And are even common among younger people and children.

How are they caused?

In many cases inferior bathroom paper is directly responsible. The harsh, glazed papers so frequently sold for bathroom tissue may be severely injurious to sensitive membranes.

223 hospital superintendents and 580 doctors recently listed the three qualities a toilet tissue must have to be medically safe: *great absorbency—special softness—chemical purity.*

15 Painful Diseases caused or aggravated by Inferior Bathroom Paper

The famous intestinal specialist, Dr. J. F. Montague of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College Clinic, recently listed in an article 15 ano-rectal troubles either directly caused or aggravated by the use of harsh, chemically impure toilet paper . . . Among them are: Hemorrhoids; Eczema Ani; Anal Furuncles; Follicular Anal Abscesses; Pruritus Ani; Infection of the Anal region; Prolapse, etc. . . . Dr. Montague is author of the widely quoted book "Troubles We Don't Talk About." *{Lippincott}*

Millions of careful housewives today ask for two tissues they know are approved by medical authorities—ScotTissue and Waldorf.

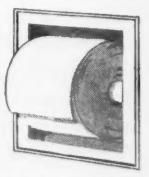
Scott tissues are made from specially processed fibres. Feel a sheet. Note its unusual softness. Almost cloth-like in texture. Examine it closely. You see no harsh particles—no tiny splinters to injure the delicate skin.

You can prove the absorbency of ScotTissue or Waldorf by dropping a crumpled ball in water. It sinks to the bottom quickly. Ordinary toilet paper remains floating on the surface for several minutes.

Scott-processed tissues are always chemically safe. Made from the finest fresh materials—and nothing else. No harmful dyes. No reclaimed waste material. They are sanitary. Completely sterilized.

They tear easily, too—squarely at the perforations.

Never again submit your children, your family, or your guests to the risk and discomfort of inferior bathroom paper. Always be sure of safety by asking for ScotTissue or Waldorf. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.



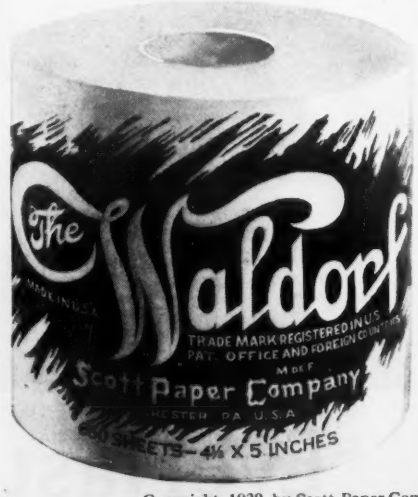
Fit the standard built-in fixtures

Soft as old Linen
ScotTissue
The absorbent soft white Toilet paper
Scott Paper Company
Chester, Pa. U.S.A.
1000 SHEETS — 4½ X 5 INCHES

2 *for* 25¢

Price for U. S. only

You can buy or order these tissues without any embarrassment. Just ask for "ScotTissue" or "Waldorf."


The Waldorf
TRADE MARK REGISTERED IN U.S. PAT. OFFICE AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES
Scott Paper Company
CHESTER PA U.S.A.
1000 SHEETS—4½ X 5 INCHES

3 *for* 20¢

Price for U. S. only

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Cotton and linen cut to fashion's newest line belong in the smart spring wardrobe

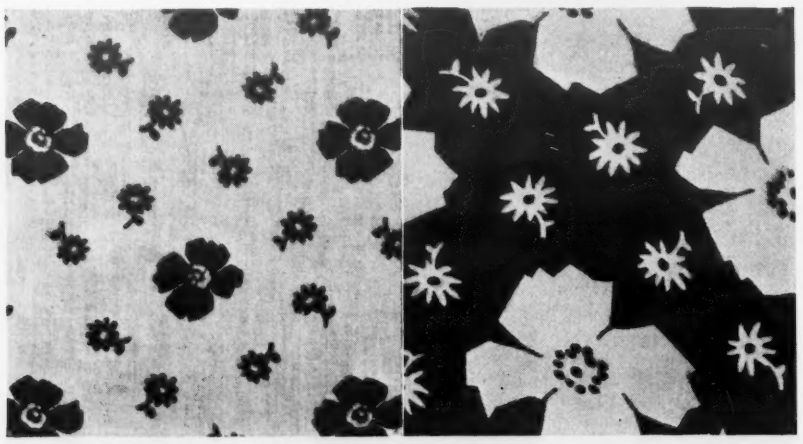
Good style, to last, must be nonchalant. Smart clothes, to stay smart, must be worn with a certain jauntiness that is as charming as it is comfortable . . . . A frock of Everfast cotton or linen, cut on the new lines, is fashionable and comfortable. And it stays smart. Though worn and washed countless times throughout the season, there need be no fear that the freshness of its colors will fade.

Light colors for light days. Deeper colors for dark days. There is a variety of glorious new materials among the new Everfast Fabrics! The textures of the materials are perfect—so supple, so pliant, they can be fashioned easily to any of the new patterns. Everfast materials are the new light-weight Piqués, both printed and plain, Plain and Printed Linens, Printed Handkerchief Linens and Printed Eponge, Gingham, Gabardines, etc.

Every yard of genuine Everfast carries the name "Everfast" on the selvage. Every yard is guaranteed fast to sunlight, washing, everything. If any Everfast Fabric fades you get your money back plus the making cost of the garment.

Leading stores sell these materials. Some stores also carry ready-made frocks of Everfast for women and children. We are glad to supply the names of Everfast dealers. N. Erlanger, Blumgart & Co., Inc., 354 Fourth Avenue, New York.

This smart sports ensemble combines a sleeveless dress of Everfast Printed Handkerchief Linen and hip-length cardigan of Everfast Printed Linen in an identical print, the pattern larger and color reversed. The dress has the new low back, the slight blouse in front and flared skirt. Below, actual reproductions of the materials.



THE GENUINE
Everfast Fabrics
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 176)

diameter along the grain, from the shrinkage of the wood with age. The expert admitted that once even he had been fooled.

Patsy and I looked at each other. We had been squandering our savings on antiques under the delusion that they possessed a charm and distinction, a something modern cabinetmakers could not duplicate. Yet an expert tells us reproductions are being made which cannot be detected without the aid of a magnifying glass and calipers. Our one interest, we agreed, was the effect. It cut no ice with us that George Washington's second cousin might have sat in this chair or slept in that bed, if we could make a convincing reproduction of it at a fifth or a tenth of the price.

As we had been good customers, a dealer was kind enough to lend us for reproduction a simple little ladder-back Chippendale which we had coveted but for which we could not afford to pay two hundred dollars. Our cabinetmaker, a small man with a parchment skin and a magnificent white pompadour, made us a set of six for the dining room — thirty-four dollars apiece for the side chairs and forty for the armchairs. Even the dealer said she would be hard put to it to tell the original from the reproductions.

But you must choose your cabinetmaker with great care. There are only a few today who have the skill and the patience to equal even the simplest examples of the workmanship of the past.

Next we turned our minds to the problem of beds. Chip, the cabinetmaker, helpfully produced photographs he had made of some of the finest beds which had been sent to him for restoration. We were particularly intrigued by a four-poster with spiral turnings. He said it would be a simple matter to scale down the size and make twin beds.

Luckily we mentioned our plan to the good angel who had loaned us the Chippendale chair. She was horrified. "Spiral turnings are Empire," she told us, "and were only used with massive four-posters. They don't belong on beds of twin-bed size at all. Another thing: If you are ever sick and have to lie in bed and look at spirals all day you'll get dizzy, and if you have to look at spirals on the bed beside you, too, you'll go completely mad. The only four-poster which can properly be used for twin beds is the Field bed, because its posts are often short and slender. Even it must be made a little wider than the regular twin-bed size or the posts will look out of proportion."

Convincing Copies

She then came to our rescue and loaned us a delicate, beautifully reeded post and finial of a Field bed. From this model we had twin beds made in maple for eighty-five dollars apiece. Æsthetically the beds are a complete success and, in addition, the construction is excellent.

By giving Chip our work in midsummer, when a cabinetmaker's work is slack, we got bargain prices.

I know one great collector who will never set foot inside a museum because he cannot bear the sight of things he can never possess, and before we started making reproductions we, too, had broken the Tenth Commandment. After we got our bright idea we sent one of Chip's men who was an excellent draftsman to the various museums to make measurements and drawings of the pieces we coveted.

In this way we have surrounded ourselves with some of the finest examples of American craftsmanship, copies it is true, but such convincing copies that few people can tell our real antiques from our reproductions.

A dainty little Hepplewhite work table, after the one now in the American Wing of the Pennsylvania Museum, is a piece we are particularly proud of. Chip caught the spirit of the original, and this fragile bit of mahogany and pleated silk calls up a picture of fine ladies in taffeta panniers with slim waists and delicate white hands busy with lace.

Reproducing has its limitations, however. Don't try to copy pieces with ornate carving or veneer. It is next to impossible to find anyone who can do this work so well as in olden times, and if you can it costs almost as much as an original. Chairs and beds and small tables make the most successful copies. Stuffed chairs can be reproduced with excellent results. A collector friend loaned us a fine Martha Washington chair for which he had paid $350. We had one made like it for seventy-five dollars in the muslin. You cannot tell them apart except that ours is firm and strong whereas the original is a trifle shaky. Be sure to specify horsehair for stuffing, or your cabinetmaker may increase his profit by using cheap felt, which in a short time makes a lumpy chair.

In Memorial Hall, in Philadelphia, there was a fine example of a rare chair—a cabriolet-legged slat back with a rush seat and an ogee apron. It caught my eye immediately, and against Patsy's better judgment, I must confess, I insisted we have two made for our bedroom. They are unusual and ornamental and add to the appearance of the room, but none of the inquisitional machines could have been more uncomfortable to sit in.

Heavyweight Callers

If YOU do buy some genuine antiques as we did, don't forget you are furnishing a home and not a museum. We gave a housewarming and after it most of our antiques needed repairs and a long quiet period of recuperation. You discover a beautiful little tip-top table and you buy it, even though it is a little rickety. You think you can treat it gently—but your friends won't. We had a table like that. You should have seen the remains after a hundred-and-eighty-pound youth casually sat on it!

That is one fine thing about reproductions—they stand up under the abuse of your friends. And you don't agonize over the rough treatment they get, because a few batters and scratches will make them look like antiques for sure.

We almost dread callers because it is so difficult to keep them out of the fine but temperamental old five-slat rocker with the ball-turned stretcher. As the rockers are the old-fashioned kind, we are on tenterhooks all the time a guest is in the chair for fear he will capsize and break the slats, and with them his spine. And yet the old rocker is such an interesting piece we cannot bear to put it anywhere but in the library.

We're proud of our library—an achievement as far as appearance goes, but people can't stand round and admire it forever. Eventually they must sit down, and where are they going to sit? Not in the slat-back rocker if we can help it. Well, here is a lovely, frail little Hepplewhite sofa, quite evidently designed for two slender young lovers. Invariably a fat woman makes for it. Sometimes Patsy can shunt her off into the sturdy Martha Washington, but it is a difficult job, and I cannot help her, as I have my hands full guarding the rocker. And one cannot come right out and say:

"Oh, Mrs. Umptyump, wouldn't you like to park yourself in the nice strong Chippendale? I'm afraid you're too heavy for the sofa."

So down she plumps, and someone comes over and eases himself in beside her and the cold sweat starts to our brows as we see our expensive antique sag and the delicate legs splay out. Would that we could post impersonal little signs about, as the highway commission does on bridges, like, DANGER—ROCK AT YOUR OWN RISK, and, CAPACITY OF THIS SOFA 150 LBS., but as we cannot we are saving to buy a great big soft department-store sofa. It will ruin the appearance of our library, but we are hoping it will lure the fat people away from the antiques and make it possible for us to enjoy seeing our friends.

If you need decorating advice

Are you in a color quandary? Would you like to rejuvenate your home, or certain rooms in your home, but don't know just how to go about it? Do you hesitate for fear the cost of redecorating might be too high?

Women and men like to keep their homes attractive and up-to-date. They appreciate the importance of comfortable, harmonious surroundings. They realize that the proper use of color in the home is coming more and more into vogue, and that it increases the value of the house.

Sometimes you may feel the need of authentic and practical information regarding the correct use of color, planning of color schemes, or how inexpensively you can redecorate some part of your house.

At such times we urge you to write for free advice to the Valspar Home Decorating Bureau, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City. This bureau is in charge of an experienced Interior Decorator who will be glad to help solve your decorating problems.

If you wish to experiment a little in working out color schemes by yourself, send for two or three Valspar sample cans, using the coupon below.

For larger quantities, go direct to your local dealer who will supply you with the *waterproof*, *wearproof*, *weatherproof* Valspar Finish most suitable for any surface about the home that you wish to decorate. You will find him located—

"At the Sign of the Boiling Water Test."

Valspar Specialties:—

VALSPAR HOUSE PAINT. An unusually durable white paint for outdoors or indoors with that extra *quality* which Valspar provides. Can be tinted.

VALSPAR PORCH AND FLOOR PAINT. This tough, durable paint gives genuine Valspar protection,—outdoors or indoors—on wood, concrete or cement. ***Colors:*** Tile Red, Stone Brown, Moss Gray, Dust Gray, Slate Gray, Deep Green, Sand, Light Oak.

4 HOUR* VALSPAR.** Dries hard, ready for use, in four hours. For floors and other indoor uses. Clear and in colors: ***Enamel Colors: Chinese Red, Cardinal Red, Jonquil Yellow, Argentine Orange, India Ivory, Coral Sand, Tile Green, Palm Green, Jade Green, Nile Green, Holland Blue, Peacock Blue, Pearl Gray, Slate Gray, Terra Cotta, Tudor Brown, White, Black. ***Stain Colors:*** Light Oak, Dark Oak, Mahogany, Walnut.

VALSPAR FLAT WALL PAINT. For interior use. Has that plus quality which the Valspar content gives. In white only, which can be tinted as desired.

REGULAR* VALSPAR.** Valspar, Clear and in Colors, gives unequalled beauty and protection outdoors or indoors, against water, wear and weather. ***Enamel Colors: Black, White, Ivory, Medium Green, Deep Green, Yellow, Orange, Gray, Brown, Light Blue, Medium Blue, Deep Blue, Light Red, Deep Red, Vermilion, Gold, Aluminum, Bronze. ***Stain Colors:*** Light Oak, Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Cherry, Moss Green.

VALSPAR BRUSHING LACQUER. For indoor or outdoor surfaces. Easy to apply and dries in 30 minutes or less.

The colors are: Chinese Red, Cardinal Red, Argentine Orange, Jonquil Yellow, Persian Lilac, Java Brown, Palm Green, Oriental Green, Nile Green, Italian Blue, Peacock Blue, Holland Blue, French Gray, India Ivory, Coral Sand, White, Black, and Clear.

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I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c for each 40c sample can of Valspar specified at right. (Not over three samples of Valspar Finishes supplied per person at this special price.) Print full mail address plainly.

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Print below the Valspar products and colors desired

Finish.....
Color.....
Finish.....
Color.....
Finish.....
Color.....

L. H. J. 4-29

As long ago as the "Golden Age of English furniture," the eighteenth century, wax was stipulated by master craftsmen to enrich and protect the beauty of their productions. Today, wax is the traditional polish for all fine furniture.

Any antique collector *will tell you,* "WAX"

In paste or liquid form

PATINA! That priceless lustre of old woods. To blend with and preserve it, collectors allow only one furniture polish to touch antiques—wax. To gloss over that sheen of age with the shiny "just from the factory" look of other polishes would be unthinkable.

In fact, good taste looks askance at glaring polishes on *any* furniture. Johnson's Wax is infinitely smarter for all your tables, chairs, cabinets, desks, beds, and woodwork. Satin-like, it achieves radiance without garishness.

Yet, with all its beauty and prestige, this polish, the very same wax so long famous as a floor finish, is as practical as an umbrella. It keeps antiques unblemished for generations, even centuries. And it will surely do as much for your furniture, warding off scuffs, scratches, heat marks, white water spots, and even finger prints.

Other kinds of furniture polish have not this power to protect. Some merely clean; some simply leave a dust-catching gloss of grease. But Johnson's Wax, which also cleans and beautifies, forms a greaseless, protecting film.

Try it. Send the coupon, *now*, for enough wax for your dining table. Or order a bottle from your neighborhood store.

Johnson's Wax *Polish*

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"The Interior Finishing Authorities"

Canadian factory: Brantford, Ontario
Factories also at West Drayton, Middlesex, England; Rosebery, Australia

Wax, Varnishes, Enamels, Wood Dyes, Fillers, Wall Finishes

Just like walking is the easy, electric way to wax-polish floors. The Johnson Electric Polisher relieves you of all bending, stooping, pushing or bearing down. Just guide it as it swiftly polishes by itself. Sold, or rented by the day for very little, at grocery, hardware, paint, electric, drug and department stores.

Complete with applying mop and ½ gallon of Wax. Was $42.50, now only

$29.50

S. C. Johnson & Son, *Dept. J-4, Racine, Wisconsin*
Send me enough Johnson's Liquid Wax for my dining table or a small floor (regular 25c size). Also your illustrated book on its uses. I enclose 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs.
☐ What dealers in this city sell Johnson's Electric Floor Polishers?

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CITY STATE

New Worlds to Conquer

(Continued from Page 7)

the largest empire in the history of the world up to that time. Maximilian ruled and perished close at hand. Kings and presidents in rapid succession have looked upon it from the capital near by. And Popo, which alone has witnessed all this bloody history, alone will continue to watch over Mexico's fate, her one god that is not false, her one dictator that will keep faith, her one permanent thing of everlasting beauty which time and tide will not destroy.

Whatever initial stand my father had taken before leaving America against "climbing a lot of silly mountains" with me in Mexico (he was referring very specifically to Popo, which he knew I had definitely in mind), began to weaken even as we approached Vera Cruz by water and caught sight of Orizaba. Its pale unearthly beauty moved him profoundly. He'd forgotten how stimulating and challenging a snow-clad mountain is, and how biting clean the wind, three miles above the sea. He'd forgotten the thrills of a dangerous ascent, the exultation of conquest over so vast a natural force, the feeling of spiritual liberation from the world as one attains the pinnacle, the feeling of being winged and free.

LATER, when we had reached Cholula, and stood on top of the Great Pyramid and saw the sun go down in a flaming sky behind Popocatepetl's snows, he clung to our observation post heedless of my own impatience till the last light had faded. In the hotel there the window of his bedroom framed the morning mountain, thirty miles away, and the persistent picture of its beckoning silver cone so broke down whatever resistance he had left that if I had not already made plans for a Popo climb as an excursion from our pursuit of Cortez, he would have.

In Cholula we found a young Indian named Jesús—or Haysoos as he called it—who had accompanied previous climbers all the way to the summit. We commandeered him immediately and, once more picking up Cortez's trail moved upon our mountain.

The Aztec highroad—and likewise the modern one—from Cholula to Mexico City curved around the two great peaks, on the opposite side of which the capital lay. But Cortez, having slaughtered 3000 Cholulans as a little memento of his visit to Quetzalcoatl's city, fearing a possible blockade by a revengeful Montezuma, marched straight between them over the high saddle that links Popo with the Sleeping Woman.

NOTHING could have been more acceptable to me than his choice of route, for, though this trail today is the thinnest and steepest of mule paths, it led, most conveniently, straight toward the very point from which my father and I could most easily ascend the volcano.

All one day we tramped up the eastern slopes of the saddle, in between the snowy twins—Jesús and José, the *père*, the *fils*, and Virgie. Nine thousand, ten thousand, eleven thousand feet we climbed, shaded by huge and ancient pines that may have shaded Cortez's men when they passed this way. Popo always at our left, the White Woman always at our right, so close, so cold, we felt compressed between two glacial walls which, like the Symplegades, might crush us in their vast embrace unless we hurried past.

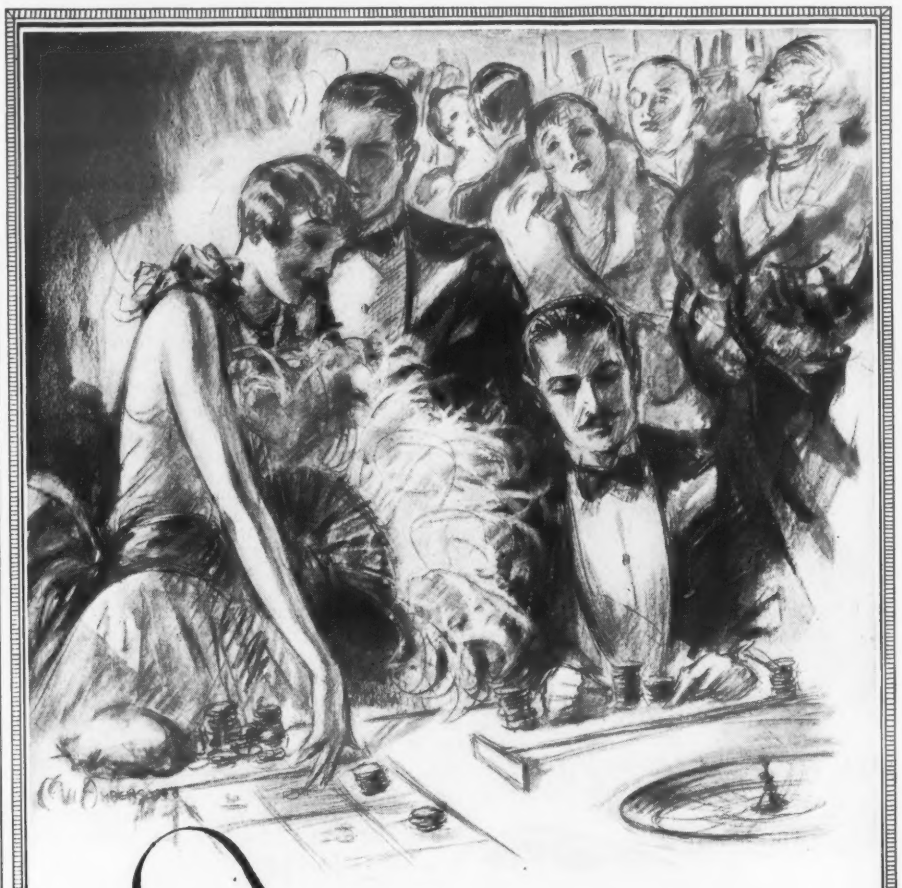
The summit of the trail was reached, and there on the very rocks whence Cortez first saw the Valley of Mexico spread out at his feet, and the city of gold in the distance, our little band likewise stood.

From this point the Popo trail branched off. Cortez and his respirited men tumbled eagerly down the west slope of the saddle, but our invasion turned aside and ascending another thousand feet reached the grove at the timber line that was to be our camp.

ALL that afternoon the rain had poured upon us mercilessly. I was thoroughly drenched when we halted, and my father could scarcely dismount from the burro, so stiff and frozen was he from five cold wet hours in the wooden saddle. But there was no sign of weakening from him. However much I may have cajoled him into coming to Mexico with me, and with whatever secret reluctance he had marched the 250 miles up from Vera Cruz, this adventure was his very own. From the moment he surrendered to the call of the snow, all irresolution was cast aside. His will to conquer Popo grew into a boyish, breathless eagerness I had not seen him reveal in many months. Fifty-odd years old —— Maybe no one fifty-odd years old had ever reached the top before. Maybe he was the first man in history to make the assault accompanied by his son. Trifles like cold and dampness were not going to stop him now.

SOON after dark the rain relented and the night sky became radiantly clear. We got a fire started and slept beside it until two hours before dawn. Then the *père* spurred us into action. In looking about for my equipment, I found that during the night the fire had crept out via the pine needles to my boots, which I had left to dry near the coals, and burned the feet off both of them. The parent, having helped me repair the boots with strings and sacks as best he could, decided I was far too careless to be the leader of this particular expedition in which so much satisfaction to his immortal soul was at stake, and that *he* was going to direct the grand assault. Did I have the camera loaded for photographs of the crater? Did José have the flask, and Jesús the flash light? All aboard then! To the pinnacle—and no surrender. The rare and freezing morning wind sent a surge and a challenge through our blood. A million brilliant tropical stars flooded the icy slopes with luster. An old moon slipped down the mountain's silhouette. The Popocatepetl dream had come to pass.

Our trail straight up the great blunt cone was deep in lava ash which for countless centuries Popo has been pouring down its slopes. Climbing ankle-deep in this sandlike substance, our progress was painfully slow, especially for me with my



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Beauty guides the wheel of fortune—a fresh young skin, a clear, lovely complexion are the winning numbers on the wheel of life.

Hence it is only natural that the world's outstanding women in society, in business and on the stage should put their trust in Manon Lescaut Face Powder. They know it preserves their greatest charm—the smooth, alluring, youthful complexion that means success.

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BOURJOIS MANON LESCAUT* FACE POWDER

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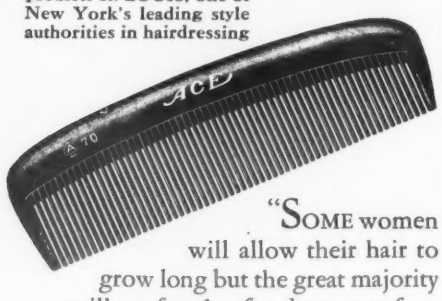
—predicts R. LOUIS, one of New York's leading style authorities in hairdressing



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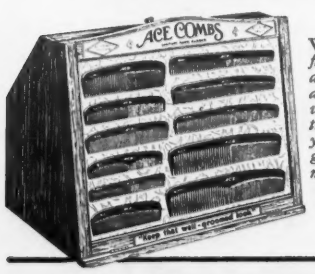

WHEREVER *you find this Cabinet displayed there is an assortment from which to select all the* ACE COMBS *you need. Druggists and Department stores everywhere sell* ACE COMBS.

American Hard Rubber Company
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Enclosed is 25 cents (stamps preferred) for "Current Style in Hair Combing" and sample 4-inch Ace Comb. Please send to

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LHJ 4

sackcloth boots. Our hearts were pounding furiously, and our halts growing more frequent. But the *père* asked no favors. His enthusiasm gave him wings. He led us to the 13,000 mark—past the summit of Fujiyama—on to 14,000. Here the snow began in earnest, and the wind and the dawn. We dug into the ever-steepening slope, noticing at the same time how the sky was reddening behind the peak of Orizaba one hundred miles away, and how the Sleeping Woman, pale and snow-draped across the forested saddle, was beginning to awaken. On up we crawled inch by inch—past the summit of Mt. Rainier—the horizon was bursting into flame—past Pike's Peak—the lights of the capital had faded—past the Jungfrau—a huge red disk sprung from the earth-clinging mist—past the terrible Matterhorn—Popo's ice-armored pinnacle glittered with the shaft of sunrise—past 15,000, past Mont Blanc—past 16,000—my boots went to pieces and fell off!

THERE was no help to be had. I was left standing in my stocking feet in eighteen inches of snow three miles above the sea.

My father felt there was only one solution.

"You must take my boots," he shouted above the wind.

"Then how will *you* climb?"

"I'll go back."

"I'll go back"—go back, when he was almost there; go back, when he was about to be perhaps the only man fifty-odd years old ever to reach the summit of this spectacular mountain—go back and abandon his suddenly rediscovered youth? I knew how much Popo meant to him. This was the one mountain in his life he had wanted to climb, the one adventure without which he could never be content again—and he was seated on the wind-whipped slope unlacing his boots to give them to his son, who had carelessly gone to sleep at the crucial moment before the battle and failed to keep his powder dry.

I revolted with all the force I had against this gesture. But he had made up his mind that I was the one who must carry on, and with him there was no contending.

Feeling unspeakably selfish, I laced on the paternal footgear. My father seized his climbing stick, bade me a brave good-by and, accompanied by José, left me. I watched him struggling down into the cloud-filled void below, with the sack rags flapping about his unshod feet, his body bent to the wind, his Popocatepetl tryst all failure and frustration. And he'd never come this way again.

STUNG by remorse over the situation, I turned once more toward the slope and trudged on upward—Jesús right beside me. We could take only three steps forward at a time now through the knee-deep snow, and then rest for as many minutes, breathing as if we'd raced a mile. As we reached 17,000, with only 800 more to go, a blast of extra-savage wind screeching down from above came suddenly at us as if shot from some bow of Popo's guardian gods. We were both blown over by it, and my sombrero, worn as protection from sun and snow burn, torn, despite the tightly buckled chin strap, right off my head. Without it I knew from hard experience on Fuji and the Matterhorn that my face and eyes would be completely cooked, for the sun was now high in the sky and beating upon the snow rampart with a dazzling glare. We *must* recover the runaway or endure unrelieved exposure for perhaps four hours. Jesús and I plunged after it, but in six steps sank to our knees gasping for breath. Another desperate spurt—another collapse. The sombrero seemed possessed of the devil. It would wait until we had dragged ourselves through the deep snow to within a foot of it, and then with demoniac perversity take flight for another dozen yards down the ice bank, prevented only by its lightness from slithering 5000 feet. Rarely have I known such distress. Our hearts were pounding wildly; the arctic wind had completely numbed our hands and faces; our heads throbbed with pain; nausea filled our cup of miseries—and still the cursed sombrero danced gleefully on ahead. Ten times Jesús and I staggered after it. Ten times it flew away. In twenty minutes we had lost all the altitude gained the entire hour previously, and were exhausted almost to unconsciousness.

Then the beastly hat repented and lay still. Jesús, reaching its final resting place, fell prostrate on top of it, and didn't move for half an hour—nor did I, except to put it on.

Another hour was required to regain the point where the blast had betrayed us, so that it was now almost noon. Climbing—recuperating—climbing—recuperating. My camera came to weigh two tons, each foot as many more. Grimly and blindly we floundered on. This mountain *had* no summit. We were climbing to the moon up a ladder made of ice. The earth had floated far away. There were only wind and light and space, and a shimmering whiteness before my eyes, and a sweet drowsiness in which I felt my mechanical legs sinking into the snow and struggling out, and heard a violent knocking somewhere inside. Presently all the shimmering had disappeared and a black and ominous void drifted before me. I now seemed to be at the edge of the universe looking into an infinite hell that smoked and swirled and reeked with the sulphur of burning souls. I stood still before some mighty apparition. Somebody was speaking:

"*El cráter, señor. Muy grande.*"

The crater! I was on top and looking into the crater! On TOP!

ONE look about me, and I forgot the conflict with the mountain. I stood on top the earth—nearly 18,000 feet—heaven close above, hell close below. The wind still raged about the crater crest, but its stimulation now offset its sting. The cold dug through me, but now I could stand it—now that I was warmed by the exhilaration of a battle won, now that the monstrous crater, smoking and sulphurous, evil and threatening, filled with tortured spirits, gaped a thousand feet below me, now that the crater walls, blackened and burned by the blasts from the furnace, encircled the inferno for two miles before me, now that all Mexico, its cities and provinces, its deserts and mountains, spread themselves out to the far-off horizon, now that I was looking into another, miraculous world and breathing a maddening wine of frozen fire that made me want to shout, to sing, to laugh, to fly across the chasm to the Sleeping Woman, to plunge headlong into the crater, to fall on my knees.

I must find Jesús and have him fall on his knees with me. I did find him, lying in a wind-protected crevice making a large meal of beans and *tortillas*.

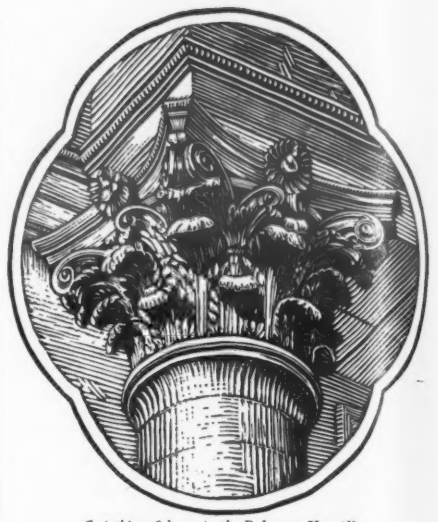
To punish such a lack of reverence I put him to work holding down the camera tripod against the onslaught of the wind. Thus supplied with a steady base I aimed the machine at the snow-rimmed crater, determined to prove to my father, waiting anxiously a mile below, that I had beheld his promised land.

My haste to take the picture and escape before the blasts annihilated me was too desperate. I made three time exposures—without turning the film; aimed at Ixtaccihuatl's summit six miles away—without adjusting the focus; at the sea of clouds that had formed far below us—and jammed the plunger, let the reserve stock of film roll from my numbed fingers over the crater precipice, gave one howl of despair, snatched up the cursed camera, fled with Jesús from the pinnacle and flung myself down the iceberg's slopes, all the way back to camp, as if all Popo's demons were in hot pursuit of me.

III

IN THE meantime we had by no means lost sight of Cortez.

Once I had rejoined the *père* and recuperated somewhat from my mountain climb, we returned to the saddle trail and,



Corinthian Column in the Palace at Versailles

THEY SAY IT IS "TOO GOOD"

WE have been told by those who think in terms of average merchandise, that we make the Clark Grave Vault too good!

But we do not agree. So long as we make vaults that must provide protection for the precious remains of loved ones, we are going to make them just as well as we know how. There never has been, and there never will be, any compromise in the quality and workmanship of a Clark Grave Vault.

It is sealed by an immutable law of Nature and does not depend on man-made locks.

The material is metal, because it is not porous. And not ordinary metal, but special quality sheets of Armco Ingot Iron or Keystone Copper Steel so as to give added rust-resistance.

And our workmanship will always insure the fullest utility of these fine metals. Seams are doubly-welded, oxy-acetylene on the outside, electric on the inside, so that the metal flows into one solid piece. A test under 5000 pounds of water proves the perfection of the welds and that the vault will keep out all water.

And then on the finer vaults a plating of pure cadmium assures a still greater measure of rust-resistance.

The Clark Grave Vault never fails. It has had a public acceptance over more than a quarter of a century. That is why leading funeral directors recommend it. A 50-year guaranty with every one.

A de luxe model, beautifully designed, of 10 gauge Solid Copper is also available. It is practically indestructible and carries a perpetual guaranty.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio

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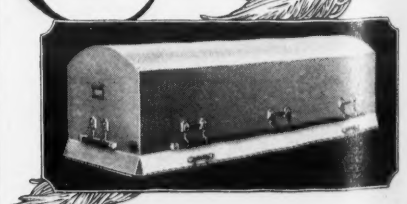

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Jack Tar Togs

UNANIMOUS approval has greeted the Jack Tar Feature Numbers for Spring—for they combine a refreshing originality in styling with values that may truly be termed exceptional. We picture 2 of the 36 Feature Styles—for boys and girls.

You'll see them on the most smartly dressed children at school and at play. These Jack Tar Feature Numbers bring the latest style thoughts of London and of Paris to every nook and corner of America. See them in your town!

Ask the Jack Tar dealer for folder of Jack Tar Feature Styles.

The STROUSE-BAER CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

descending the western slopes, once more tramped on in pursuit of the Conqueror.

With the goal of his long march at last beckoning in the distance, Cortez needed no longer plead with his rebellious adventurers for further endurance. Hurrying forward, they soon found that the capital was built on a fortified island in the middle of a lake, long since drained, and that the only approaches other than by boat were three magnificent stone causeways linking it with the shore. Straight down one of these the audacious little company, drawn on by the city's huge *teocalli* lifting its sacrificial stone into the sky, moved with fast-beating hearts.

BEHIND them, Prescott's Conquest open in our hands, our own invasion followed. We tried not to see the trees or the telephone poles or the modern houses which now line the still-existing causeway. We tried to see only blue water on each side—and Montezuma with his spectacular cortège approaching from the city. Unhappy Montezuma! Daily, hourly, the couriers told of the Spanish advance. The invaders must indeed be supermen. They defeat every army; they detect every plot. He may as well invite them into his capital since with invincible tread they are coming anyway.

On the pages of my book, on the causeway where we stand, the emperor and the returning Quetzalcoatl meet. Such magnificent dress, such gorgeous jewels, such gold the Spaniards in all their days had never dreamed of. Nor are Montezuma's subjects less awe inspired. They gaze in speechless wonder upon these visitants from the sun, these pale full-bearded gods in gleaming armor mounted on their terrifying demon beasts.

There is a formal kingly greeting between the two leaders. Then back down the causeway past a hundred thousand dazzled people, the emperor and the fair god move toward the central plaza and the great *teocalli*.

Down the same causeway, onto the same great square, our little crusade follows. On Prescott's pages we see rising on the other side the vast five-storied pyramid, the towering national temple where the image of the War God, the most horrible and insatiable image in all Mexico, received his inexhaustible supply of human hearts.

This we see on Prescott's pages. But we lift our eyes to reality, and there exactly where the temple stood, the great Spanish Cathedral of Mexico City rises, as massive and as majestic as its colossal predecessor.

IT HAS two great towers, and while the *père* was disposing of Virgie and the slaves I climbed one of these with my maps and my Conquest. From this topmost ancient balcony I can look down upon the square swarming with honking taxicabs, clanging street cars, and all the heavy noisy traffic of a modern mechanical city; upon Montezuma's palace, now the Capitol, on one side; upon the barracks of the Spaniards, now a row of shops splashed with gaudy signboards, opposite. The city spreads close about me, a jumble of bank buildings and movie theaters, the barren lake bed just beyond, the mountains in a circle at the rim of the valley and Popo and the White Woman towering over all. In this superb box seat, imagining my tower is the *teocalli*, I turn the vivid Conquest pages, and on the stage below watch the growing drama.

Cortez soon proved himself a most ill-mannered guest. Having exasperated his Aztec hosts to the point of revolt by his rapacious gold extortions, he adds fresh fuel by kidnaping Montezuma himself, in his own royal, loyal palace, and holding him as a hostage.

This is the final outrage, and the city bursts with righteous wrath. Seizing their weapons, the Mexicans, in the great square below me, fall by the thousand upon the hated invaders, who, though they have been reënforced by five hundred more soldiers and a hundred more horses fresh from Cuba, need every ounce of their

Baby's nipple *and* Baby's face

The SHAPE *and* STRUCTURE *of the nipple can permanently affect the* SHAPE *of his mouth, teeth and entire face*

A STRONG chin . . . sturdy jaw . . . even-spaced teeth — these are your baby's birthright.

If he is breast-fed, nature insures enough exercise for the gums, tongue, cheeks, lips, palate — practically all facial bones and muscles — to bring about a well-developed head and beautiful features.

If he is bottle-fed, he'll get this exercise or not, depending upon the kind of nipple you use. Scientific investigation has shown that nipples made from soft, flabby, yielding rubber deprive the nursing baby of the exercise he needs — and would get in breast-feeding. For full development, the growing bones and muscles should have normal exercise.

In an effort to awaken mothers to the importance of this discovery, the American Dental Association is now urging in a pamphlet:

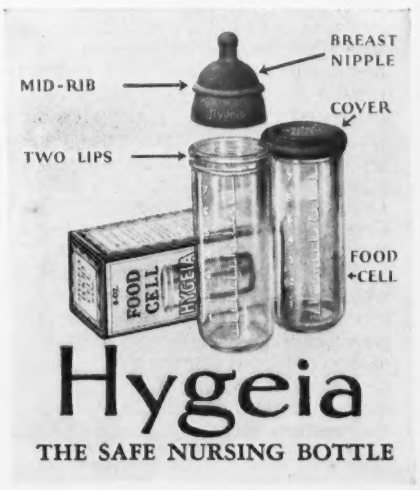
"Without growth-producing use of the jaws . . . there may be an under-development . . . leading to narrowed arches, crowded teeth, and cramped air passages of the nose, where adenoids may develop. Faulty development of the face, the skull and the chest may also result from these conditions."

And a leading Canadian Association is saying:

"Whether the child be breast-fed or bottle-fed, he should have to *work with his mouth* to obtain the food."

The Hygeia Breast-Nipple has the natural *shape and firmness* of the mother's breast. It gives baby the same vigorous exercise he would get in natural breast-feeding. Invented by a practicing physician, Hygeia is recommended by doctors as the *safe* nurser . . . With these facts before you, can you risk your baby's future to an inferior nipple?

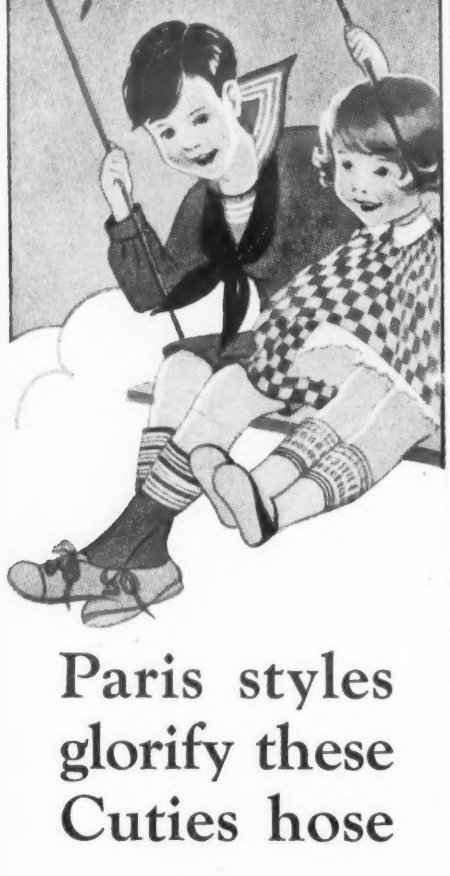
"Nursing Habits . . . Their Part in Shaping Baby's Face," our new booklet, is free. Address Hygeia Nursing Bottle Company, Inc., Lancaster, New York.



Cast showing child's narrowed jaw and irregular teeth, the result of a poorly developed bone structure.

Cast showing normal development. The non-collapsible Hygeia Breast-Nipple provides the same exercise for Baby's growing tissues as mother's breast.

For years, the Hygeia has been recognized as the *easy-to-clean* nurser



Paris styles glorify these Cuties hose

Why pay for costly importations in children's fancy hosiery when in Randolph Cuties you get all the beauty of these at very moderate prices? The Cuties stylist brought some strikingly original ideas from abroad for this year's patterns.

The truly exquisite designs and color effects which we have thus been able to produce are sure to please you and delight the kiddies. Soft, silky yarns enrich the appearance of this hosiery and, together with correct sizing, give comfort to little feet.

Always ask for Randolph Cuties—the only genuine Cuties hosiery. Carried by high class stores and specialty shops.

Trade Mark on Every Pair

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TRADE MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. & CANADA

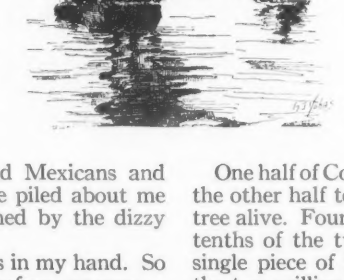
SOX FOR TOTS
SPORTS HOSE AND BOOTIES
FOR OLDER BOYS AND GIRLS

strength to hold back the yelling swarms of Indians.

How brilliantly Prescott's pages tell the story of the conflict. On them the dullest fancy must live again the melodramatic scene. On them the battle approaches the very stones where I sit, for the Aztecs have taken advantage of the fact that the platform atop my *teocalli* lies almost directly above the barracks courtyard where Cortez is defending himself against every attack, and eight hundred of their picked warriors, having climbed up to my level, are raining missiles upon Spanish heads one hundred and fifty feet below.

THE Spaniards must overcome this assault from the skies or be driven by it from their defense. Cortez does not hesitate. With two hundred men he sallies forth, plows a path to the base of my tower, slashes his way uphill impervious to the stone storm from above, and actually reaches the top of this aerial battlefield, followed single file by his veteran conquistadors.

Then, close at hand in my mind's eye, one thousand combatants, watched by the entire breathless city, close in mortal combat with the desperate fury of men who have no hope but victory. The yells, the carnage, the clamor, the battle to the death! A slip at the rim is fatal, and as the contest rages I can picture Aztec and Christian, in blind and furious duels driving each other overboard to crash one hundred and fifty feet below. When this violent, spectacular struggle finally desists eight hundred dead Mexicans and forty dead Spaniards are piled about me on the *teocalli*, or smashed by the dizzy fall.



So say the flying pages in my hand. So looms the vivid picture before my eyes.

Prescott races on: "This victory, however, only delays the inevitable Spanish retreat ——" Cortez sees the city hourly becoming a deadlier trap. The imprisoned Montezuma is no longer a hostage. The emperor has been struck down by a stone hurled at him in derision by one of his own soldiers. Escape, not conquest, has now become Cortez's great concern. He plans to slip out that very night with all the treasure he has seized and reach the mainland before the Aztecs learn of his design.

The night arrives. The besieging multitudes dispersed from the plaza below by the drenching rain have sought shelter elsewhere. The barracks doors open softly in the inky darkness. Cortez, eight hundred soldiers, two thousand Indian allies and all the treasure train move through the gates with muffled tread.

SCARCELY have they stirred when a shout from a native sentry raises the alarm. Straightway some priest rushes to the great war drum and sounds the war cry through the rain. In a moment thousands of howling Aztecs, faintly visible in the night, are rushing across the square and charging upon the flanks of the Spaniards, who in growing confusion are now streaming along the narrow pitch-dark street toward the causeway.

I go hurrying after them. It's dinnertime, I know. My father was no doubt growing impatient with my delay. But he must wait. This is the *Noche Triste*, the Dreadful Night, the climactic third act in Conquest history. I must not leave the theater now.

There is but one authentic spot from which to "observe" Cortez's flight. This is beneath *La arbol de la noche triste*—the gigantic cypress tree, the only living witness of the celebrated retreat, which stands today guarded as one of the most sacred monuments in the nation, at a point where the western causeway joined the mainland.

Reaching this tree I can close my eyes and picture behind me in the darkness the wildest confusion. The causeway, now one of Mexico City's principal thoroughfares, is intersected by canals—filled in three centuries ago—cut to permit canoes to pass. To surmount these the Spaniards have carefully prepared a portable bridge. In this way the first canal is crossed, but the advance guard reaches the second gap before the last of the stragglers have crossed the first. There is a disastrous wait—and then it is found that the bridge has been driven into the ground so deeply by the passage of the army that there is no lifting it. The Aztecs seeing their enemies trapped, charge down the causeway with triumphant fury. In the black night and in the rain the entire company becomes one horrible, stampeding mass of disorder. The retreating rear drives the forward ranks over the edge into the canal or over the sides into the canoes of howling warriors who drag the unfortunate Spaniards aboard, off to the hideous sacrifice, and from the wrecked *teocalli* through the darkness comes the hellish boom—boom—boom of the serpent-skin war drum, adding fresh terror to the distracted Spaniards. In this hysterical struggle for self-preservation the "Conquerors"—how ironical the name seems now—push enough of their own men, Indian allies, prisoners, gold-laden porters, horses, wagons, cannon, into the breach to fill the gap entirely, and over this screaming, writhing, horrible mixture the ruins of an army pass.

One half of Cortez's forces, by trampling the other half to death, reach my cypress tree alive. Four hundred Spaniards, nine-tenths of the two thousand allies, every single piece of baggage and artillery, all the two million pesos in treasure—everything, in short, for which Cortez had slaughtered one hundred thousand Aztecs and sacrificed most of his own original company, perishes!

THIS would have been the proper time for the usual military commander to quit and go home. Not Cortez! It took just such a catastrophe as he had suffered to rouse in him the utmost degree of his superhuman courage. He had no guns left, no ammunition, no baggage. The mutilated remains of his fugitive little army were cursing the sight of him. His whole conquest was a hopeless, helpless wreck. So—he made up his mind to face about and reconquer the City of Mexico.

One's blood surges a bit merely to read of such audacity.

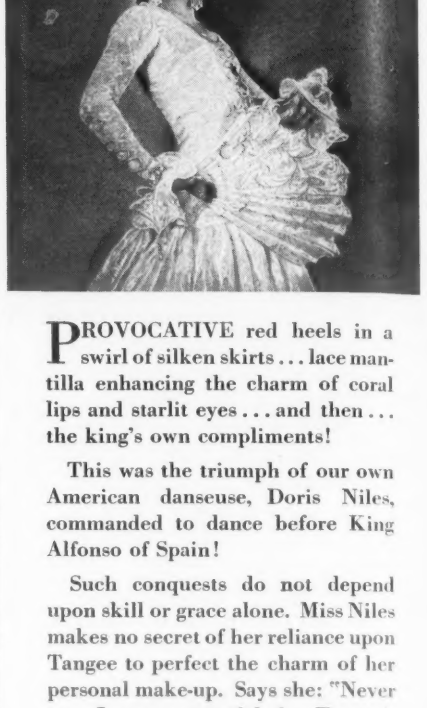
Once more fortune favored the brave. No sooner had Cortez announced his purpose to his flabbergasted soldiers than three hundred more new recruits well provided with cannon arrived from Cuba. Elated by these heaven-sent reënforcements, he resolved to besiege the capital by "sea" this time as well as by land, and ordered what shipbuilders he had to construct from the Tlaxcalan forests the parts for thirteen brigantines and drag the sections fifty miles over the mountains to the lake in the middle of which Tenochtitlán stood.

ONCE the parts became ships at the water's edge, a cannon was placed on the prow of each, and Cortez turning admiral went hunting for Aztec canoes. Simultaneously the heads of the three causeways were seized by the Spaniards, and the city thus cut off from all contact with the mainland.

Once more the contest approaches my range of vision. From the rehabilitated cathedral-teocalli top, with Prescott again in my hands, I can look down the three

(Continued on Page 187)

WHEN THE KING COMMANDS



PROVOCATIVE red heels in a swirl of silken skirts . . . lace mantilla enhancing the charm of coral lips and starlit eyes . . . and then . . . the king's own compliments!

This was the triumph of our own American danseuse, Doris Niles, commanded to dance before King Alfonso of Spain!

Such conquests do not depend upon skill or grace alone. Miss Niles makes no secret of her reliance upon Tangee to perfect the charm of her personal make-up. Says she: "Never was I more grateful for Tangee's perfect help than in the land of castanets and mantillas, where standards of feminine beauty are so high."

Demand Tangee today! One lipstick and rouge for all complexions. On sale everywhere. Tangee Lipstick $1. Tangee Rouge Compact 75¢. Tangee Crême Rouge $1. Also Tangee Face Powder, clinging, fragrant, $1. Tangee Night Cream $1. Tangee Day Cream $1. Twenty-five cents more in Canada.

If the name Tangee does not appear on the package it is not Tangee.

TANGEE

Beauty . . . for 20 Cents!

Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-Up." Address Dept. L. 4, The George W. Luft Co., Inc., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Name.....

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Here's a marvelous NEW soap made from tropical plants

Its refreshing difference will delight you. Make these five simple tests at our expense.

SIMPLY mail the coupon for a full-size cake FREE

WE WANT to send you a cake of this marvelous new soap. We want you to enjoy the experience of trying a soap unlike anything you have used before.

Down on the Coral Islands of the Pacific, nature has stored in a beautiful tropical plant a *perfect* soap ingredient—milder, purer, softer! And all its mildness, all its purity, all its softness, our chemists have captured for you in a new and finer soap.

We want you to try this new soap. Rich, creamy lather springs from it almost instantly, in any kind of water—hot or cold—hard or soft. And this lather is entirely *different*. You can feel the difference. It is rich and creamy between your fingers. Cool and soft and cleansing on your scalp. Soothing and refreshing in your bath. Pure and mild for baby's tender little body. Soft as down on your face.

Soap in its purest form

It is unthinkable that you should have to trust your skin to soaps made from harsh ingredients. How harmful they are to your complexion, your hands, your hair. No longer need you tolerate them. For the base of ZANOL Soap is nothing but that pure, mild vegetable substance found in the Tropical South Sea Islands.

No other soap is needed now

Like most women, you perhaps use several soaps.

One for the bath—another for the shampoo—a third for the baby—and still another for your hands and face. Now, this is no longer necessary. ZANOL Vegetable Soap takes the place of all other soaps. Purer, richer, softer—this is the ideal soap for every toilet purpose.

A test for you to make

Send for your free cake of ZANOL Vegetable Soap today. When it arrives we ask you to compare it with the soap you've always thought was best. First, make this test.

In your right hand take the cake of ZANOL Soap. In your left, the one you are using now. Dip both hands in water; turn the soap in your hands two or three times, *and then compare the lather.* Thousands who have made this test report these facts. ZANOL Soap produces two or three times *more* lather—a lather that is thicker, smoother, creamier—that cleanses with amazing thoroughness.

Rinse away this wonderful lather and look at your hands. Already you can see the difference.

Mail coupon below

Perhaps you wonder how a soap that does so much can cost so little—for ZANOL Vegetable Soap is priced at only 10c a cake or 3 cakes for 25c. And now we invite you to test it at our expense. Simply mail the coupon and we'll send a full-size cake free. Then make the tests suggested. Mail the coupon now.

Make These Five Tests With Your Free Cake of ZANOL Soap

Test it for the Hair — You'll enjoy the cool tingling of your scalp. A ZANOL Shampoo leaves your hair soft, silky, lustrous, and easy to manage.

Test it for the Complexion — Its mild, soft and cooling lather removes every trace of dust and dirt. It brings a radiant glow of youthful loveliness.

Test it for the Hands — Its full, fluffy, creamy lather cleanses thoroughly, and leaves the hands soft and white.

Test it for the Bath — Its abundant, invigorating lather rids every pore of dirt. Your whole body glows with health and life.

Test it for the Baby — Its soft, gentle lather is kind and soothing to baby's tender little body. No soap can be more pure and mild.

ZANOL

VEGETABLE SOAP

FOR FACE, HANDS, HAIR & BATH

FULL-SIZE CAKE FREE

The American Products Co.
Desk A, Cincinnati, Ohio

Gentlemen: Please send me, free, a full-size cake of ZANOL Vegetable Soap.

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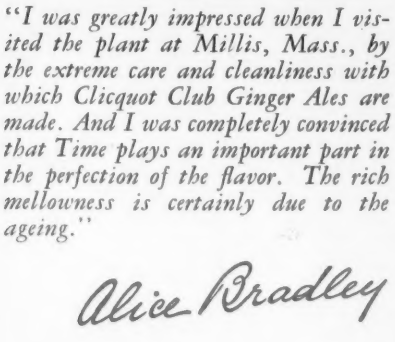
The ZANOL Trade Mark identifies the products of an organization that has been serving American housewives for a quarter century. A million customers testify to the value and quality of ZANOL Products.

"The Rich, Mellow Flavor is Certainly Due to the Ageing"

Says Alice Bradley—*Head of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery*



"I was greatly impressed when I visited the plant at Millis, Mass., by the extreme care and cleanliness with which Clicquot Club Ginger Ales are made. And I was completely convinced that Time plays an important part in the perfection of the flavor. The rich mellowness is certainly due to the ageing."

Alice Bradley

IN the world of foods and cookery there is no one more outstanding than Miss Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery at Boston. Like so many other distinguished visitors to the Clicquot Club plant, she was curious about the way in which Clicquot Club Ginger Ales are aged 6 months.

"How do you age Clicquot Club?" she asked. "And does it really make a great difference?"

Ageing Develops Supreme Flavor

So Miss Bradley was shown the two steps in the ageing process. First, the great glass-lined containers in which the flavor-elements age while blending . . . then the vast warehouses where, row on row and tier on tier, the finished product achieves perfection. Science controls the exact conditions under which the ageing takes place, but it is the master chemistry of Nature that ripens the blend. Here, as the months go by, the rare old mellowness of the finished product develops. It takes 6 months to make every bottle of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

Taste Detects the Difference

And finally Miss Bradley herself made an interesting test. She tasted first the new Clicquot . . . then the aged Clicquot as it was ready for shipment from the warehouse. She compared one with the other. And, as she herself has said, she was convinced of the important part Time plays in the perfection of the flavor.

Perhaps one day you, too, will make a little journey to this sun-flooded plant at Millis. If so, you will see for yourself how Clicquot's supreme flavor is developed . . . how carefully its purity is guarded . . . how, as a final safeguard, it is bottled only in *brand-new bottles*. And you may always be sure that Clicquot Club is ripe, rich and thoroughly digestible because it has been aged 6 months.

You may care to write for the booklet, "A Miracle of Nature," edited by Alice Bradley. It includes many new recipes for desserts and salads . . . delicious warm-weather menus. Write for your copy today. It is free. The Clicquot Club Co., Millis, Mass.

Clicquot Club
GINGER ALES

© 1929 Clicquot Club Co.

(Continued from Page 184)

avenues, the three ancient causeways, to their blockaded ends, and out upon the lake beds where the Spanish fleet is cruising. From three directions towards the plaza along the raised stone roads, the cannon have begun to sweep. Inch by inch, day by day, the artillery is pushed nearer the city as Cortez grimly tightens the coils.

The Aztecs, seeing their prison walls move in, are fighting like wildcats. But they seem helpless to free themselves from the ring of iron. Their food supplies have long since been exhausted. Plague and famine betray them from within; the Spanish cannon butcher them from without. Desperate, dying, they are being squeezed into a constantly decreasing space. And now, when there is no escape, and the great plaza before me has become their only island in a sea of ruin, Cortez gives the signal.

The ruthless steel constrictor closes. The Spaniards charge into the dense-packed square. Forty thousand starving Indians are slaughtered by the Spanish sword, and the glorious city of Tenochtitlán is annihilated from the face of the earth.

IV

I LOOK up from the stormy pages in my hands, and close the volume of Prescott's heroic story. The roar of the Spanish cannon has died away, and ancient Tenochtitlán has faded. The huge shadow across the plaza is no longer the *teocalli* but my cathedral tower, where all afternoon I've sat and read and followed the fortunes of the Conquest. It's the twentieth century again—and of the sixteenth nothing remains. Nothing remains but the venerable cypress tree *de la Noche Triste*—and the imperishable Popo, hanging, at that moment, above the city's towers, clear and cold in the eastern clouds.

I gazed reminiscently at that beautiful, dreadful mountain—Popo—that had mocked me on its crater crest, addled my brains, blasted my photographic hopes and driven me, half dead, from the summit. Oh, well, thought I, seeking consolation, was not Cortez himself driven half dead from Tenochtitlán with a loss of all *his* pictures? But this failed to prove consoling, for I realized I'd just been reading of Cortez's magnificent comeback—while I sat there weakly accepting defeat at the hands of Popo's guardian blasts and ready to run home to Spain without any photographs, without any gold. No, the spirit of my "conquest" of Mexico bore faint resemblance to the spirit of Cortez's.

Very well then, damn it, I'd climb Popo again!

This sudden decision rather stunned me. I recalled the Japanese proverb, "You are a fool not to climb Fujiyama once in a lifetime, but you are a worse fool to climb it twice," and wondered, if these were their sentiments regarding a mountain less than 13,000 feet, what term of superlative stupidity they would apply to me, now that I was possessed with the idea of climbing Popo, which is a mile higher than Fuji, not only twice but twice in one week.

HOWEVER, no matter how many names the Japs called me, there was nothing else to do. My conscience would never be able to face Cortez's scorn henceforth if I allowed an arrogant Popo to deny me the photographs of its pinnacle I sought and to gloat over my expulsion. And so I turned about for another battle with the triumphant enemy, reënforced not with fresh troops and new cannon but with the best photographer in Mexico, whose skill and energy gave me every reason to believe that *this* attack on my own particular Tenochtitlán would subdue the stubborn city.

When we boarded the train for my mountain we were armed with three hundred pounds of photographic artillery consisting of four cameras—movie, panoramic, plate and film—extravagant supplies of fuel, heavy tripod, range finders, ray filters, an assistant and four porters. This outfit should have been complete. It was sadly lacking. My father, under sudden pressure from his affairs in America, had departed.

With all this paraphernalia we were so late reaching the familiar camp on the lower slopes of Popo that the photographer and I, after a substantial supper, decided to keep right on going and climb all night with our porters and equipment so as to be sure of having the machinery on top by morning.

At 15,000 feet the assistant photographer, a complete novice at mountaineering, gave one groan and collapsed in the snow. He was done for. In the midnight darkness we distributed his forty-pound share of equipment and pushed on.

SCARCELY had we left him behind when a new difficulty enveloped us—mist, so dense and so laden with frost that it covered whatever it touched with icy flakes. In ten minutes every one of us was a snow man, clothed in ghostly white, climbing like driven spirits up the ghostly mountain. Our staffs became great icicles six feet long. Little ones hung from our chins and noses. The wind was lashing this arctic fog past us at fifty miles an hour and we still had 2000 feet to go.

In the teeth of such obstacles, of which the impenetrable night was not the least, all six of us lost heart. The photographer, resolute enough, kept asking between gasps for breath what hope there was for a picture of the crater when we could not see ten feet through the fog with our own eyes even when day came. The sensible thing would have been for all of us to retreat and wait at the camp for clearer weather. But I had reached a state of stubborn unreasonableness, brought on by angry resentment against fortune, which drove me deeper and deeper into difficulties. I remembered Cortez's determination to "climb on" despite everything during his second assault of Tenochtitlán, and vowed that by the unholy ghost of the Conqueror I was going to the top.

The porters, clad only in cotton clothes, were by no means so resolute. Seeing how they were suffering under their covering of ice I had to send them back. Further distribution of equipment was impossible. We must abandon everything they carried—the movie outfit, reels of film, and my own camera. The photographer, however, did not desert me. Truly faithful he continued to struggle on with the panoramic machine, I following with the thirty-pound tripod.

WHEN the two of us *did* reach the top, we found our worst fears realized. The fog was overwhelming. Even so, I was unwilling to give up hope. Perhaps if we waited with prayer and fasting, the rising sun might scatter these evil forces of mist. Cautiously we descended to a ledge ten feet down the walls of the voracious abyss to escape the wind, and there beat some feeble life back into our limbs and faces.

One hour, two hours, as the first streaks of day drifted through the fog, we waited. Presently the sun broke above the horizon, and almost at once, to our unspeakable joy, the mist began to lift. Thick as it was, it could not resist the onslaughts of the Mexican sun. Defeat soon became a retreat, and the retreat a rout. In another moment the crater in which we crouched emerged completely from the veil and glittered with a radiance ten times as brilliant as on the previous occasion I had beheld it.

Popo's guardian gods had at last relented. The very elements—except the incorrigible wind—now appeared in perfect photographic arrangement—black sky, fresh deep snow piled on the rim and clinging to every ledge on the walls of the clean-swept crater, all flooded in dazzling brightness.

There was no blundering this time when we put our panorama camera into place, no failure to focus, no double exposure, no spilling of the film. The heavy tripod held its own against the blasts. The photographer loaded the big camera with a roll

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Use CHARLES' scientific preparations and preserve youthful beauty many years.

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THERE is no fear of ageing lines, skin pouches, eruptions, sallowness, coarse pores and other unsightly disfigurements among the fashionable women who go to the CHARLES OF THE RITZ Beauty Salons. CHARLES' famous treatments clear and tone the skin and bring back 'young girl' freshness, softness and smoothness with magic speed.

And now his secret preparations, heretofore used only at his salons, are obtainable at leading department stores and druggists'. With them come simple directions enabling you to give yourself CHARLES' special salon treatments at home. The new CHARLES OF THE RITZ beauty aids, which include both corrective preparations and make-up accessories, are not expensive.

Visit your favorite shop today and ask to see these lovely new beauty creations. They are *different*, far better and quicker acting than any you have ever used. Purchase just ONE and try it tonight. You will be amazed at the improvement it makes with even the first treatment. A few minutes a day will keep your complexion fresh, unlined, youthful—completely alluring.

And send for CHARLES' fascinating Beauty Book, *The Four Secrets of Youthful Beauty*. Simply mail the Request Slip below. If you wish CHARLES' special advice check the squares on slip.

CHARLES' 3 *Secrets of Youthful Beauty*

The famous beauty treatments given at the CHARLES OF THE RITZ salons in general make use of but three remarkable preparations perfected by CHARLES as the result of twenty-five years' beauty practice. With amazing swiftness they bring to a dull, lined, ageing skin the radiant freshness and satiny loveliness of youth. They are sold separately and the three together cost only $4.25. Included are full directions for CHARLES' special treatments. Get them at any leading shop today. The preparations are:—

1 ***Lemon Cleansing Cream Ritz $1.25*** Not only cleanses perfectly but refines and whitens, softens, smooths and supples.

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ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM RITZ — Excellent for dry, shriveled skin and all lines. $2.

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Please send me your Beauty Book, *The Four Secrets of Youthful Beauty*, and advise treatment for: ☐ Thin, brittle hair, ☐ Dandruff, ☐ Face lines, ☐ Skin pouches, ☐ Eruptions, ☐ Enlarged pores, ☐ Dry skin, ☐ Oily skin, ☐ Red, rough hands.

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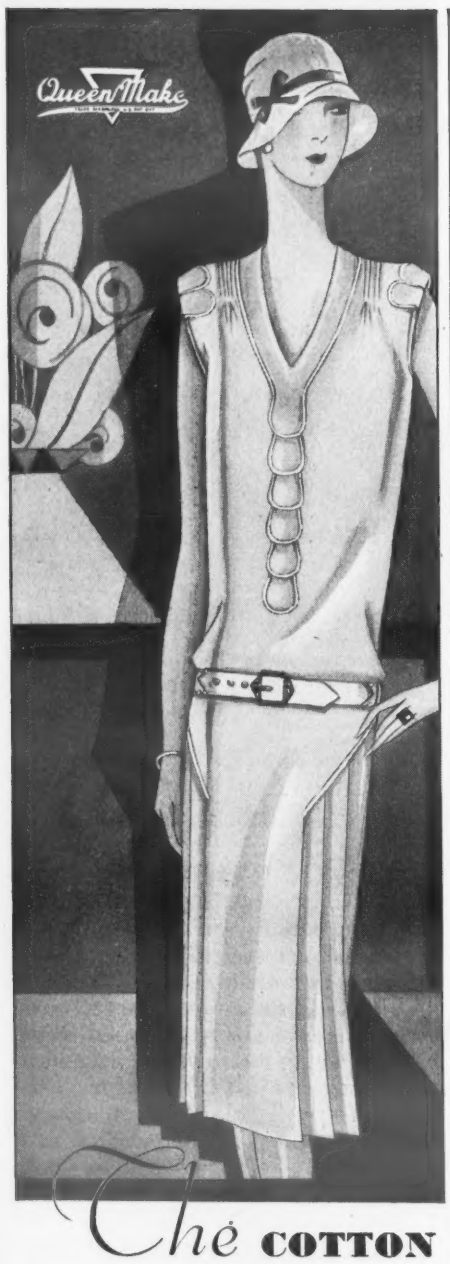

The COTTON FROCK is the Fashion this Spring—QUEEN MAKE Sets the VOGUE

FASHIONISTS are sponsoring the cotton frock this Spring for sports and afternoon informal wear. The cotton frock must have more *style*, more *smartness*—and must receive more *attention* in your Spring and Summer wardrobe.

Queen Make Frocks are as smartly styled, as carefully tailored and sized, as your costliest silk dresses. They are made of the finest cotton fabrics.

For thirty years the *Queen Make* label has meant dependability—fastness of color, quality, style.

Queen Make Frocks are featured by leading stores everywhere. Ask your favorite dealer for them or write for information as to where you can procure them.

Illustrated: A smart Queen Make *sports frock in finest quality pique. In Flesh, Maize, Blue, Green, and White. Sizes: 14, 16, 18, 36, to 42. A splendid value. $5.95.*

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three feet long and ten inches high, aimed at the perfectly posed gigantic crater target, stood me in range off to one side and fired. And the picture that resulted? Glory be to God! Peace be unto Cortez! It was simply grand!

Once a print was in my hand, I looked at it long and affectionately. "Worse fool to climb it twice ——?" Probably, but fool or not I was the most contented man in Mexico, if likewise the weariest. I had subdued my snowy Tenochtitlán. I could now look Cortez squarely in the face.

Back in Mexico City, I went at once to the chapel where the Conqueror is buried. I wished to express my gratitude to him for the adventures I had enjoyed in following where he led, and for the photograph of stubborn Popo's glacial crown his example had helped me to secure.

The chapel adjoins the Hospital of Jesus, built and endowed by Cortez himself, on the very spot which marks the place on the great causeway where he first met Montezuma. Here, after Cortez's death in Spain his body was brought and buried under a magnificent tomb. Even so, he was not left in peace. In 1823, to celebrate Mexican independence from the Spanish tyrants a patriotic mob sacked the sanctuary and threatened to break open the Conqueror's grave in order to scatter to the winds his heroic ashes. To prevent such sacrilege the hospital authorities secretly removed the coffin and hid it in the masonry of the adjoining chapel, where it lies today, unhonored, unmarked, unknown.

THE chapel is heavily locked away from the outside world and for several years has not been used. No one may enter there. But through the courtesy of Cortez's only living descendant, Prince Pignatelli, in whose hands the property still rests, the ancient rusted doors were opened for me, boomed behind me, and I was allowed to wander late one afternoon, alone but for the ghost of Cortez, through the gloom of this deserted church.

The dust of years lay thick upon the marble floor. Artificial flowers and pasty saints stood dismal and forlorn upon the faded altar canopied in plaster fallen from above. Sparrows and pigeons nested undisturbed atop the broken cornices and once-gilded capital. At night the bats inhabited this haunted scene. And somewhere hidden in these lonely walls lay the moldering bones of the greatest captain in all the annals of Spain.

I could only conjecture, as I strolled about, where the honored spot could be. Was it here beneath the flagstones where I stood? Was it there above the marble crucifix? The wind sighing through the broken windowpanes tried mournfully to tell me the secret. I wished to know—not that I might share this knowledge with the world, but that I might burn a respectful candle beside the tomb, to pay my profound homage to one who through all his wild and glorious career had always championed the spirit of romantic enterprise. Here close at hand was indeed a hero worth worshipping, an imagination that was forever fresh, a nature that could not resist adventure, a life tempestuous and free. Here, as the last light faded from the cobwebbed windows and the bats began their ghostly wanderings, I vowed by all the gods, was the only man in heaven or earth I loved.

ON THE altar rail were a few swooning candles, long since extinguished by the dust. In the darkness I resuscitated one of these, struck a match to it and stood the little flame upon an unmarked marble slab in the pavement at the foot of the altar. Where else better could the Conqueror's body be than here? Except for the burning candle there was no other light in this dark chapel corpse, and no other sound but the sighing wind. As little funereal gusts crept down the ancient aisles the candle flicked and fluttered, casting upon wall and column weird gyrating shadows in which I saw the canvas saints and plaster virgins coming down from frame and pedestal to exorcise away the heathen intruder who had dared disturb the peace of Cortez's slumber. I retreated through the blackness to the doors. I pounded for release upon the lock. Rescuers came. But just before I fled, I looked back and saw—or thought I saw—around my bobbing candle flame San Fernando and Santiago, San Augustino and San Antonio, and a dozen plaster virgins dancing a grotesque macabre dance above the ashes of the Conqueror, happily delivered once more from the hands of a heretic.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The second of Mr. Halliburton's new series of romantic travel adventures, The Well of Death, will appear in the May Journal.

The Car of Cræsus

(Continued from Page 27)

there. And if I can arrange it she's go'n' to sing to you also tonight! Now I guess that will be all for the present, unless the mayor wants to say a few words."

"I do," said the mayor, stepping into his place. "I don't like this little idea that New York isn't home to Americans. I've known Plinny Barnes for twenty minutes, and he's already a friend of mine; so I'm giving him a motorcycle escort while he is in town—and I'm going to be at that dinner tonight and I'm going to the opera. Only sorry you can't all be there. But I'd stick around your radios till pretty late, if I were you; for this man Barnes has made up his mind to put this little girl on the air. He seems to have something up his sleeve. And his sleeve is about five feet long, while his head, if I may say so, seems to be even longer still. So here's good luck to Nebraska."

A few moments later the Car of Crœsus started up Broadway at full speed, with the motorcycles roaring ahead.

"Ah," sighed the prince, "I have wished since the War to be going like this!"

"There must be a dozen taxis behind us," Claire cried, "all filled with reporters and cameras, and all of them madly on our trail."

Uncle Plinny's drawling voice came out through the tube: "What's the speedometer say, little girl?"

"Seventy-five!" she answered.

"Good. We may have to use this car tonight as no car was used before. But everything's gone pretty smoothly so far. The banquet tonight is at six o'clock—our suppertime in Nebraska." Claire Cobb gave a nervous glance at her watch. "I'll leave it all to you," he said. "Draw on me for what money you need, and don't be too frugal with flowers and flags. No alcoholic drinks, of course. We'll also need a good jazz band. I'd advise you to spare no expense on that."

"But Uncle Plin," she shouted back, above the roar of the speeding car and the howl of the sirens just ahead, "this dinner alone may cost you two thousand!"

"Never mind about that, little girl. I'm cashing in forty times that amount by all this free publicity. Better have a few extra covers laid, for we may make a few more friends in this big city."

But he found no friends at the opera house. The loud hoarse sirens of the police brought little Bernardo outdoors, and he looked on the procession of cars with fast-deepening dismay. Behind the Car of Crœsus, reporters and moving-picture men were tumbling out of taxis; and like wolves they gathered close, as Uncle Plinny faced his prey.

(Continued on Page 190)

Here is a rain barrel full of SOFT WATER

THIS rain water makes clothes white as snow. It gives delightfully soft water to bathe in. Dishes washed in it sparkle with cleanliness.

But the day of the old-fashioned rain barrel is past. Hard water comes from faucets now. It makes scum. It forms a dirty ring around the bathtub. Clothes aren't white as snow. Dishes are hard to wash.

Hard water softened with Melo becomes as soft as rain water. It makes a wonderful cleaner, with or without soap. Soap becomes much more effective.

Put two tablespoonfuls in the bathtub and you have rain water to bathe in. Put a tablespoonful in the dishpan and the dishes sparkle. Put two tablespoonfuls in the washtubs and the clothes are as white as snow.

Melo costs only 10 cents a can. Buy 3. Keep one in the kitchen, one in the laundry, and one in the bathroom. Buy it at your grocer's.

The water in the United States is generally from 5 to 25 times too hard. Melo will make the water in your city as soft as rain water.

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JANE RÉGNY selected this bloomer-combination (style 132) to wear with a sports costume. The side-closing bloomer legs have a trim knit cuff.

LANVIN chooses this slim bandeau with a tiny vertical ribbon to adjust its fullness (style 251), and briefest of yoke-front bloomers (style 300).

CHÉRUIT uses this vest (style 00F) with its correctly placed shoulder straps and underarm reinforcement, and dainty scalloped step-ins (style 309).

WORTH'S choice is this clever combination (style 147). It has a narrow, elastic-back bandeau and slim, side-closing bloomer legs with a knit cuff.

Louiseboulanger

Selects these

NEW RAYON UNDERTHINGS

LOUISEBOULANGER, in her great Paris studio, creates styles so individual that invariably they are among the sensations of the season.

Again this year this world-famous artist-designer has chosen Carter's new rayon underwear as an ideal foundation over which to model a gown! "It gratifies us to find," she says, "that these new rayon undergarments are so expertly designed that they fit perfectly beneath our creation."

Nine other internationally known Paris dressmakers use Carter's because of its delightful cut and fit. A clever woman who knows the mode designs new models each season.

Under an enchanting taffeta evening frock, Louiseboulanger uses Carter's narrow bandeau (style 252) with elastic insert in back, and yoke-front bloomers with new knit cuff (style 306).

New Paris Colors . . .

Enthusiastically, great French dressmakers themselves have selected exquisite new shades for Carter's spring undergarments! Ask to see Poiret's "Peach Glow"—a flattering, delicate shade—or Premet's new "Rose Flamant," as well as the more familiar colors.

Carter's special process makes this luxurious material as practical and long-wearing as it is beautiful. Look for the familiar Carter label in every garment. The William Carter Co., Needham Heights (Boston District), Massachusetts.

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Other famous Paris houses which endorse Carter's are: JANE RÉGNY PREMET · POIRET · SUZANNE TALBOT JENNY · CHÉRUIT · LANVIN · WORTH O'ROSSEN.

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"What marvelous coffee!—
How do you make it?"

Are you among the many who answer this question by pointing proudly to their UNIVERSAL Electric Percolators or Urn Sets—their perfect coffee makers?

If not, you are overlooking the most satisfactory method of preparing coffee yet discovered—the UNIVERSAL Patented Percolating Process, which extracts from the coffee berry all the delicious volatile oils and aroma before beverage comes to a boil. When introduced twenty years ago the UNIVERSAL Method revolutionized coffee-making—many imitations followed, but none equal the original—most are but boiling devices, and coffee resents boiling—bitterly.

The fashionable designs of UNIVERSAL Electric Ware are enhanced by their unexcelled electrical and mechanical features, which are guaranteed to give a lifetime of satisfactory service.

Virtually every home duty is made easier and more enjoyable by one or more of the many kinds of UNIVERSAL Household Helps—the choice of home managers for over 75 years.

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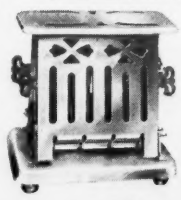

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(Continued from Page 188)

"Well, Mr. Bernardo," he began, with a kind and friendly air, "is our little girl, who was born in the West, to be allowed to send her voice out into the great open spaces tonight?"

The reporters seemed to relish this line, and Mr. Bernardo grew pale with concern; but with a brave effort he forced back some semblance of his bland little smile.

"I should say that the person to answer that is the artist herself," he suavely replied. "She knows the demands of the opera world, and we've worked together in perfect accord. She signed a contract with us last summer to make no engagements outside for a year."

"I know, Brother Shylock, it's not in the bond," said Mr. Barnes good-humoredly. "But how about a little of the quality of mercy here? For I tell you that, before I get through, about ten million friends of mine will be hungry to hear her sing tonight."

"Now, Mr. Barnes, be sensible!" begged little Bernardo in growing alarm. "We've never yet used microphones in a regular performance here; and even if we wanted to it would be quite impossible to arrange them by tonight!"

"HOW about it, Cliff?" asked Uncle Plin. Quiet as a little mouse, his brother had just joined the group, together with the radio engineer; and each of them was lugging a heavy valise. In a businesslike tone Cliff answered, "Let's go in and have a look at the hall."

"By all means! Let's go inside!" agreed Bernardo fervently. Uncle Plinny seemed reluctant to leave his newspaper friends behind; but after having invited them all to be his guests at the banquet that night he went into the opera house, taking Claire Cobb along with him. She was in there for some time; then she came out to the chauffeur.

"Well," she announced, "they had quite a talk. On the big empty stage of the opera house, Cliff and his friend took a look around and said that a hook-up could be arranged. But various high and mighty officials had come to Bernardo's support by then, and they insisted on holding Annabelle to the terms of her bond. A reporter, however, then brought in the news that the speculators are selling seats at twenty dollars apiece for tonight. The officials grew more friendly at that, and Uncle Plinny saw his chance.

"'This is costing me in the neighborhood of sixty thousand dollars,' he said. 'Why not let me spend it in my own way and crowd your house to the roof tonight?'

"This point impressed them quite a bit, and it ended in a compromise. They won't let Annabelle go on the air, but Uncle Plin is to be allowed to have a telephone on the stage, connected with the broadcasting studio, and from there he will report the entire performance tonight."

At this point Mr. Plinny Barnes came serenely out of the opera house; he got into the car and off they went to his hotel.

BY SIX o'clock that night the great ballroom of the hotel was a grandly festive scene. But when at last the mayor arrived, the jazz band crashed into action and the guests trooped gayly in, Claire left them and came out to the car.

"We'll grab a bite at the Club Russe," she said, "and then go get Annabelle, to take her to the opera house. I'm afraid she'll be frightfully worried, poor dear."

And Annabelle was.

"I love the old darlings," she anxiously cried, "but I tell you, Claire, you've no idea how nasty these music critics can be. They'll make a joke of me tonight! And that's not all—I know Uncle Plin is determined to have me go on the air. Sooner or later he'll ask me to do it before this night is over, my dear. And I simply can't! It means my contract, my whole operatic career!"

In spite of all that Claire could say, they left her at the opera house in no easy frame of mind. Then they got Uncle Plinny at his hotel, where the banquet had been a complete success.

But at the stage entrance of the opera house they found Cliff waiting; and he did not look so cheerful now.

"Plinny," he said, in a low tone, "I've begun to think they're putting over some mighty dirty work on us here!"

"What's the trouble?"

"I don't know, Plin, but it's in the atmosphere! The way these fellows act and smile. I'm afraid they're on to us."

"I GUESS you just imagined it, Cliff. You're nervous," his tall partner said. "Now hustle into that dressing room and get on your swallowtail. You're to sit in the box with the mayor when he comes."

Mr. Plinny Barnes then went to his post. Behind a wing on the great busy stage he took his place at the telephone connecting with the studio; and after testing it, he began talking in a low incisive voice to his big audience in the West:

"Well, friends, this is Plinny Barnes again—of Barnes and Barnes, of Nebraska—broadcasting to the entire U. S. A. from the stage of the opera house in New York, where Annabelle Barnes will sing tonight.

"Here comes some of our crowd now! Yes, sir, all of 'em, two hundred strong—from Nebraska and in evening clothes! And here comes the mayor of New York! We've got a box for him tonight! Cliff is with him—Clifford Barnes, my partner, friends, of the firm of Barnes and Barnes. It's his daughter and my niece who is breaking into opera tonight."

He broke off and looked at his watch.

"It's about time they started this show. We were due to begin at eight, and here it is 8:17. I can hear the fiddlers still tuning up down there in front. They tell me the tenor was late. But he's in his dressing room now, and the scene is all set for him to come on. And it may look pretty good from the front, but it isn't much to look at from here. . . . Hello, we're off! The orchestra has begun the overture.

"The whole big house is crowded now; they've turned down the lights, and it looks as though we'd soon get a little action here. . . . Be patient, friends—remember that I am not running this show. I'm just Uncle Plinny Barnes, uncle of Miss Annabelle Barnes, the budding prima donna, who first went on the air as a child away out at Station B and B—meaning Barnes and Barnes, of Nebraska! And we are still hoping to get her back on the air tonight!"

"HERE she comes from her dressing room with Madame de Vivo, her French maid. The music is getting soft and low and kind of dreamy. There she goes! She's moving out on the great stage, and now they're giving her a hand.

"She's singing! And they like it, friends, they seem to like it. It sounds fine! What a shame that you can't hear it too! Maybe you will before we're through! . . . She's in an old-fashioned poke bonnet and shawl. Timidly she advances downstage! The tenor sees her now! And he comes close—and closer! I can't say I approve of this! All very artistic, I presume, but I just don't like it, friends . . ."

While Uncle Plinny talked on in this vein little Cliff had slipped out of his box and had been prowling through the lobbies, questioning ushers. He looked at his watch, then hurried outdoors; on reaching the car he ordered the prince to go to the broadcasting studio. He went in and in a few minutes out he came.

"What do you think they've done?" he cried. "The opera bunch has hired the mike on the Purple Network from midnight on! Do you get it? They've dished us—blocked our game!"

At the opera house Cliff hurried inside and very soon came out again, his lank partner at his side. He was talking in a tense low voice.

(Continued on Page 192)

Ready, on Notion Counters Today!
Talon Slide-Fasteners for use in home-sewing

Carrying Fashion's approval . . . replacing all old-fashioned methods of fastening . . . these Talon Slide-Fasteners are now on notion counters, ready for you to sew on the scores of garments and articles you make at home. . . . Each fastener comes in an envelope containing sewing instructions, etc. 10 lengths and 6 colors of tape are available. . . . Colors are black, white, two tones of gray and two of brown. Where other colors of tape are required you can dye one of the neutral colors to match your material. The Original Talon Slide-Fasteners are sold from the Talon Cabinet you see in this illustration. Look for the word "Talon" or "Hookless" on the pull.

Frock illustrated can be made with Butterick Pattern No. 2365. Note the Talon Slide-Fasteners used as a smart style feature.

These are the individual envelopes in which you buy the Talon Slide-Fastener Units for home-sewing. 10 lengths and 6 colors of tape available.

Beauty and Convenience have made Talon Slide-Fasteners fashionable

You see the trim, convenient Talon Slide-Fasteners on the clothes the smart people wear—on the fashion accessories they use; and now these same dependable fasteners are available for home-sewing use. With just a gentle pull they close snugly and securely. Once closed, they never accidentally come open—never show a gaping edge—you can't lose them—they launder (or dry-clean) perfectly, and usually outlast the garment or article which they fasten so smartly and quickly. Identify them by the word "Talon" or "Hookless" on the slider-pull.

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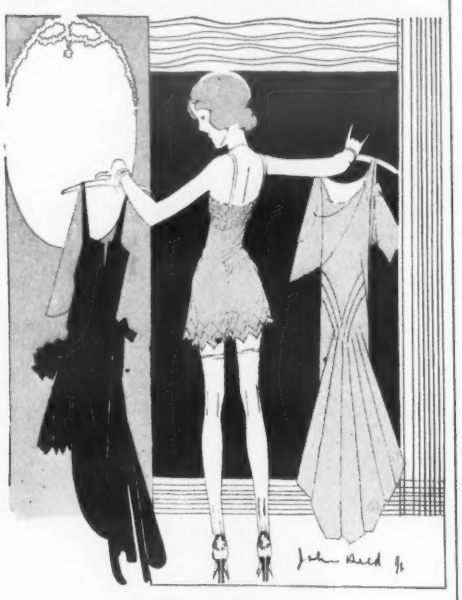

— it keeps my entire wardrobe *in* PARIS COLORS"

.... *Paris sponsors* lovely new colors for Spring . . . and, as usual, well-dressed women follow where fashion leads . . . with Tintex.

.... *For Tintex* restores original color to faded things . . . or gives *new* color to everything washable in the wardrobe . . . or home-decorations. And so, the smartest women use Tintex in the *Gray Box* for tinting or dyeing *all* materials. They use Tintex in the *Blue Box* for lace-trimmed silks . . . it tints the silk newest pastel shades . . . but leaves the lace its original color.

.... *And for* changing a dark-colored material to a new, light shade . . . they first use Tintex Color Remover. It removes all the color from any fabric . . . quickly, safely and surely . . . and then they redye it the color they desire with Tintex.

.... *Whitex, too* . . . the special bluing . . . is indispensable to the smart woman in restoring whiteness to yellowed white silks and woolens . . . and for use on all fine white things instead of ordinary bluing.

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Whitex—A special bluing for restoring whiteness to yellowed silks and woolens.

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(Continued from Page 190)

"All right, Cliff, I get you," he said calmly. "Now let's just try to keep our heads and see if we can't trump his ace. Let me cogitate a while." Quietly he got into the car; and on their ride to the radio station he sat smoking in deep thought. "I'm thinking of Mr. Bernardo," he said. "I think he's a little rooster, Cliff, and he is more than likely to take a rooster's view of this. He'll think he's got us licked for fair—and he'll get careless."

A few moments later Mr. Barnes shambled into the skyscraper that housed the studio, with Cliff trotting close behind. In a short time they reappeared.

"Now, prince," he said to the huge chauffeur, "I want to go away uptown; but I see the motorcycle boys are with us still, so the ride won't take us long."

And as they rushed off, sirens screaming ahead, Uncle Plin settled back, puffed his cigar and placidly drawled, "It's just as I thought. Bernardo's got careless. He has taken the time, all right, and the opera crowd will pay for it too; but he didn't think it worth their while to provide any program for the mike. And that shows a high and mighty contempt for the studio that'll make its owner about as pleased as a cat when you shy a boot at her. We're going up to see him now, and I'm a-go'n' to talk to him as one radio man to another."

UNCLE PLINNY was closeted with the owner of the studio for some time. Then he strolled out to the car and said, "Now, prince, we'll go back to the opera house." And on the way downtown he announced, "Well, Cliff, I guess the way is clear. That feller was as human as even a radio man can be. He's got to live up to his contract, of course, but he wan't at all pleased with this idea of feeding the Purple Network for a whole hour on empty air, and he couldn't see any reason at all why, if our program wan't quite finished on the stroke of midnight, we shouldn't go on a while—'until the next party shows up,' he said."

"By Jupiter!" gasped little Cliff. "Plin, you're a genius!" And back at the opera house he said, "Now go on with your talk in there on the stage, so the folks out West won't go to bed, and leave the technical stuff to me!"

The technical stuff took an hour or more, and the only man who watched Cliff work was Prince Ivan Borissovitch, of Russia, who could make nothing of it at all. Returning to the radio station, Cliff came out with his engineer friend and the same valises they had used at City Hall. They had the prince drive to a quiet side street, and there the two wizards set to work with batteries and wires and a little microphone.

When they had finished, the car inside looked just about as it had before, except that beside the prince on the floor were a couple of small steel boxes, and upon the floor behind stood an innocent-looking valise. They then rushed the engineer back to his studio; and after that, while the Car of Crœsus slowly toured about the town, the huge chauffeur began to feel that his passenger was going insane.

FOR the little man back there sat talking, talking, talking, apparently into the empty air. And more and more excited he grew! Twice he stopped and dashed into a cigar store, where he used a telephone. And after the last of these brief stops he came out triumphantly.

"Prince, it's perfect!" he declared. "Now back to the opera p. d. q.!"

On arriving there he hurried inside; but he soon returned to the car and almost at once started talking again, this time in clear and measured tones, as though addressing a vast throng—a throng as mad as himself; for to the puzzled Russian chauffeur came only such bewildering bits as "broadcasting as we go" . . . "portable short-wave transmitter" . . . "hook-up" . . . "Purple Network."

"Crœsus!" fervently murmured the prince. And when Claire Cobb came out to him he turned on her a distracted glance, but before they had time to get anything clear Uncle Plinny emerged from the stage door, his little niece beside him. At the same moment they heard the click of a switch behind and then Cliff's voice:

"Here she comes! Be patient, friends, one minute more, and you'll hear a budding prima donna start her radio career!"

The plump little singer was wrapped in furs; as she got into the car her eyes still shone from her success. "It all went splendidly!" she declared. "You should have heard the things they said, three of the best critics in town, when they came to my dressing room!"

"I'M GLAD, my dear," said Uncle Plin. And he added in quiet tones, "They're probably writing their stories now. In a few minutes more they'll be on the press, and your reputation will be made. But now," he continued wistfully, "how about giving a little time to your poor old uncle and your dad?" He drew the curtain tighter in the window at her side. "We're feeling kind of blue tonight, for we feel New York has stolen our girl—you'll be so famous after this! And we're wondering if you'll ever again sing to us the dear old songs you used to sing at home."

"Sing them? Why, of course I will!" cried the girl indignantly. "You darling, I'll sing to you whenever you like!"

"Then do it now," begged Uncle Plin.

"What? In the car?" She laughed. "With all Broadway looking on?"

"Oh, no," her uncle answered. "Cliff, draw those curtains on your side, and we'll go up into the Park. And as we go sing soft and low," he begged her, turning back to his niece. "Sing Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes; and after that, Lead, Kindly Light."

Amused but touched, the girl obeyed. As the big car sped up Broadway, she sang to both old darlings.

She sang till the tears came into their eyes—tears of such real joy as was seen nowhere else in the great city that night. In the shadowy Park they went round and round; for each time she stopped they begged for more. But the little prima donna insisted at last she could sing no more; so they took her back to her hotel.

And there stood Bernardo, haggard and gray and grim with rage.

"Well, mademoiselle," he snapped at her, "how about that contract now?"

"Contract? Contract?"

"NO LIES, if you please," the furious little man replied. "I got wind of it half an hour ago; been hunting for you ever since—to stop this outrage!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that for over an hour you've sung to the whole raw blithering West!"

"I most certainly have not! I've not been near a radio!"

"Oh, haven't you?" Snatching the window curtain aside, he revealed a microphone about ten inches from her face. "Now what have you got to say?"

Annabelle had nothing to say; she took one look and burst into tears.

But Uncle Plinny did the talking. "Never mind him, little girl," he said, with his arm around her still. "If he can't take his licking like a he-man let him sputter a bit. Why should we care? What was it you wanted tonight? Good notices from those critics, dear. And they've written 'em now and gone to bed, so that part of your evening has turned out fine! As for this past hour, I doubt if the opera bunch will row very loud about how they was fooled by us rubes from the West. But even if they should let you go they'll soon be on their knees to get you back, for millions of people have heard you now.

"They've also heard of Barnes and Barnes. And that all counts for you, my dear; for the business will all be yours in time, and you'll be a millionairess!"

Blandly he turned to Bernardo outside.

"And as for you, young man," he said, "I guess you're pretty good for New York. But come out to Nebraska some day and we'll teach you about publicity."

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Quickly . . . Anywhere!

"SUCH a handy little stove," say women everywhere. It *quickly* boils, broils and fries everything from eggs to steaks. Makes scores of tempting dishes, too. Makes delicious toast—boils coffee—heats water for shaving—heats curling irons, pressing irons—warms baby's milk—makes candy. Good for a hundred uses.

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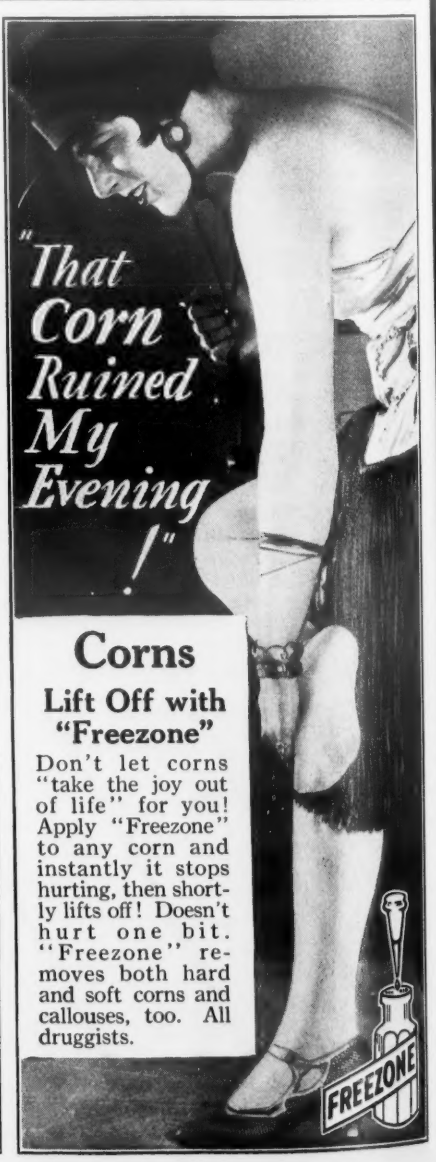

Corns

Lift Off with "Freezone"

Don't let corns "take the joy out of life" for you! Apply "Freezone" to any corn and instantly it stops hurting, then shortly lifts off! Doesn't hurt one bit. "Freezone" removes both hard and soft corns and callouses, too. All druggists.

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This set makes the most serviceable gift imaginable . . . stainless steel throughout with Royal Blue Arrow handles of beautifully grained and lacquered wood and a decorative little color spot in dark blue on each handle . . . it retails for only five dollars.

If you prefer, at the same cost, you may have a box of five with handles in delft blue Russite . . . the new wonder-material . . . true blue that runs all the way through.

Why not send for our booklet "How to Tell Good Cutlery?" It costs you nothing.

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If you're tied down by long hours of tedious cleaning, PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA is just what you've been looking for!

PARSONS' cuts grease, loosens dirt and grime, softens hard water and makes the laundry snowy white. For over 50 years critical housewives have regarded it as the indispensable and unequalled aid to thorough, easy cleaning.

In countless ways, every day, it can help lighten your cleaning tasks. *One* trial will show you the vast difference between PARSONS' and ordinary ammonias. Use just a little in the water for cleaning . . .

woodwork metal enamelware
laundry floors rugs
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At all grocers and department stores
4 sizes—from 15c up

PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA

Use it wherever you use soap and water

Walled Garden

(Continued from Page 11)

"The husband's best friend," Stephen reminded her, "is the very cornerstone of the triangle drama. Haven't you ever seen a play, Janey? Or read a book?"

"Yes, but ——"

Just then there came a sound of approaching footsteps in the corridor outside. With a quick motion, Stephen snapped off the glaring overhead light, leaving only the shaded desk lamps to throw half shadows into the corners of the room. As two stag pirates appeared in the doorway, he was kissing Janey.

Such little incidents were not, of course, uncommon at the pirate ball. With a perfunctory "Oh, excuse us—our error" the stags were about to withdraw without haste or confusion, when they recognized the two they had interrupted. Janey's surprise and embarrassment needed no histrionic trimmings. It was Stephen who proved himself the subtle actor.

SO, TOO, when it was at last time to start the long drive home. Stephen was not present to take any part in the jovial wrangling as to who was to drive whom. In fact, when Scot, having secured Mrs. Bradley, exclaimed dutifully "But what about Janey—who'll take her?" there was a brief significant pause.

"Oh, she started half an hour ago—with Stephen Hill," somebody replied.

"Mrs. Bradley," said Scot briefly. "By the way, she wants us for tea tomorrow afternoon. I accepted—is that all right? She's taken the Culpepper house, you know, for a year."

"Quite all right," said Janey. She yawned delicately and pulled off her gaudy silk headdress. "Why don't you come along too, Stephen?"

"THANKS," said Stephen, a shade too carelessly, "perhaps I will. I'll call up the fair Pauline and ask her if she's got an extra cup."

"What the dickens did you want to drag Steve in on the tea tomorrow for?" Scot demanded as he and Janey were sleepily undressing in their big bedroom. "Mrs. Bradley doesn't want him."

"Oh, well, she doesn't want me either, for that matter," said Janey. "But I suppose she feels she must take the fat with the lean. Never mind—she'll easily find some excuse for you to come all alone next time."

SCOT glanced up from the pirate boot at which he was tugging. "What makes you think that?" he asked interestedly.

SCOT'S eager, humorless naiveté at the beginning of a flirtation might, Janey realized, seem tremendously funny to anybody but his wife.

"Oh, that seems to be the way that lovely ladies work," she answered.

"Mrs. Bradley isn't interested in me personally," Scot assured her. "She's been watching my painting for a long time. She thinks it's been undergoing a sort of change lately, and she's wondered what was back of it. That's all."

"That's a new line," Janey thought, adding reluctantly—"and a pretty good one."

But she didn't say it.

"She's a rather stunning person, isn't she?" Scot went on. "With that tawny crop of hair. She's been living in Paris for the past five years. Had a studio there. She's one of the most sophisticated women I've ever met."

Oh, Scot's wife need never remain ignorant of the progress of one of his light love affairs.

One of the most sophisticated women I've ever met! Janey, dressing for the tea the next afternoon, did her best. Her newest dress—black marocain, flaring discreetly at the knee, molded slimly over

(Continued on Page 195)

Stepping East

By LAURENCE HOUSMAN

AS I WENT east, twixt Hurn and Sway,
A rainbow met me on the way.
I watched, beneath its fiery stride
Of sparkling drops, the rainstorms glide
Over a face of purple cloud;
While underneath a bird sang loud,
And April everywhere was seen
Shouting her news through bowers of green.

In went the sun; the airy bow
Drew in, and earthward dropped its glow;
The rushing raindrops ceased to flash,
The dark sky drifted into ash;
The bird, with song-embracing throat,
Had emptied out his topmost note;
In the green wood sound ceased to brim,
And earth was mute because of him.

Time goes; but how the links stay strong!
In chains of raindrop and of song,
There, at the heart of my desire
Where stirs the grief still burns the fire.
Still west of Sway and east of Hurn
I see my rainbow stand and burn;
And in the stride of those bright feet
A million others mount and meet,
And all the bird song of the earth
Beneath their binding span finds birth!

Kiddies Love These New Suits

THEY have a happy day romping with the kiddies next door, and still they look neat and dressy . . . children to be proud of in their warm, comfy Braeburn Style-Knit Suits and Dresses. Mother knows she doesn't have to worry about them catching cold . . . The fine, pure wool and closely woven texture of these garments keep out the chill, and also absorb the moisture of overheated little bodies.

Braeburn fine Quality Style-Knit Suits and Dresses are so long-wearing, children outgrow them . . . And no bother to keep clean—just wash them in soft, soapy water, and they dry sweetly clean and springy. A charming variety of fast colors.

Better shops everywhere handle these rakish, snug-fitting garments; you may get Berets, Hose, Skirts, Bloomers and Sweaters to match. Drop in the store and see them today . . . You will surely want to buy a set for your child. Prices $3.50 to $8.50. Sizes 2 to 8 years.

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FREE—Write for our interesting, illustrated Brochure on Correct Child Costuming.

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Makers of the Nationally known Braeburn Men's and Boy's Sweaters and Golf Hose.

Here is the Reo "Car of the Month" —FOR APRIL

Only ONE woman in your community can own this car —a special limited edition of Flying Cloud THE MASTER

The April "Car of the Month", the special limited edition of Flying Cloud *the Master*, is now on display. Created by an artist who knows fashions as well as cars—embodying those blues that figure so prominently in the spring mode —upholstered in a fabric designed by Cheney Brothers for this purpose alone, woven on special Jacquard looms and used on no other car—here is an *ensemble* absolutely new in the automotive world.

Only *one* woman in your community can own this car, for only *one* car will be allotted to your Reo dealer, no matter what the demand —except in the very large cities where a few more may be available.

The woman who is the first to ask for this April "Car of the Month" will get the individuality, the distinction of a custom-built body designed for herself alone. Yet the price she pays is only one hundred dollars more than that of the regular Reo sport sedan, Flying Cloud *the Master!*

If you don't know the name of your local Reo dealer—*wire collect* to the Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Michigan.

This illustration shows the actual upholstery fabric made by Cheney Brothers on Jacquard looms, exclusively for the Reo "Car of the Month" for April.

REO FLYING CLOUD OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 193)

the hips—was as recently from Paris as Mrs. Bradley herself. So was her black hat, tight and tiny as a skullcap, covering one eyebrow completely and most of the other, showing not a wisp of hair, severe, daring. Dripping ivory earrings, a shower of miniature, shell-thin bells. Nothing unsophisticated about that effect, Janey thought, with a bit of mournful vanity.

Stephen, however, arriving a half hour before teatime, failed to be appreciative.

"What's the matter?" Janey asked, surprised. "These are the newest, smartest clothes I have."

"I don't doubt it. You look like a mannequin."

"Scot picked them out himself." Janey offered the best of all possible defenses. "He went to that French shop with me Monday."

"And who," Stephen demanded, "are you supposed to be dressing to please right now—me or Scot?"

Janey smiled. "I wanted to be as sophisticated as Mrs. Bradley."

STEPHEN shook his head. "You'll never do it, Janey, my darling. Sophistication is the art of treating trifles as though they were important and important things as though they were trifles. You'll never learn to do that, Janey. You're too damned real. If you're fighting Mrs. Bradley don't let her pick the weapons."

"But I haven't any weapons of my own."

"Oh, haven't you! For one, you're ten years younger than she is and as fresh as a bunch of sweet peas. Don't hide that charm under a hat that makes you look as worldly wise as a hard-bitten jockey."

So Janey hastily and obediently changed to the simple little pleated dress and felt hat, anemone blue, that Stephen particularly recommended. Under the straight pleats her figure seemed girlish, tentative.

"You don't think," she asked Stephen anxiously, "that this outfit is a little too sub-deb? You know—what Scot calls 'dew-on-the-rosebud stuff'?"

Stephen regarded her scornfully. "You make me tired," he observed frankly, "with your constant preoccupation with what your husband likes and thinks. I've a good mind to stop flirting with you."

Janey laughed, glanced up at the tall man beside her, her eyes a teasing mock of coquetry. "Oh, Stephen," she murmured softly, "you're so ardent!"

For an instant a look flickered in Stephen's eyes—flickered and went out. "Don't tease the animals," he said.

In the big studio room of the Culpepper house, Pauline Bradley was still at work when Janey, Stephen, Scot and two or three others arrived. Picturesque she was in her black trousers, her long smock streaked and daubed with every color in the spectrum, her vital, tawny hair curling out from her head like a bright and quite unholy halo.

AT THE sound of their voices she hastily threw a wet cloth over her modeling, came forward with an air of casual, half-reluctant surprise at seeing them—the engrossed sculptor, rudely recalled from her own world of high creation.

"How abominable of me! I'd quite forgotten you were coming."

That, Janey thought skeptically, was as it might be. The studio, to feminine eyes—odd that detectives are usually portrayed as masculine!—bore trifling, significant evidences of a stage setting, prepared to the moment for guests.

Tea arrived on the instant, without being ordered. Mrs. Bradley's slim-fingered hands, supposedly fresh from the damp clay, were smooth and clean and dry, exquisitely manicured.

"You must forgive me if I'm distrait." Her voice was contralto, as lovely as a cello's. "When I'm working I get so far away from the world that it takes me a little time to get back again."

She moved casually from the straight, unbecoming chair beside the tea lamp to one nearer the fire, low-seated, high-backed, with bronzed green upholstery which brought out every tawny light in her hair and called attention to the amber-flecked green of her eyes.

Janey, quite familiar with the vagaries of artistic moods, watched her skeptically. The performance was a little too self-conscious. Scot, for instance, suddenly recalled from creative preoccupation, never apologized for absent-mindedness. His was so genuine that he was never conscious of it himself. Mrs. Bradley was evidently a man's woman. She would have had to give a far less obvious performance to convince her own sex.

IN HER own sex, however, it was all too apparent that Mrs. Bradley was but scantily interested. She flung bits of perfunctory politeness to Janey like scraps to a puppy. All her psychic attention turned upon Scot.

And how skillfully done! "Scot is the born hunter type—always hot after the one thing he can't get." Pauline Bradley had needed no friendly Stephen to tell her that. Sheer instinct, sharpened and made confident by practice, had placed her contemptuously beyond the need of guidance. Her casual turning from Scot to one of the other men as though suddenly a trifle bored by him, her languid glance, a signal veiled but as invitational as a cough, magnetism now tingling warm and glowing, now cut off as one might turn off a colored light—Janey watched her with wide and fascinated eyes.

Her casual mention of having posed for Sir Henry Winwood, for instance—the subject brought up and dropped, twice.

"I want to do you some day." Scot rose eagerly to the bait. "In that very smock and against green, like the back of your chair. Wouldn't that make a stunning cover, Janey?"

Janey agreed politely that it would. The public—such of it as buys magazines with pretty girls on the covers—might easily have traced the pilgrimage of Scot's vagrant fancy. For a year and a half his covers had all been paintings of Janey. Janey, young as April, pure and saintlike against conventionalized Easter lilies, Janey with an armful of scarlet maple leaves, Janey under the mistletoe—oh, Janey had followed the seasons faithfully for a year and a half. Then suddenly it was Sara Vardis who looked out from all the magazine stalls, black-haired, black-eyed—a mobile, fiery beauty.

THERE had been an interval right after that when there had been no Scot Congreve covers at all. During Janey's long, precarious illness, Scot, haggard, beside himself with terror, had not entered his studio. But when Janey recovered so did he. And the pert, tip-nosed, silly little face of Peggy Holt enjoyed a brief publicity.

Now it would be Pauline Bradley. Oh, she had not promised, of course. But Janey entertained but little doubt of Mrs. Bradley's eventful acquiescence.

"Tomorrow afternoon? Or the next day? Or some morning?"

Stephen had drawn Janey over to a small west window with the excuse of a sharply beautiful winter sunset; but her ears, straining back to the fireplace, caught every word of Scot's pleading.

"Let's leave the car for Scot and walk over to your place," Stephen suggested.

Janey agreed listlessly. Sunsets are poor food for the starving ego.

When Stephen announced their intention Scot agreed enthusiastically. Two of the other guests, Paul and Mabel Manning, proposed accompanying them; and Janey, miserable as she was, was roused to a flash of admiration for the diplomatic adroitness with which Stephen avoided their company.

"If you think we're making Scot jealous, though," she told him as they took the wood path through snow-covered pines, "you don't know Scot. He's swept away by one idea at a time. Right now, Mrs. Bradley is his one idea. I doubt he even realizes we've started off together."

EVERY SATURDAY AT YOUR DINNER HOUR

Tune in on the White House Coffee Concert.
Just as 36 musical instruments are blended to produce this masterly rendition, so the world's choicest coffee beans are blended to produce fragrant White House Coffee.

THE haunting strains of Victor Herbert... tuneful hits from New York shows... popular operatic selections... the favorite classics of the years! With what infinite care the White House Coffee Concert program is chosen — for good music brings good cheer to the table, and good cheer aids digestion.

Under the gifted direction of Hugo Mariani, the 36-piece White House Coffee Concert Orchestra plays through your dinner hour — 6:30 Eastern Standard Time, 5:30 Central Standard Time — on Saturday night.

Next Saturday, at dinner time, tune in on your nearest station, and from course to course of your meal enjoy the most delightful music that past and present have produced. Then, when coffee is reached, if you would make your pleasure complete, be sure that White House is the brand that's served.

Because the blend is a stroke of genius—because the flavor is roasted in—White House yields the finest cup of coffee in existence. We challenge the world to produce a finer flavor. What more fitting than that this matchless coffee should be served at the evening meal, when family and friends are listening to the talented achievement of the White House Coffee Radio Orchestra?

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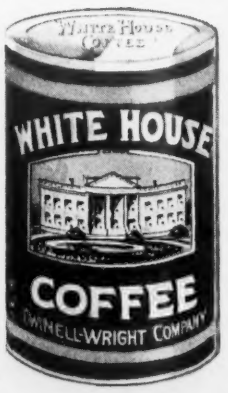
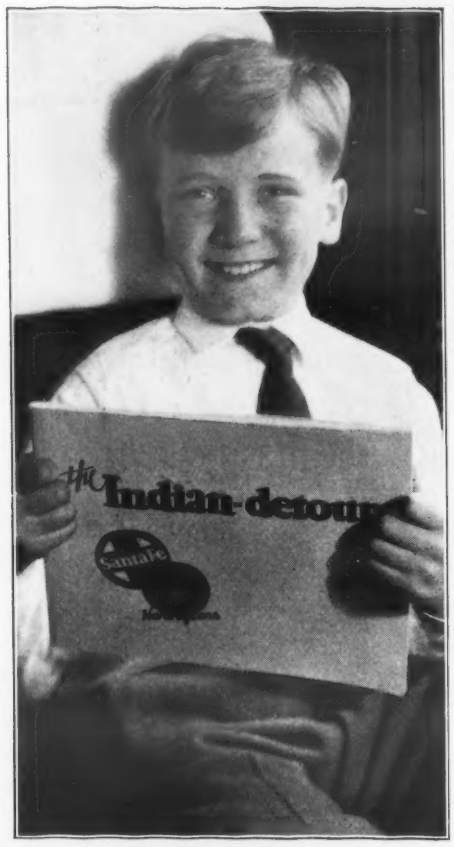


Every Saturday night, pick out the station that is nearest to you and tune in on the White House Coffee Radio Dinner Concert. At 6:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time: WEAF, WEEI, WTIC, WJAR, WTAG, WCSH, WRC, WGY, WFI, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WBT, WGR. At 5:30 P. M. Central Standard Time: WLS, WTMJ, KSTP, WSB.



He is happy ... and you can be happy too

He's bound for a cool vacation in the New Mexico Rockies.

S going to take the Indian-detour, meet real Indians in their pueblos and see cliff dwellings.

S with a courier hostess in the party who *likes* to answer questions!

S and he and his family may see dude ranches, mile-deep canyons, sky-high peaks, national parks and national forests.

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Santa Fe - cool summer way

"Mabel Manning realizes it, though," Stephen reminded her. "And Paul, and Tommy Blake. They're speculating about you and me this minute, I'll wager you; not about Scot and Mrs. Bradley."

"Well, that's something."

"Moreover," Stephen went on, "if you yourself were to try to convince Scot that your own interest was wandering a little you'd never do it in a thousand years. He'd recognize it for pique, revenge. But wait and let him hear from somebody else—that is what will make him sit up and take notice."

Anyone wishing to use gossip as an ally could find no friendlier territory than Oldbury. A writers' and artists' colony is quite as likely as any small-town bridge club to become a bit ingrown, to feed for its excitement upon the private affairs of its members.

STEPHEN was right—already Oldbury was beginning to speculate about him and Janey.

Janey, left to her own devices, would never have fooled anybody. But Janey was not left to her own devices. Wherever she was, Stephen was not far away, at hand with his readier tongue to cover any lapses, with his subtler mind to shape the courses of events a bit for her. In fact, it was this subtle mind of Stephen's which finally attracted her unwilling attention.

His years as a novelist had made him a chemist of sorts in the mysterious actions and reactions of human behavior.

Such trifles were not, of course, even remotely satisfying in the way that Scot's most casual interest always satisfied Janey; but they were at least diverting. And as winter relaxed and grew warmer toward spring, Janey was more and more in need of diversion. Mrs. Bradley was at their house or Scot at hers every day. Scot had received an unexpected order from a silk concern for a series of posters, and Pauline was posing for them. So there were long mornings in the studio, after which she usually stayed for luncheon.

The more that Janey saw of her rival the more she was forced to reluctant admiration of her technic.

In the very midst of the series she was suddenly overtaken by inspiration herself, and for nearly a week, while Scot fumed and the silk concern telephoned, she refused to leave her modeling. She returned, however, at the exact psychological moment—the moment when Scot's interest and impatience had reached the boiling point. Another day might easily have been too long. Mrs. Bradley was far too wise to chance it.

Janey's admiration for the technic was sharpened by an envious realization that she could never achieve it herself. Ruthless coquetry and such whole-souled love as Janey's could never keep house together in the same abode of clay.

So it was a great comfort to have Stephen drop by as soon as he had finished his morning stint at the typewriter and drive her out along the country roads, fairy delicate with the first faint distant signs of spring, stopping at some inn or tea room for luncheon, coming home with arms full of pussy willows or damp clods of grape hyacinth to set out along the walks.

AND if she never quite forgot, even for a moment, the fact that Scot and Mrs. Bradley were lunching alone at the same time there was a mournful self-respect in not being there to see them.

Gossip, of course, was rife. If that sort of thing can save a body's face Stephen had undoubtedly saved Janey's. Interest in Scot and Pauline was perfunctory beside it—Scot's derelictions had none of the gossip-piquing quality of novelty. But Janey, long accepted as the completely adoring wife, and Stephen, the impervious bachelor—there was a choice titbit.

The story of their interrupted kiss at the pirate ball lost nothing in the telling and retelling. The great boxes of candy Stephen sent her, the fact that he danced with nobody else at the weekly club dances, his buying an extra horse for Janey to ride—oh, there was scarcely a day in which the avid gossips did not find some piquant detail to add to the growing story.

Not even the most charitable of the scandal mongers would have believed that one well-staged kiss at the ball had been the only one that Stephen had taken. They would have been completely baffled could they have followed any one of the punctiliously proper excursions.

AND then suddenly, overnight, real spring came in. Janey came down to late breakfast, short-sleeved, crisp, in white piqué, as fresh as Stephen's daffodils which she found waiting for her.

She unwrapped the bright flowers from their waxy paper, had Tao bring a flat bowl and arranged them for the breakfast table.

Janey, quite irrationally happy, chattered with Scot as she poured his coffee. Or perhaps it would be more exact to say that she chattered at Scot—he gave but little response. Mrs. Bradley, it appeared, had promised to come that morning—the posters were far past the stage in which Scot had any use for a model, Janey knew—and Tao had just delivered an inscrutable telephone message. Mrs. Bradley might be late; she might not get over that day at all.

She had never before troubled to telephone in such a case. Janey wondered what new line of campaign was behind the message—wondered, but only fleetingly. Odd, she thought, that heartbreak could be diverted merely by a fine day.

It was of supreme importance to Scot, though. He fumed through breakfast, was down to his studio and back every five minutes—jumpy, preoccupied. In less than an hour his patience had worn to shreds, and he started off on foot for the Culpepper house with an unmistakable air of desperate purposefulness.

Janey took the morning paper out to the uncovered flag terrace with the intention of distracting herself with it. But oddly, out there in the sunshine there seemed to be nothing from which she needed to be distracted. She glanced idly at the headlines, then left the paper and cushions in the iron lawn chair and sauntered aimlessly down the country road, in the opposite direction from the one Scot had taken. Warmth—gentle, passionately welcome, as the first spring warmth is—wafted down from the sky and up again from the dry dust of the road.

At the first footpath she turned off, away from the scattered houses of Oldbury, toward farming country. The air was sweet with spring scents from peach trees in pink bloom, from pear trees delicate as a bride's veil. Spring sounds too—the hum of bees in the willows. Even a distant hammering seemed faintly pleasant.

ODD, Janey thought for a moment, that her senses should be so keenly alert. Usually when she was worried about Scot she lived under a kind of horrid anæsthesia, a poor lost half-thing, deaf, blind, unaware of any feeling except pain.

Could it be that this morning, of all times, she wasn't worried about Scot? She climbed a low wall and sat down on a flat warm stone in the mossy edge of an autumn-plowed field. Janey felt the sun and breeze in her hair, and gave herself up to a blessed abandonment to peace.

A peace, perhaps, that only those who still have something simple and primitive in their natures can know. Spring, an awareness of unity and growth, coursed through Janey's very thoughts, like living blood through veins. It seemed as though with her bare pressing hands she could feel the earth breathe—and knew that she was breathing with it.

She had had this queer sort of peace before; often, as a child. Finding it now, even for this fleeting moment, was like finding sanctuary.

Suddenly she saw Stephen come out of the wood path into the clearing across the

(Continued on Page 198)

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Her hair is oily

She should use

Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo

If you have the kind of hair that loses its fluffiness shortly after shampooing, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This preparation is tonic and mildly *astringent* . . . approved by dermatologists. It leaves the hair fluffy, with a natural sparkle. Use it every four or five days at first; later every week or ten days may be enough.

Her hair is dry

She should use

Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo

Like all Packer soaps, this shampoo is a vegetable oil soap . . . in addition, it contains a rich, soothing emollient (and nothing to dry the scalp). Dry scalps will never feel a stinging sensation when they use this special shampoo. Leaves your hair soft and silky to the touch—more manageable—and delicately perfumed.

He has dandruff

He should use Packer's Tar Soap

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Acute cases of dryness, oiliness and dandruff need a doctor's care. But nearly all scalps *tend* to be dry or oily, and many are mildly affected with dandruff. Now—each type of scalp can have the special shampoo which meets its particular needs. The coupon is for your convenience. The regular size of each shampoo is for sale at your drug or department store.

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There is no other foundation garment exactly like Charis. Its essential principles of support and control are protected by patent and cannot be successfully imitated.

Charis is a satisfactory and beneficial garment for practically every woman, regardless of age or physical characteristics. It is adjustable, by the wearer, to individual requirements, assuring correction of any over-development or ungraceful line. It permits youthful re-proportionment of the entire figure without pressure or confinement.

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Charis will be brought to you at home and explained or demonstrated by a trained woman who will apply her specialized knowledge to your particular needs. This service is provided, no matter where you live. Please look in your 'phone book now, for the nearest Charis Office or write to the Charis Corporation, Allentown, Pennsylvania.

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CHARIS CORPORATION - - ALLENTOWN, PA.

(Continued from Page 196)

field. It must be past noon then—Stephen never left his typewriter before twelve. She must have been sitting there on the warm stone for nearly two hours!

"Stephen! Oh, Stephen!" She called to him and waved.

Stephen came along the grassy edge of the field and stopped, looking down at her. "Somebody left you money?" he asked. "You look it."

Janey laughed, shook her head. "Better than that," she said. "It's spring."

Joy in life radiated from her like an aura; her smile was a part of the sunshine.

Stephen dropped down on the ground beside her. For some little time they sat there, side by side, silent. The sun shone on them, bees hummed in the willows, the sweetness of peach blossoms floated from a near-by orchard, the warm earth lived mysteriously beneath them.

STEPHEN covered Janey's small hand with his. "Like me—just a little, Janey?" he asked.

"Oh, I like you a lot!" said Janey. Odd that she had never realized before how very dear Stephen was!

"I love you," Stephen said very low.

"I love you too," said Janey happily.

"Do you, Janey—really?"

Startled, Janey recognized the different quality in Stephen's voice. It was tense, passionate in its very restraint. Stephen was not thinking of the kind of love that Janey in her springtime mood was meaning—a mere lavish outpouring of joy and affection, in which he ranked only slightly higher than a ladybug on a stone.

His hand tightened hungrily over hers, and then Janey suddenly faced a quite unprepared-for thought—that it would be pleasant to have Stephen loving her; to come as close as she could manage to being in love with him.

It would be highly diverting, flattering, in a way that their travesty had not been, to have Stephen frankly loving her, to tear off his protective mask of big-brother camaraderie, to shake his impervious poise, to turn his world-wise, subtle mind into an eager suppliant. Flattering? Janey was dazzled, almost blinded for a moment by the thrill it would be.

WELL, why not? All her world would be piqued and interested, not censorious. There were too many glass houses in Oldbury to encourage any throwing about of stones. And Scot —— Well, Scot would scarcely be in a position to object. He would object, of course, angrily and—Janey knew him well—competitively.

Well, why not?

"Do you think you ever could, Janey—really?"

Stephen's hand, tight and yearning over hers; Stephen's eyes piercing through his mask of worldly wisdom, slashing it to ribbons with their sharp reality. This would be no casual gay flirtation; not to Stephen. It was love, to Stephen—real love, with all love's capacity for heartbreak as well as joy. To take this terrible sincerity of Stephen's and give him only what she had to give—mere selfish pleasure in being loved—would be taking honest coin and giving counterfeit in change.

Why not? But Janey knew the reasons why not; knew them all suddenly, relentlessly. Reasons that she had never had to learn from Scot or Oldbury, that had nothing to do with what all the rest of the world might do or think. Reasons whose roots were deep in the soil of her own selfhood—soil in which neither deception nor deliberate cruelty could grow. When it came to the test Janey could not remain herself and do an untrue, unkind thing any more than an apple tree could bear any blossom or fruit but its own. And she knew it.

Almost reluctantly she shook her head. "No, Stephen dear, I don't. Not really."

FOR a moment Stephen's eyes looked deep into hers, questioning but not pleading. And after a moment he dropped her hand. "All right," he said quietly. "That's that."

Janey's brown eyes filled with tears. "I'm so sorry," she said. "I'm so sorry."

"Why, Janey, dearest, there isn't anything for you to be sorry about. Not a thing in the world."

"Yes," said Janey, "there is. I used you."

"Nonsense. I wanted to be used. Don't be sentimental, my dear."

"I shouldn't have let you be used," she said, "even if you did want to be."

"Why not? You couldn't have known how I felt about you."

"Oh, yes, I could have known—I should have known, if I'd just let myself. I've been deaf and blind and stupid, not seeing or hearing or thinking anything except how I was feeling about Scot."

"I know that well enough," Stephen admitted a little grimly. "But you needn't worry—not about me, at least. I don't feel a bit different about you now than I did the day I was Scot's best man and watched you coming down the aisle in your white veil. It isn't anything you do or don't do, Janey, my dear. It's what you are. And you're not responsible for that, one way or another."

As they were walking toward Janey's house a half hour later, "We'll go right on, now, just as we've been doing," Stephen said. "And any time in the future that you want to give Scot a little heavy competition ——"

But Janey shook her head. "I'm not going to do that sort of thing any more."

"Why not?" Stephen demanded. "Do you think Scot is going to change?"

"Probably not," Janey admitted a little sadly. "But whatever Scot is or isn't, I've got to be myself. And I don't seem to be the kind that can get much comfort out of using a friend to save my face. I don't want to play at love—and leave somebody else to pay the piper."

No use to try to explain the why of this to Stephen. She didn't really understand it herself. She only knew that it was so.

She would go right on loving Scot till she died—love was as much a part of her being as sap is of a tree's. She would know ecstasy again, and suffering. But so long as she could keep the road to sanctuary, never again would she wander through the universe a lost half-thing.

AT THE flagged walk leading up to her house Stephen left her. Janey sauntered up the path and into a veritable volcano. Scot was at home, waiting for her.

"Didn't you find Mrs. Bradley?"

Scot turned upon her, his face distorted with hurt, angry jealousy. "I don't want to talk about Mrs. Bradley," he said. "I want to talk about you."

"About me!"

"About you. Do you know that all Oldbury is gossiping about you?"

"All Oldbury has always been gossiping about somebody," Janey said.

"They are saying"—his voice was thick with outrage—"that you and Stephen Hill have been having an affair. And that you've been using Pauline Bradley as a blind, to keep me diverted."

(Continued on Page 201)

(Attractive home of Geo. E. Smith, at Great Neck Estates, Long Island, N. Y. Roofed with J-M Asbestos Shingles)

Everlasting BEAUTY GUARDS THIS ROOF-TREE

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Mean Permanent Protection from
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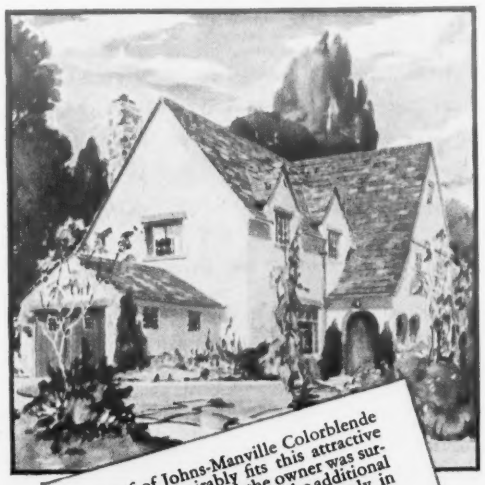
And for old homes as well as new! Thousands of houses are finding new beauty each year when re-roofed with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles *laid right over the old shingles*. Think of the satisfaction of knowing that you'll never have to worry about your roof again. Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles end roofing expense where other materials begin it. Let your local Johns-Manville Dealer tell you how *little* it will cost you to beautify and protect your home with these everlasting asbestos shingles.



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This interesting stone house is roofed with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles in blue-black tones. This home will never need another roof, will always be safeguarded from firebrands and the ravages of time and weather.

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Mothers should know about this subject . . .

An important phase of child training

A DOCTOR was talking to a mother. He said: "The 'lazy colon' is very often the result of faulty early training. Take no chances. Train your baby from the beginning in the *habit* of regularity . . ."

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The carton, 4 rolls, of A. P.W. Jr. is a generous average six months' supply. Fort Orange, 1000 sheets, costs no more than others. The new white Mello, very absorbent, is a remarkable value. All A. P.W. rolls fit the modern recess fixtures, and the perforations work.

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I enclose $1.00 for each carton ordered. Send me post-paid, plain wrapped.....cartons of A. P. W. Jr. Satin Tissue in colors checked. (Only A. P. W. Jr. can be supplied on this offer—order one color to a carton only.)

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A.P.W. JR. *Satin Tissue* **25¢** *a roll*

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(Continued from Page 198)

Janey could not resist a smile at that. "I fancy Mrs. Bradley would resent her rôle," she said.

"I don't care what Mrs. Bradley would resent or wouldn't resent," said Scot. "I don't give a hoot in hell for Mrs. Bradley. Is it true?"

"No," said Janey. "It isn't true."

"I overheard it at the post office."

"Nevertheless," said Janey, "it isn't true."

"He's crazy about you," said Scot. "It's as plain as the nose on your face."

Janey said nothing.

"You don't care anything about him?"

"I care a great deal about him. But I'm not in love with him."

Scot looked into her eyes. And through his camouflage of anger and jealousy, Janey recognized sheer panic in her husband's.

"I—I just couldn't bear it, if you were to fall in love with anybody but me, Janey," he confessed.

"Well, I haven't."

"And you never will?"

"I'm sure I never will," said Janey.

But that was not enough for Scot. "You may have imagined that I was interested in Mrs. Bradley," he went on, defending himself eagerly. "And I suppose you might say that I was, in a way. But compared with the way I feel about you it was absolutely nothing—a million times less than nothing. You understand that, don't you, Janey?"

"WHY, I don't suppose I do quite understand it, really," Janey admitted. "But I don't hold it against you. You've got to live your life in your way—just as I've got to live my life in my way."

That did not satisfy Scot. "You're not hurt or angry at me?" he insisted.

"Not a bit," said Janey.

"And you love me, just the way you always have?"

"Just the same."

But even that wasn't enough. He caught her hand in a desperate hunger for reassurance. "Why do you seem different, if you're not hurt or angry at me?"

"I'm not any different."

"Yes, you are. I feel as though you'd gone away from me."

Janey pressed her cheek against his hand. "I love you just the same as ever, darling. There isn't anybody but you for me and never has been; I'm sure there never will be."

"I know, sweetheart. I trust you absolutely. More than I've any right to ask you to trust me," said Scot penitently. "I'm sorry I said that about Stephen."

"Oh, that's all right. Everything's all right."

But after a little pause, "No, everything isn't all right," said Scot passionately. "You aren't angry at me, and there isn't any other man. I know that. You can't lie—I know that. But I don't feel that you're all mine any more."

Janey understood what he meant and tried stumblingly to explain. "Why, there's a tiny part of everybody that can't ever belong to anybody else—that belongs just to yourself." It was as near as she could come to describing the way to sanctuary.

"There, I told you!" Scot's voice was grimly triumphant. "Something has changed! You aren't all mine any more!"

"I AM, dearest, and always will be, just as much as anybody can ever be anybody else's. Its just that everybody's got to have some little place in life that's all his own."

"Janey"—Scot's voice was suddenly frightened, desperate—"don't take such a revenge on me! I'll never so much as look at another woman as long as I live. I swear it." His voice shook a little, on the precipice of panic. "Janey, I can't live without you."

"But suppose one of us died—the other would have to find some way to live; that's all I mean. You have to have some secret place that's all your own to go to, if everything else should fail you; that's all I mean."

"But I'll never fail you! If you should die I'd want to die too. Tell me that there isn't any place that you could ever go—away from me."

But Janey couldn't lie. And though she threw wide the gate and longed for him to enter, too, neither could she draw him with her into that walled garden of the heart where peace broods and great strength comes gushing out of secret springs.

Because it is always the hardest thing a woman can do—to stand by helplessly, to wait, knowing that even those she loves must blaze their own trails—Janey kissed her husband with a kind of yearning she had never known before.

Instantly the panic, the suffering lifted from his face. It lighted with eagerness, adventure. "I'll find the part of you that's gone away from me!" Scot swore. "I'll win you back—all of you—if it takes a million years!"

The born hunter had started off again, on a new, long quest.

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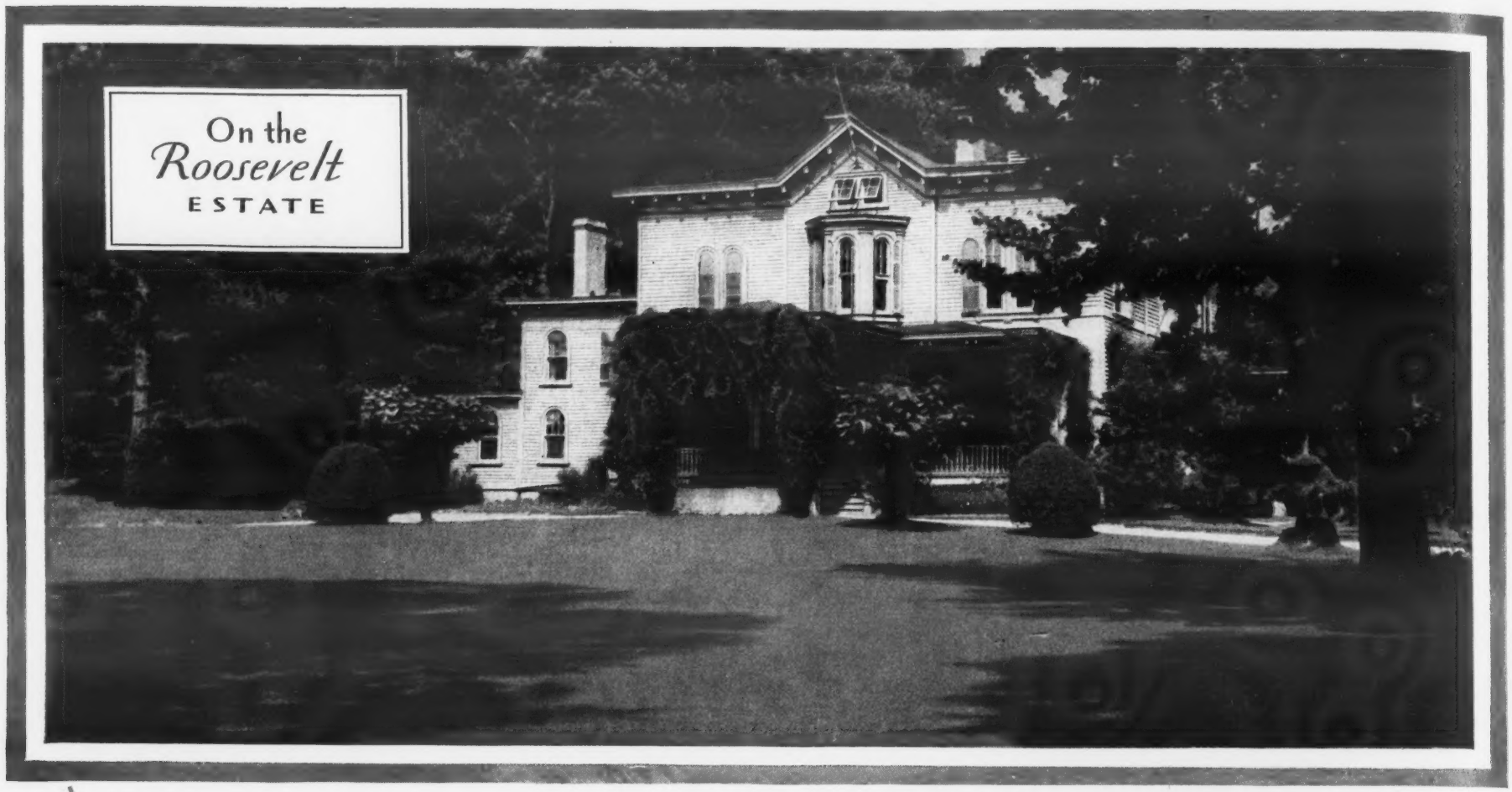

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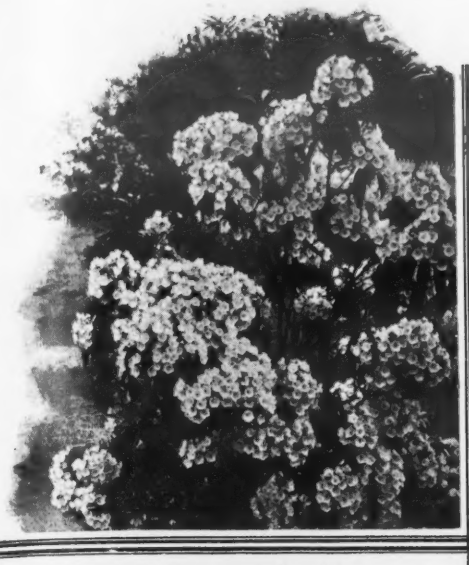

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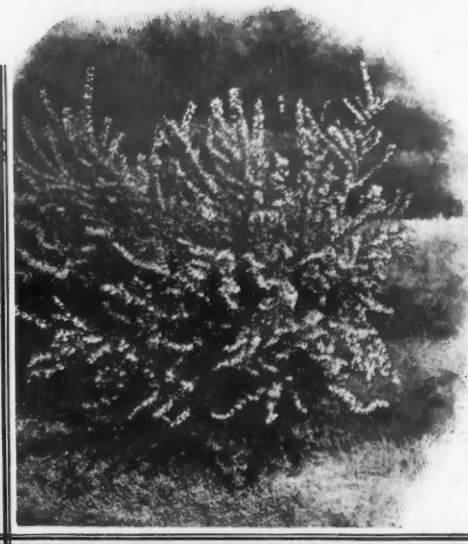

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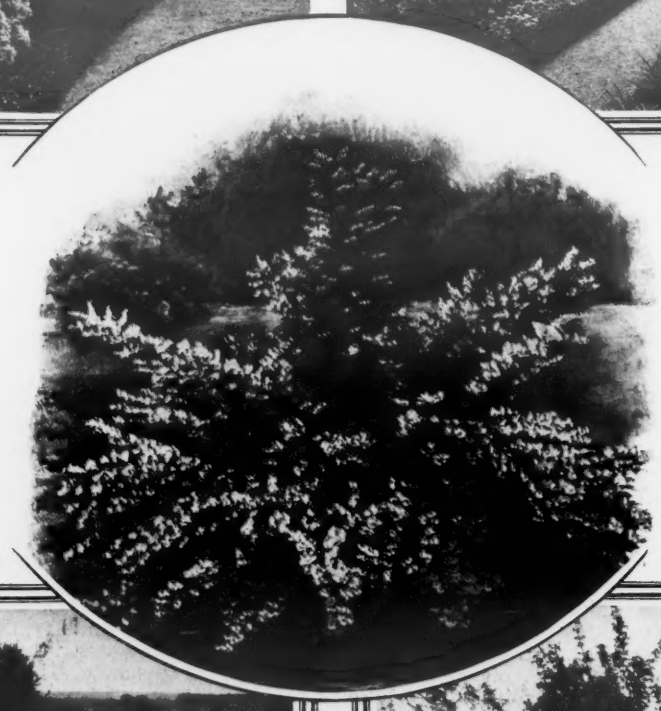
Kolkwitzia amabilis, the beautybush, is a newcomer from China.

Philadelphus coronarius is the oldest mockorange. Center—A deutzia in bloom.



OFTEN one hears the insidious phrase, "flowers, shrubs and trees." Thus loosely used, flowers mean herbaceous plants, either annual or perennial in character. I wonder where this foolish phrase had its origin. If by flowers blossoms are implied, one may ask what herb is more floriferous than a lilac, honeysuckle, azalea or mockorange. Moreover, very, very few herbs produce colored fruits, which are a feature of hundreds of woody plants. Indeed, shrubs, together with vines and trees, are the permanent plant material of gardens.

During the spring and summer months shrubs give great displays of blossom and in autumn many furnish a wealth of fruit. But even in the colder parts of this country there are shrubs, like the vernal witch-hazel, which blossom in January or February, and the flowers of its relative, the common witch-hazel, ring down the season in December. In California and other favored places shrubs are in blossom throughout the year. Then, there are broad-leaf evergreen sorts, like the inkberry (*Ilex glabra*) and the evergreen bittersweet (*Euonymus radicans*), that are green throughout the year even in Northern New England. All round, there is no class of garden material which gives such rich returns as shrubs. At the blush of spring the goldenbells (Forsythia) are a wealth of

The newer hybrid lilacs are excellent for massed plantings.

Azaleas come in white, pink, yellow, orange and crimson colors.

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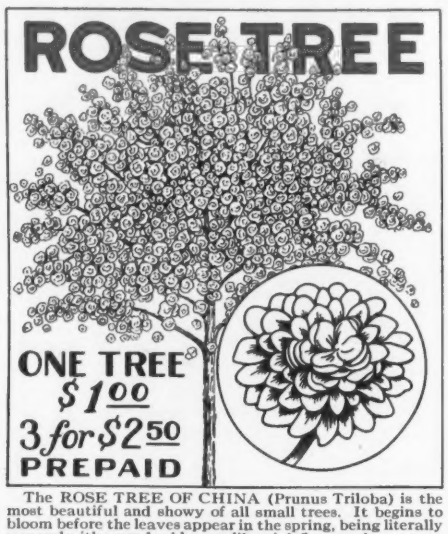
ROSE TREE



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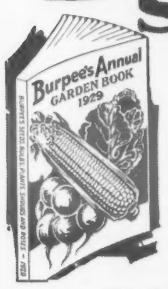

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the richest yellow. These are quickly followed by azaleas in variety, honeysuckles, lilacs, weigelas, spiræas, deutzias, barberries and mock oranges. At the high summer as the last of the azaleas *(Azalea viscosa)* opens its fragrant white blossoms, the hydrangeas burst into bloom, and the air is sweet with the fragrance of the pepperbush *(Clethra paniculata)*. In late August every shoot of the butterflybush *(Buddleia davidi)* ends in a dense tail-like mass of purple blossoms. September sees honeysuckles and other shrubs weighted down with red, yellow and blue fruits.

Some people have an idea that shrubs require more expert knowledge to care for properly than herbs or even trees. This idea possibly has root in the attention lavished on that most exotic garden favorite, the modern rose, in the careful pruning necessary, the protection required and the rich soil essential for this proud lady's well-being. I admit that she is lovely, also she is *difficile*. The average shrub needs no such pampering. Give it good soil and enough room and nothing else is necessary. If it gets too large the knife can be requisitioned, offending branches cut away and the task is done.

A word on pruning may not be amiss, since this is much misunderstood and the knowledge required greatly exaggerated. The time to prune all shrubs is immediately after flowering. With a sharp knife cut away weak wood, the oldest wood and any branches that offend. That is the alpha and omega of the whole business. It is a convenience to prune shrubs which bloom on the current season's growth in the spring, but it is a tragedy to prune others at that season. Nothing vexes more than to see forsythias, mock oranges, lilacs, spiræas, and the like, sheared back in autumn or early springtime. Their wealth of blossoms is utterly destroyed and the plants marred and mutilated beyond recognition.

How to Plant

A QUESTION most frequently asked is how far apart to plant. This question does not admit of a general answer, since it necessarily depends upon the subject itself. In days now happily past a shrubbery was nothing but a screen to hide objectionable features or to secure privacy. For such purpose the plants were placed close together and trimmed to order. There was utility but no beauty in such an arrangement. Ground covers should be planted thickly, and I like forsythias, azaleas and wild roses set closely to form massed groups. Mock oranges, viburnums, spiræas, barberries, lilacs and bush honeysuckles should have from six to twenty feet of space between each bush. Close planting when young induces rapid growth and has many advantages, but thinning must be regularly and ruthlessly carried out. This thinning requires great courage, but failing to do so is fatal to results. Anybody can plant a thicket, but specimens need the application of sound sense.

Get all the planting done early in the season. In New England the end of October should see the task finished for the year. Evergreens in this region should be moved as soon after mid-August as rains permit and for them the end of September is late enough. A mulch of old hay, decaying leaves or farmyard litter is always beneficial. And, most important of all, never let the demon drought assert himself.

In buying plants take more stock of their roots than of their tops. A good root system will soon produce a good plant body. Never invest more than half the capital in the plant itself; the other half is vitally necessary to provide a proper receptacle and proper food for the plant's immediate and future well-being.

Except in the case of rose hybrids, buy plants on their own roots whenever possible. Fruit trees are different. In ornamentals beware of the grafted plant, and never, never buy a lilac grafted on a lilac stock. The art of grafting is most useful, indeed indispensable, in the propagation of many peculiar races of plants, but this art has been overpracticed and grossly abused. Nurserymen have found it a quick means of producing plants of salable size, but too often the purchasers pay dearly for this haste. When acquiring plant material buy from places enjoying a cooler climate than your own whenever there is choice, the reason being that plants in general bear an increase in heat better than that of cold.

What to Plant

IN THE average suburban garden space is all-important and there is seldom room for many shrubs. The usual thing is to plant too many, when they crowd themselves and form an ugly thicket rather than a thing of beauty. In small gardens the importance of selecting the shrubs best suited for the purpose and of the greatest beauty is greater than in a large garden where a miscellany may be accommodated. In garden matters, as in everything else, we all take the lesson of our own experience more closely to heart and advice from the outside is seldom acted upon, and so I fear that any attempt here would be of little service. The main thing is to deal with reliable firms and invite them to help solve the problem as to what is the best possible material to use under the circumstances that obtain. There is a great wealth of shrubs; and if proper intelligence is used and one has room only for half a dozen, something may be had in bloom or in fruit from spring until late fall.

For shrubs which possess no marked beauty in fruit there is a great display. Foremost among these we would place the yellow-blossomed forsythias or goldenbells, all of which agree in having arching stems which cover themselves with flowers before the leaves unfold in early April. These leaves are dark green and assume purple tones in the fall. All the forsythias are good. If it is to form a curtain over or against a wall the best is the old-fashioned *F. suspensa.* As an individual bush or as a mass the finest is the hybrid *F. spectabilis.*

The spiræas are a group of twiggy plants ranging in height from about three to twelve feet, or even more. One whole group of them, represented by the familiar *S. vanhouttei,* has twiggy, arching stems which early in the spring are transformed into plumes of blossoms. Flowering a little later, we have *S. henryi* and *S. trichocarpa,* valuable new additions from the Orient. The last of this type of spiræas end their blossoming about the end of June and are succeeded by a low-growing group with white, pink or crimson-pink blossoms. This group is typified by the variety Anthony Waterer, the most richly colored of all the family. The whole group has slender stems and may be treated in much the same manner as herbaceous plants—that is to say, they may be cut to the ground in early spring, since they form their blossoms in broad clusters terminating the current season's shoot. A white companion to Anthony Waterer is *S. albiflora.* Related to these and flowering even later is a group with pyramidate inflorescence, familiar examples being *S. douglasi* and *S. salicifolia.*

The weigelias are favorite shrubs, not quite so hardy in Massachusetts as one could wish, but where the climate suits they are abundantly floriferous, good-natured and at home almost under any conditions. There are many handsome sorts, some with white *(W. florida alba),* some with pink *(W. praecox),* and others with dark red blossoms (Eva Rathke). All agree in having tubular blossoms, decking the stems from base to summit. The period of bloom is nearly two months.

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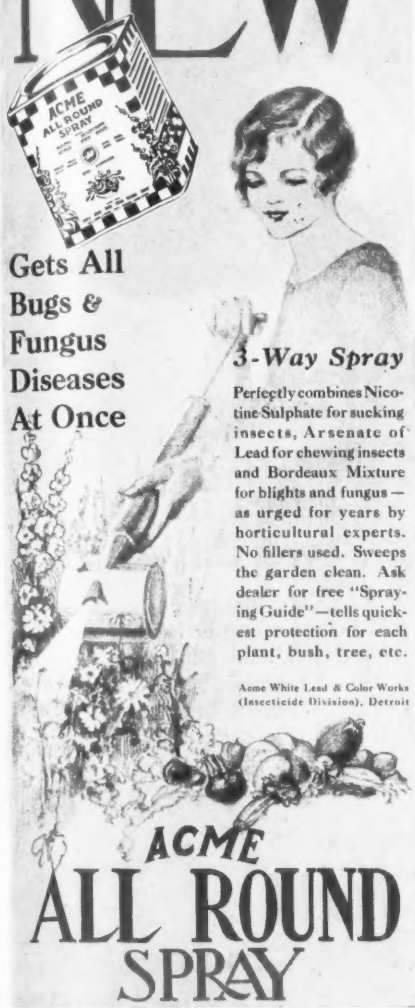
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Another favorite group of white-flowering shrubs, which open their clustered starry blossoms as spring passes into summer, are the deutzias, of which *D. gracilis, D. lemoinei* and the pink-blossomed *D. scabra watereri* are worthy representatives.

Perhaps the best known of all shrubs is the lilac, and for regions where the summers are hot and the winters cold there is no finer plant. It has been a favorite in this country since early times, so early in fact that its introduction is lost in antiquity. It is found here, there and everywhere around old homesteads, and in many instances is the sole evidence of the site where generations of families have been born and bred. There are a great many varieties of lilacs, but when all is said and done, in beauty of growth, freedom and fragrance of blossom, none excel the common lilac *(Syringa vulgaris)* and its white-flowered form (alba.) There is a group, known as French hybrids, with larger trusses of bloom and larger flowers, but they lack the fragrance which is the delightful feature of the common lilac. However, for those who wish to grow these French hybrids the following rank among the best:

SINGLE VARIETIES: *White*—Mme. Florent Stepman, Princess Alexandra, Vestale, Mont Blanc; *Pale*—Lucie Baltet, Macrostachya; *Medium* — Christophe Colomb, Mme. F. Morel; *Dark*—Congo, Marceau, Edmond Boissier, Monge, Réaumur, Turenne.

DOUBLE VARIETIES: *White*—Edith Cavell, Mme. Casimir Périer, Princesse Clementine; *Pale*—Léon Gambetta; *Medium*—Duc de Massa, Olivier de Serres, René Jarry-Desloges, Thunberg; *Dark*—Paul Thirion, Violetta, Georges Bellair.

Lilacs are fond of sunshine, good soil and lime. If lime be absent from the natural soil it should be supplied from time to time in the form of bone meal.

Mock Oranges

THE brooms, typified by the common *Cytisus scoparius,* form a lovely group of summer-flowering shrubs mostly with yellow blossoms. There are two closely related kinds, one named Cytisus and the other Genista. Some are low, prostrate plants, others make clumps a couple of feet tall to a yard through, still others are twiggy, broomlike bushes six to ten feet tall. Among the most beautiful are the spike broom *(C. nigricans),* which glows with yellow in early July, the sulphur-yellow Warminster broom *(C. praecox),* the pretty little *G. pilosa* and the Spanish broom *(G. hispanica).* But perhaps the handsomest of the whole group is the Paradise broom *(G. scoparius andreana)* with crimson-purple blossoms. All are fond of sunshine, enjoy a gravelly, sandy soil and are excellent things for rockeries. Fragrance is something that everyone appreciates among flowers, and of outdoors shrubs no group is more delightfully odoriferous than the mock orange, whose abundant white blossoms fill the air with perfume throughout the month of June and early July. The oldest known is *Philadelphus coronarius,* the original mock orange, which has cream-colored flowers, not particularly beautiful, but richer in fragrance than any other kind. It is an old-fashioned plant, found like the lilac around old homesteads. Another handsome sort is insignis. In recent years a group of hybrids have been raised in France, and these far surpass the species in elegance of growth, abundance of flowers and beauty. Some are more fragrant than others and they vary a good deal in size of blossom. Among the best are Lemoine, Avalanche, Virginal and Conauete. For small gardens these hybrids are particularly recommended.

As the mock orange passes out of bloom hydrangeas, of which the familiar *H. paniculata grandiflora* is a well-known type, come into bloom. There are many sorts, of which a snowball type *(H. arborescens grandiflora)* is a general favorite. Toward the end of July the pepperbush *(Clethra paniculata)* with spikelike clusters of

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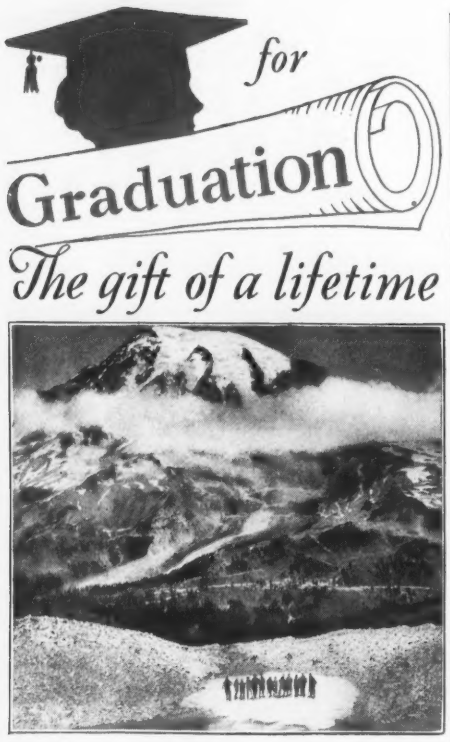

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fragrant blossoms burst into bloom and continues well into August. This is one of the most delightful of the midseason flowering native shrubs. A worthy companion coming into bloom as the pepperbush wanes is the butterflybush *(Buddleia davidi)* of which the varieties Magnifica and Superba are the best. These have terminal, tail-like clusters, each from one to two feet in length, of rich purple flowers, which are much sought after by butterflies, hence the common name. To get the best out of these shrubs they should be grown in a rich soil and never allowed to suffer want of water.

Where lime is absent from the soil azaleas and kalmias grow to perfection. All the azaleas are good and their bright-colored blossoms give an air of gayety and cheerfulness. According to variety they have white, pink, yellow, orange or crimson blossoms. Moreover, many sorts are delightfully fragrant. For early spring the pure pink *(A. vaseyi,)* lover of cool situations, should have a place; the bright red flowers of *A. kaempferi* almost dazzle the sight, and the flame azalea of the Appalachian Mountains *(A. calendulacea)* is among the most brilliant shrubs that America boasts. Last of the clan to blossom is *A. arborescens* with its pure white, fragrant blossoms, each with outthrust crimson-pink stamens and pistil. Lastly may be mentioned *Kalmia latifolia*, the mountain laurel, the most glorious evergreen of Eastern North America. If I could have but one American shrub it would be *Kalmia latifolia*.

Most of the bush honeysuckles are exceedingly hardy, easy to obtain and never fail to produce in quantity flowers in spring and fruit in late summer and autumn. Viburnums likewise are handsome shrubs with showy flowers and brightly colored fruits. A great favorite in gardens is the Japanese *V. tomentosum*, of which there is a snowball type known as *V. plicatum*. One of the choicest and hardiest is *V. carlesi* with compact heads of white, clove-scented blossoms, appearing in early spring. There are many viburnum species native of North America of which none is more handsome than the common *V. cassinoides*, whose fruit as it ripens in September and early October passes from green to white pink and finally dark blue. Usually all colors can be seen in one head of fruit. Somewhat similar to these are the dogwoods, of which *Cornus racemosa* has white, *C. amomum*, blue, and *C. mas*, red fruits. Then, there is the red-stemmed *C. stolonifera* and its yellow-stemmed variety *C. flaviramea*, which are a joy to look upon during the winter months. Unfortunately, these dogwoods are mostly large-growing shrubs and need a large place for their proper care.

There is no better-known shrub than Thunberg's barberry, a gift of the Arnold Arboretum to America's gardens. Compact of growth, with neat foliage in the summer and brilliant scarlet fruits carried right through the winter, it is attractive at all seasons of the year, and either as an individual bush or a hedge plant it is invaluable.

For berries alone the cotoneasters are hard to excel. These are a group of plants related to the crabapples, which vary in size from a few inches to tall bushes twelve feet high and more through. For rockeries such sorts as *Cotoneaster adpressa*, *C. microphylla* and *C. apiculata*, all with red fruit, cannot be overpraised.

The Gladiolus for Color!

(Continued from Page 20)

by new colors in the primulinus type—orange and salmon with various shades of yellow together with red. Recently the hooded form has been superseded and large-flowered varieties possessing all the gracefulness of the earlier primulinus varieties have been produced.

Attempts have been made to force the large-flowered varieties, but without uniform success except in the spring months. It seems that if the gladiolus is to take rank with the bulbous flowers so extensively grown under glass we shall have to develop a new type more uniformly responsive to greenhouse culture during the short days and cloudy periods of winter.

The gladiolus is not a plant requiring any particular kind of soil. Indeed, if the object sought is merely the production of flowers this season, any soil that is sufficiently retentive of moisture to keep the plants in a green, thrifty condition will suffice. However, the commercial and amateur growers who are interested in the multiplication of their stock of the different varieties choose a well-fertilized sandy loam, because the number of cormels produced is usually larger and corms, when dug in the late fall, are clean and bright. It is advisable, therefore, if your garden is on a heavy soil to ameliorate conditions by the addition of thoroughly well-rotted manure, leaf mold or sand. In this manner proper soil conditions may be obtained not only for the gladiolus but for most garden flowers.

Gladiolus may be grown for landscape or garden effect and for cutting. When grown for landscape effect, gladiolus should be planted in beds situated along the boundaries of the lawn or the home grounds or in mixed flower borders. Their beauty will be enhanced if the beds or borders have a background—especially one of living green; but care must be exercised not to plant near heavy-rooted shrubs and species of trees which rob the soil of moisture and plant food.

Gladiolus do not always succeed in a mixed-flower border because of the competition of more vigorous perennial flowers. Sometimes it is desired to plant gladiolus in beds or borders made against the foundations of the home, but failure is likely to result if broad overhanging eaves prevent the rain from reaching the bed. Remember also that a position on the south side of a wall or building is a hot and trying one for any plants, but may be improved by frequent and thorough watering. Gladiolus grown in beds in a flower garden succeed much better because of the cooler position and since they get the full benefit of every rain.

A plea is made for attention to the possibilities for gladiolus gardens which hitherto have received little consideration. The reason for this may be that gardeners have used the show or cut-flower varieties, which have a number of flowers open at the same time. These varieties usually produce only one strong spike of bloom. A landscape variety should possess a short stocky spike to withstand the effects of wind and rain, and should remain in flower for as long a time as possible. Among the best landscape varieties are Albion, Alice Tiplady, Florescence, Golden Spray, Killdeer, Kokomo, Los Angeles, Mary Alice White, Vanity and Yorktown. Golden Spray and Kokomo produce more than one spike to each corm; the other varieties develop side branches.

The growing of gladiolus for cut flowers is best accomplished by planting the corms in rows in the vegetable garden. This is advice for the home gardener who wishes some cut flowers for the decoration of his home. The cultivation may be done with a garden hoe, but if one grows many gladiolus he soon discovers that it is better to plant the rows thirty to thirty-six inches apart so that a wheel hoe or motor cultivator may be used. The reason for advising the planting of such varieties of gladiolus as are intended for cut flowers in the vegetable garden is because no floral effect is sought in this location. The

(Continued on Page 209)

She earned $14.00 extra in two days

"Monday afternoon I earned $7.00 in commissions," writes Mrs. Mabelle McCormick of West Virginia, speaking of our plan. "Today is only Wednesday and I have earned $7.00 more *without leaving the house!* This is going to be a wonderful week!"

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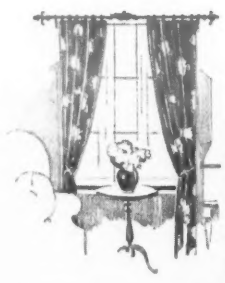

Pleasing window draping treatments can be obtained with Kirsch Atavio Work at a cost as low as $3.50 a window, including rod, center and end ornaments, brackets and rings.

Kirsch flat extension curtain rods are reflecting a new style trend. They now appear in two beautiful new finishes . . . in dainty old ivory and rich statuary bronze . . . to harmonize with the woodwork of the rooms in which they are to be used.

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If a gayer color note is desired, there is Kirsch Atavio Work . . . ornamental designs and rich colors in cast aluminum. And for vogue and individuality . . . Kirsch Wrought Iron Drapery Hardware . . . every piece hand-hammered, and never exactly duplicated.

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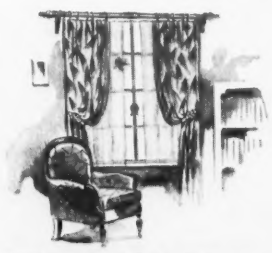

Kirsch Better Wood Poles . . . colorful and practical . . . complete with pole, brackets, rings and end ornaments . . . in any combination of colors . . . may be had for as little as $3.50 a window.

With the coming of spring, every woman faces the problem of adding some fresh, new touch of color and beauty to her home, to match the season out-of-doors. A simple change of draping treatments is the easiest, most effective solution of this problem.

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(144)

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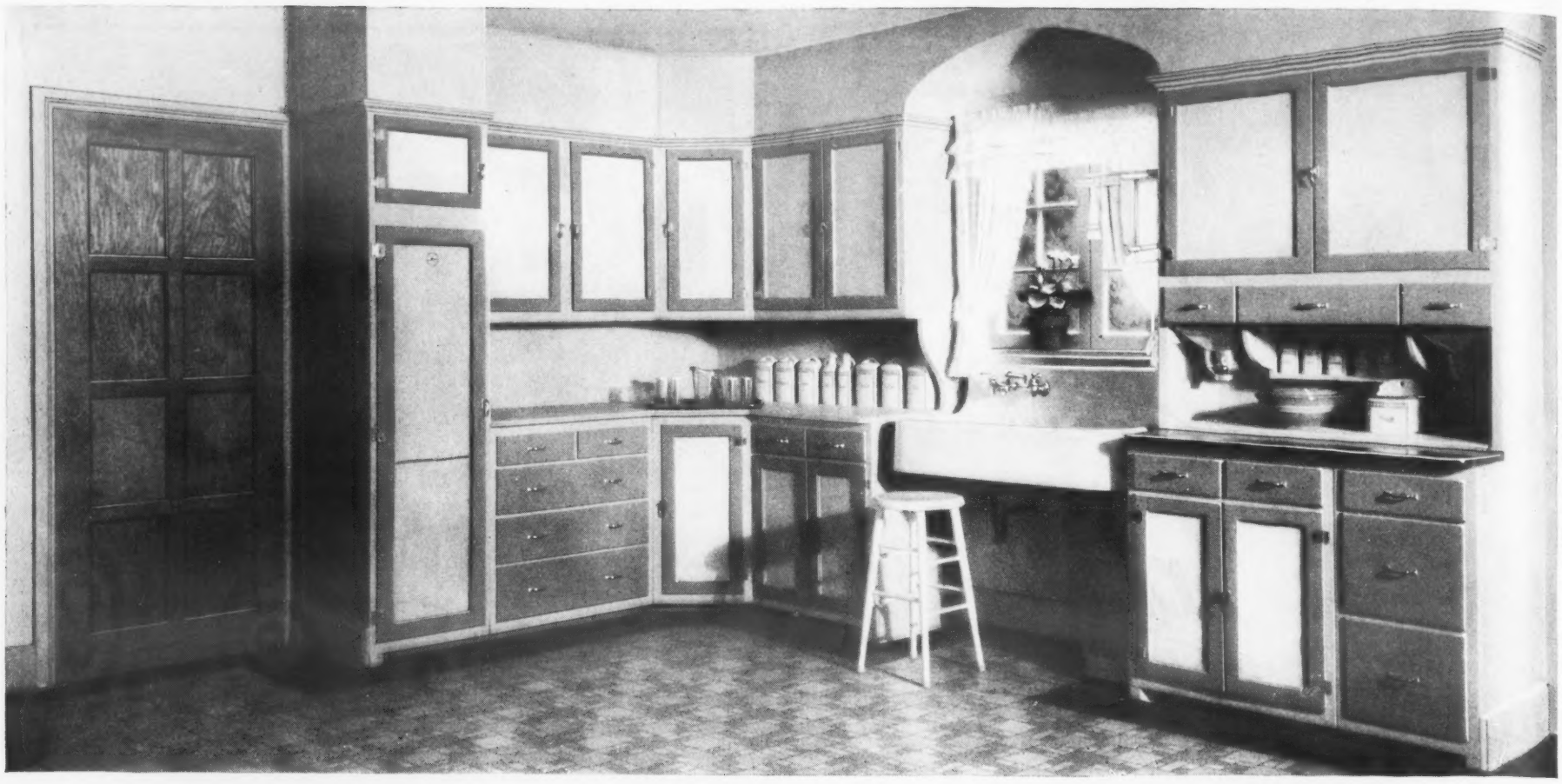


Design your own MODEL KITCHEN *with Curtis kitchen units*

Curtis kitchen dresser units are sold in any desired combination. You can arrange your kitchen to suit your ideas. An ample range of sizes to meet every condition.

NO two women have quite the same idea of how a model kitchen should be laid out. Mrs. High wants the flour near the stove. Mrs. Low wants the mop next the sink.

Curtis now offers kitchen dresser units by which you build your kitchen workshop to suit your very own ideas!

The Curtis kitchen shown above is made up of individual units that fit snugly together like drawers in a desk. Here is everything that a woman who loves her kitchen wants, ready to be set together in the order she thinks will best save her hands, her back, her time, and her footsteps.

They have been put together in this photograph to suit the whim of one famous cook. Your Curtis units can be arranged to suit yours. Rather have the broom-closet at the right? Your builder will so install it. Prefer the flour and sugar bins at the left of the sink? That section is placed nearly as soon as you've made up your mind.

The cupboards and drawers you want . . . the time-and-step savers you select, arranged to suit your fancy . . . AT A PRICE THAT DOESN'T DULL THE THRILL!

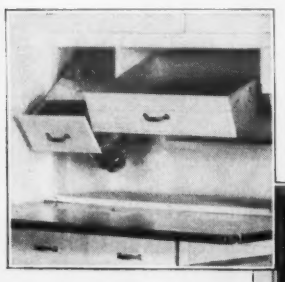
Here are some of the many boons that a second look at this photograph discloses. The broom-closet at the left has a door that doubles in duty. You can swing it down into an ironing-board, adjustable in height by pressing a latch. There's a sleeve-board too.

Now look at the corner of this kitchen. Not an awkward right angle this—but cut and planned to use every available inch. Easy to get at. Easy to clean. No out-of-the-way spots to tax that back of yours.

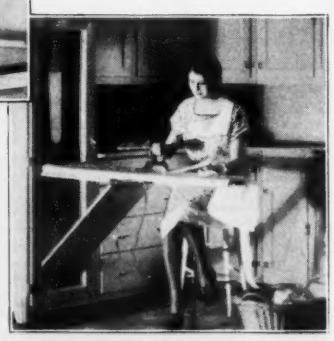
To the right of the sink is a cupboard planned to make your kitchen hours easier. There's a sugar bin and a flour bin. In between is a drawer for knives, forks, and spoons that tilts obligingly forward as you open it so that the tool you want nearly pops into your hand. The counter-top slides out and—it is u-n-s-t-a-i-n-a-b-l-e!

The bread unit with two rust-proof metal drawers has been placed at the extreme right and there's scarcely an inch in these Curtis units that can't be reached without a stretch—no matter how you arrange them!

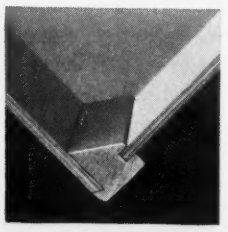
These units are sold in any combination. You can see them at the Curtis Woodwork dealer's in your community. See them next time you pass his door. See, too, other interesting items in the Curtis line—windows, trim, doors, stairs, mantels. They are all authentic in design and built by craftsmen in the Curtis factories to aid you when you are building or remodeling any part of your home. Or write us for Curtis literature on the subject in which you are interested.



Left: The cutlery drawer obligingly tilts forward as you open it. Likewise the sugar and flour bins tip downward . . . easily refilled.



Right: When is the door of a broom-closet not a door? When it can be changed in the twinkling of an eye to an ironing-board of just the proper height.



Above: The Curtis reinforced sanitary corner that lends added strength.

Note continuous, sanitary toe space beneath cabinets as shown in main illustration.

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(Continued from Page 206)

flowers are cut as the first flower opens and nobody finds fault when gaps occur where the early flowers have been taken out. The flowers are grown for utilitarian ends and in fact are a crop.

The time to plant gladiolus depends on several factors, the stage of development of the corms, the season, the soil and the object for which they are grown. If the corms are dormant there need be no hurry to get them into the ground. There is no gain in earliness if the corms are planted too early, before the soil has become warm. If this is done it also results in a better preparation of the soil. Although no definite date for planting can be given, it is a good rule to plant about the usual time for planting sweet corn in one's locality.

Gladiolus planted in beds should be planted six inches apart, unless a succession of bloom is desired, when the first planting is made twelve inches apart and later plantings put in midway between them in both directions. When in rows the corms are planted either a little more than their own diameter apart; or the large corms of the show or exhibition varieties may be planted as much as nine or ten inches apart from center to center of the corms in a single row.

Some growers plant two or even three lines of corms in the trench or furrow. The corms in one line are placed opposite the intervals of the first line or of the middle line if three rows are made. When properly done the corms are equidistant from one another. When only a single line of corms comprises the row, cultivation is easy and little hand labor is required to remove grass and weeds; hand labor increases with the increased width of the row.

Corms more than one inch in diameter are always set with the growing point or bud uppermost, but the smaller corms are dropped in the trench or furrow at the desired distance apart and remain as they happen to fall.

The large corms are planted four to six inches deep depending on whether the soil is heavy or light. Deep planting enables the plant to withstand drought and also to stand up during summer storms; shallow planting encourages the formation of cormels at the base of the old corm. The commercial grower is interested in increasing his stock and therefore may plant his corms shallow as compared with the gardener. The writer prefers to make the trenches with a plow and deeper than desired. A liberal application—five pounds per hundred feet of row—of bone meal is placed in the bottom of the furrow and covered with two inches of soil. Then the corms are planted in the furrow and covered four inches deep with soil.

Planting

THOUGH deep planting does enable the plants to overcome the effects of high winds, it is usually best to drive stakes at intervals along the row and stretch a wire along the row. The spikes can be tied to this with soft string or raffia.

A succession of bloom from first-sized corms may be obtained in two ways—either by successive plantings at intervals of ten days up to July first or by planting varieties which flower at different dates when planted on the same day. The varieties Halley, Le Marechal Foch, Sweet Lavender, Pink Wonder, and Elizabeth Tabor bloom in about seventy days, and Mary Pickford, Dominion and Alice Tiplady are a few days later. Such varieties as America, Mrs. Frank Pendleton, Joerg's White, and Crimson Glow require about ninety days, and among the very latest blooming kinds are Peace, Princeps and War. Indian Summer is an extremely late variety, often requiring a hundred and thirty days to produce flowers. The difference between seventy and a hundred and thirty days is sixty days, or two months, and thus it will be seen that the commonly known garden gladiolus has a long blooming season.

It is probable that in the Southern States this period can be extended at each end. The planting of some of the hardy species in the fall would produce early flowers, but on the other hand successive plantings could be continued later than July first because early killing frosts are delayed and the flowers would open without injury. Another means of securing a succession of bloom is to plant corms of different sizes, and although the spikes are not so heavy or so numerously set with flowers, they are, nevertheless, quite useful for home decoration.

Varieties

THERE are more than twenty-five hundred varieties of gladiolus sold by American dealers and out of this large number it is difficult to select the best. However, it may be asserted with confidence that there are very few, if any, worthless varieties in the whole number. This is not saying that all are of equal merit, however. The color range is so great and individual taste varies widely, so that all the varieties find a place in gardens.

Among the best varieties suitable for a beginner are Alice Tiplady, soft orange saffron; Baron Hulot, rich deep blue; Crimson Glow, large crimson; Europa, pure white; Golden Measure, large yellow; Herada, clear mauve; Marshal Foch, salmon pink with small red blotch in the throat; Mrs. Dr. Norton, soft pink shading to soft yellow tints in the throat; Mrs. Frank Pendleton, pink with a large dark blotch; Panama, large deep pink; Peace, white with dark blotch; and Roseash, Corinthian red shading to ashes of roses on outer edges, lower petals light yellow speckled with ruby.

The best known primulinus varieties are Alice Tiplady, Gladdie Boy, Jewell, Maidens Blush, Morning Glory, Orange Brilliant, Scarlet Treasure, Vanity, Souvenir, Scarletta, White Butterfly and Yellow Treasure.

The finest varieties are new and consequently higher in price than the above named varieties, but any person desiring the cream of the list will find the following in that category: Catherine Coleman, Lily of Gold, Cleopatra, Doctor Bennett, Helen Wills, Joerg's White, Maurice Fuld, Mrs. F. C. Peters, Mrs. P. W. Sisson, Pearl of California, Scarlet Wonder, Sovereign, Tyco Zang and W. H. Phipps.

The amateur who desires something different may get a thrill growing Arabia, Crepe, Desdemona, Duchess of York, Emile Auburn, Eugene Lefebure, Henry Ford, Herada, Lacinatus, Lavender Bride, Mephistopheles, Pelican, Purple Glory, Romance, Roseash, Rosemary, Ruffolace, Starlight and many others.

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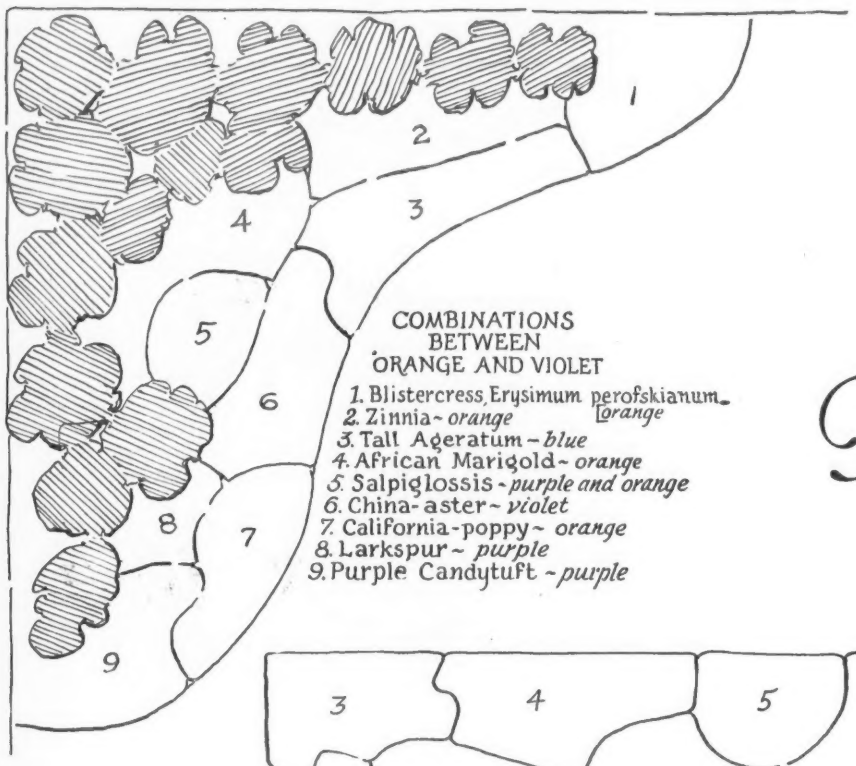
CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM

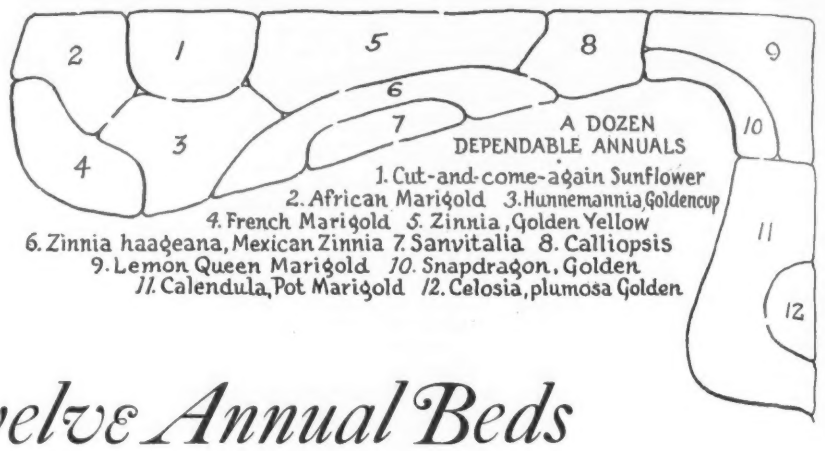
...a different flavor

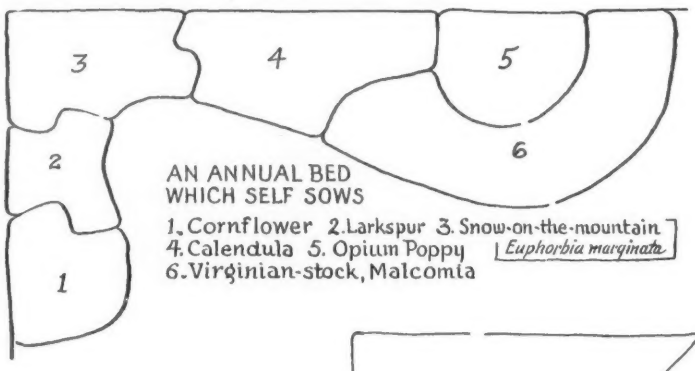
Twelve Annual Beds

For That Odd Place in Your Garden

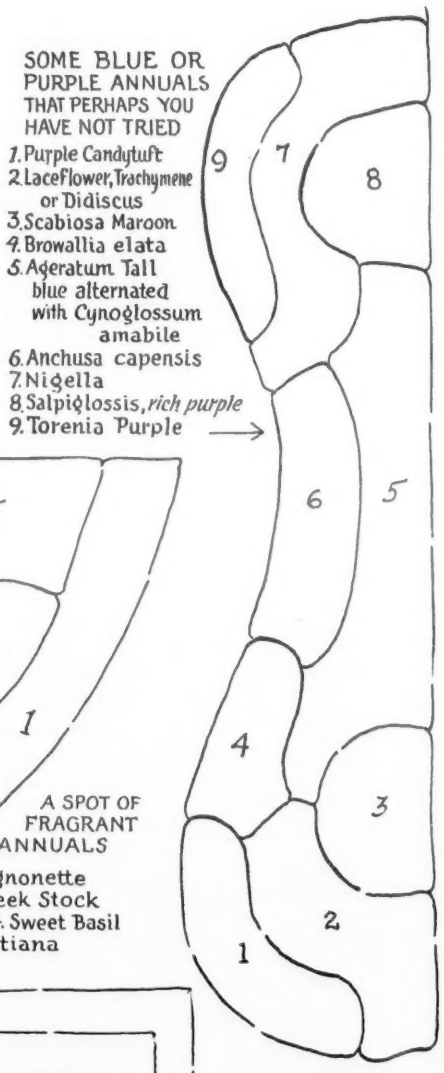
By Alfred C. Hottes

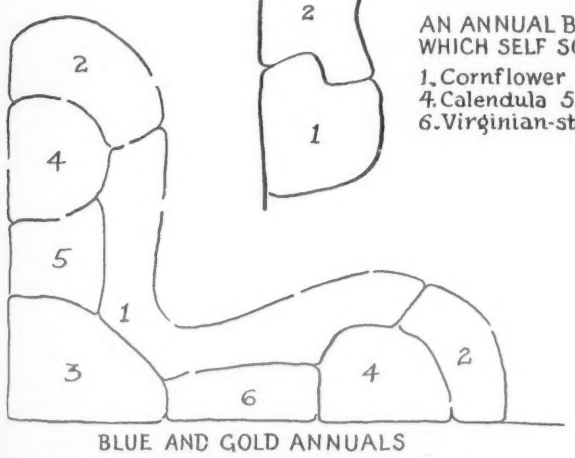

COMBINATIONS BETWEEN ORANGE AND VIOLET
1. Blistercress, Erysimum perofskianum - orange
2. Zinnia - orange
3. Tall Ageratum - blue
4. African Marigold - orange
5. Salpiglossis - purple and orange
6. China-aster - violet
7. California-poppy - orange
8. Larkspur - purple
9. Purple Candytuft - purple

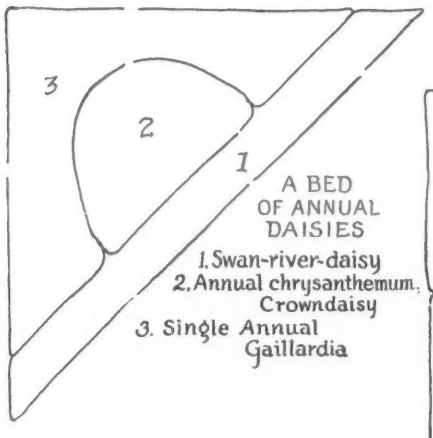

A DOZEN DEPENDABLE ANNUALS
1. Cut-and-come-again Sunflower
2. African Marigold 3. Hunnemannia, Goldencup
4. French Marigold 5. Zinnia, Golden Yellow
6. Zinnia haageana, Mexican Zinnia 7. Sanvitalia 8. Calliopsis
9. Lemon Queen Marigold 10. Snapdragon, Golden
11. Calendula, Pot Marigold 12. Celosia, plumosa Golden

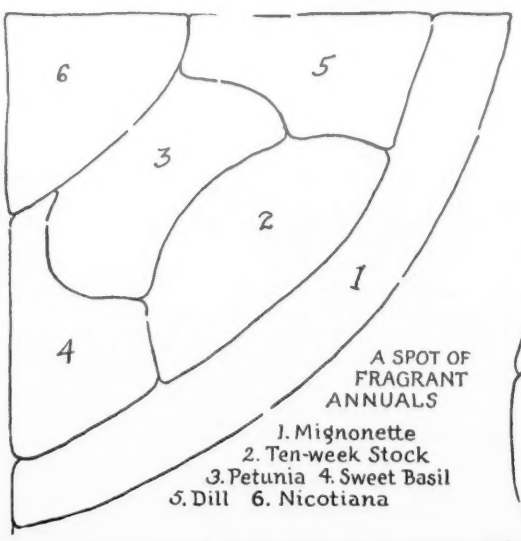

AN ANNUAL BED WHICH SELF SOWS
1. Cornflower 2. Larkspur 3. Snow-on-the-mountain Euphorbia marginata
4. Calendula 5. Opium Poppy
6. Virginian-stock, Malcomia

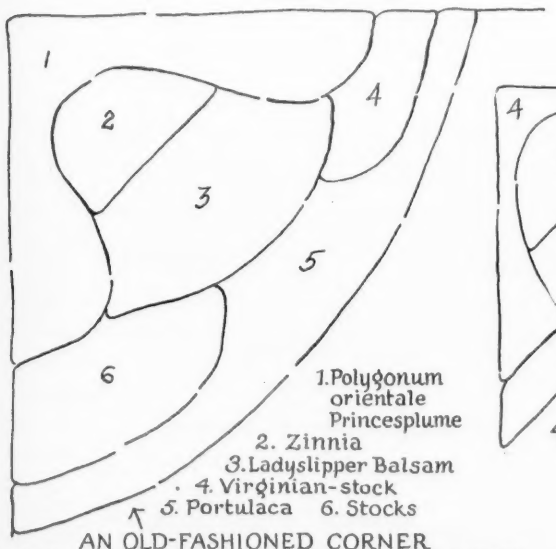
THESE twelve helpful plans for garden annuals will aid you in bringing the colors you desire to the odd spots in your garden that often are such a puzzle. Clip them and paste in your garden notebook. You will then have a permanent record of your plantings, for the future.


SOME BLUE OR PURPLE ANNUALS THAT PERHAPS YOU HAVE NOT TRIED
1. Purple Candytuft
2. Laceflower, Trachymene or Didiscus
3. Scabiosa Maroon
4. Browallia elata
5. Ageratum Tall blue alternated with Cynoglossum amabile
6. Anchusa capensis
7. Nigella
8. Salpiglossis, rich purple
9. Torenia Purple

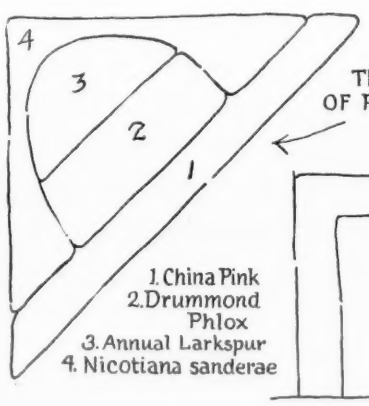

BLUE AND GOLD ANNUALS
1. Ageratum, Little Blue Star - Blue
2 Tagetes signata pumila, Mexican Marigold - gold
3 African Marigold - gold 4. Coreopsis drummondi, Goldenwave gold
5 Annual Larkspur - blue 6. Cornflower - blue

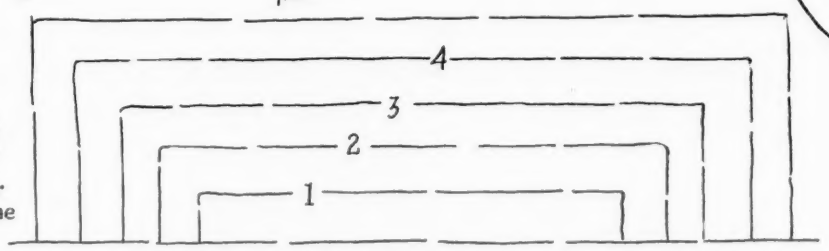


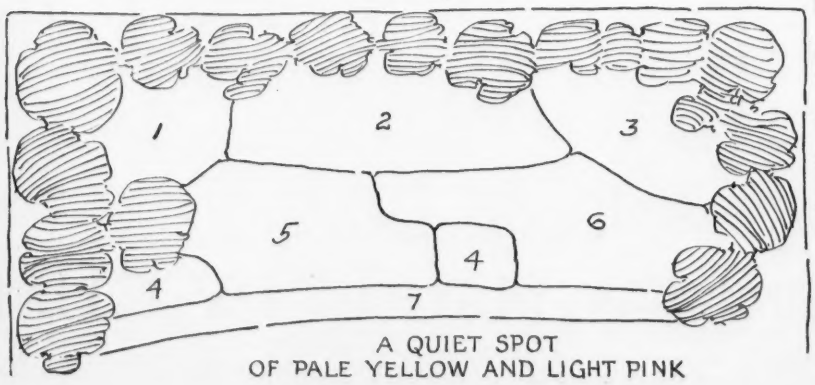




AN OLD-FASHIONED CORNER
REMINISCENT OF GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN



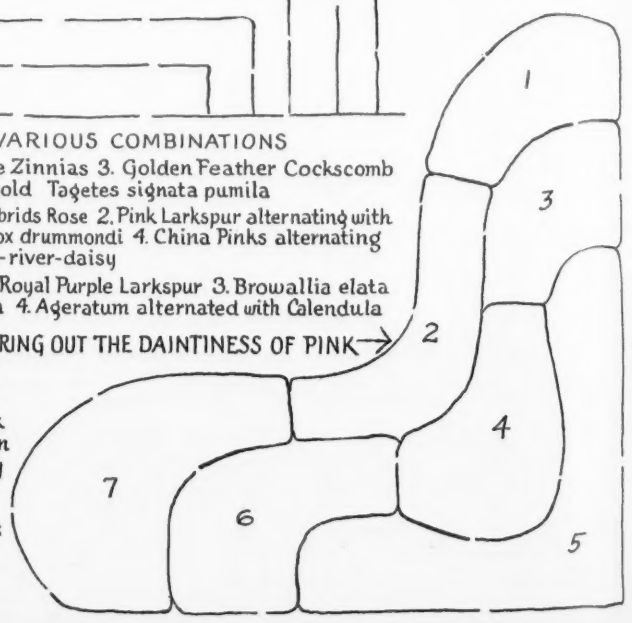

RIBBON BORDERS IN VARIOUS COMBINATIONS
Pure Gold 1. African Marigold 2. Orange Zinnias 3. Golden Feather Cockscomb 4. Mexican Marigold Tagetes signata pumila
Pink and White 1. Nicotiana sanderae hybrids Rose 2. Pink Larkspur alternating with pink Snapdragons 3. Salmon pink Phlox drummondi 4. China Pinks alternating with pink Swan-river-daisy
Blue and Gold 1. African Marigold 2. Royal Purple Larkspur 3. Browallia elata alternated with Gaillardia lorenziana 4. Ageratum alternated with Calendula



1. Lemon Queen Marigolds
2. Pale Pink Snapdragons
3. Light Yellow Zinnias
4. Phlox Drummondi amber
5 Verbena Miss Willmott or other pink variety
6. Pale Pink Scabiosa
7. Dwarf pink and yellow Zinnias

GRAY FOLIAGE TO BRING OUT THE DAINTINESS OF PINK →

1. Annual Phlox
2. Dusty-Miller
3. Ten-week Stock
4. Pink Snapdragon
5. Pink Opium Poppy
6. Rose Cornflowers
7. Verbena Mayflower Pink



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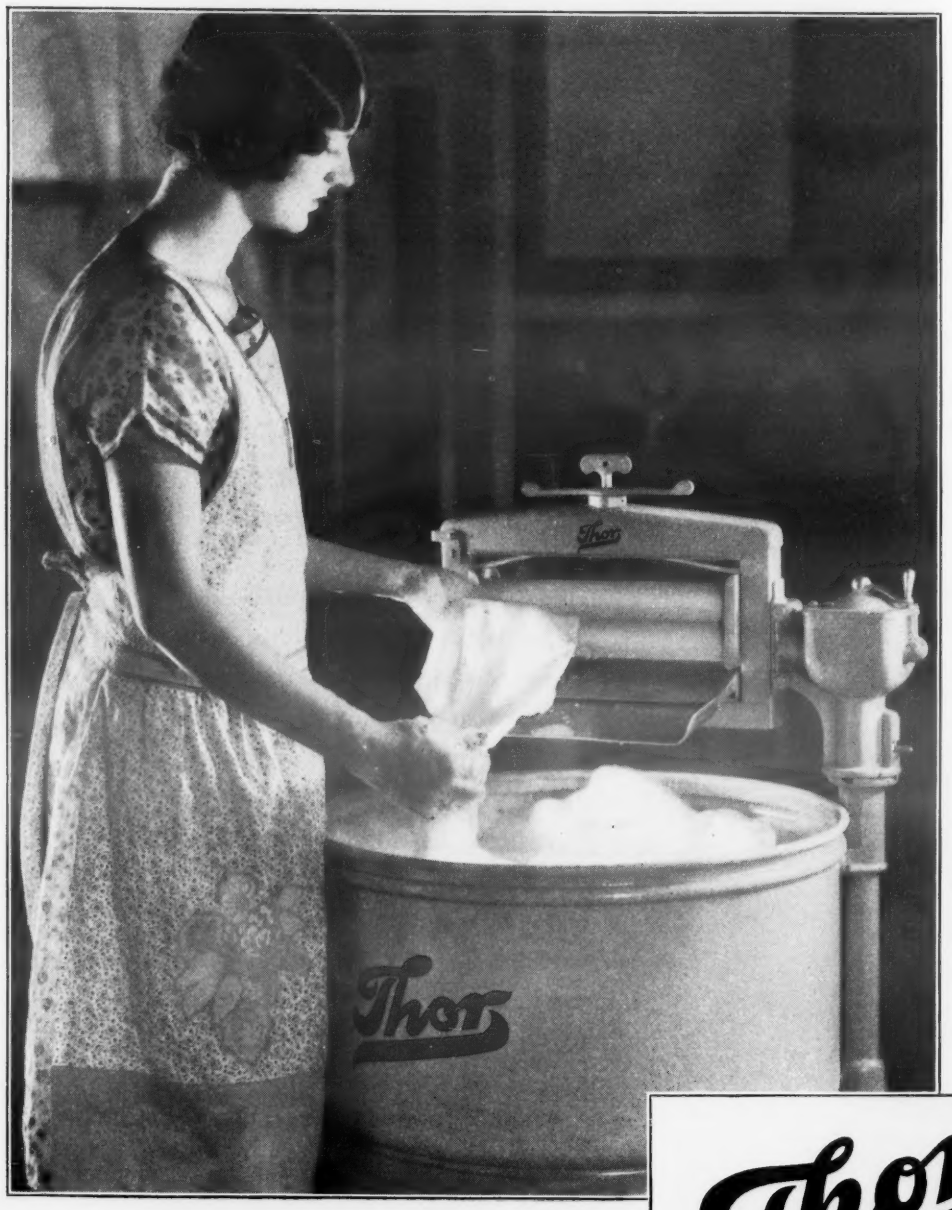

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PHOTOS. BY GAST

You can grow vegetables like these in your own back-yard garden, as the author did.

Vegetables You Can Grow

By Ross H. Gast

VEGETABLE-GARDEN troubles are commonly attributed to poor seed or pests or to unseasonable weather, but seldom to the gardener himself. Yet if the truth were known about most of these garden failures, careless and incomplete soil preparation would show as the outstanding cause.

The Kentucky Wonder pole bean, favorite of home gardeners in all parts of the United States.

For it is the initial steps in garden building that are most important. One may select an ideal site, draw up carefully worked-out plans and plant according to the best authorities, but if the soil is not properly prepared the garden will never be more than a mediocre success.

But thorough soil preparation does not necessarily mean a generous use of plant foods. It is the mechanical handling of the soil that counts, not necessarily its enrichment with manures and fertilizers. Science explains this in the statement that the physical condition of soil must be right before a normal moisture content is established and the plant can therefore take care of the additional foods which are incorporated.

Of course a certain amount of soil enrichment is necessary. When stable manures are not available, a dressing of a complete fertilizer at the rate of about 1500 pounds to the acre will produce excellent results. A good general-purpose fertilizer of this kind should analyze about 8 per cent ammonia, 6 per cent phosphoric acid and 6 per cent potash; with light, sandy or muck soils the potash content might be increased to 8 and even 10 per cent. Best results are secured if this fertilizer is broadcast after the first spading, and then worked into the first six or eight inches of soil.

Preparation

IN THE West, where artificial application of water is a necessity, one should always flood the garden plot before it is spaded, even when the early spring rains have been ample.

With the soil in ideal shape the spring planting program can be carried out rapidly. Selection of vegetables for the garden is always difficult; one is advised first to try "something different" and again to stick to the common sorts. But it is wise to be guided by the likes and dislikes of the family, and in nine cases out of ten, they will vote for the old favorites.

Among the very first vegetables to go in are the root crops, those indispensables of the kitchen garden—carrots, beets, turnips, radishes and parsnips. They can be planted just as soon as the soil is ready to work, and successive sowings of most of them can be made every few weeks right through the entire growing season. These vegetables are considered easy to grow, but to be of real flavor they must be pushed along as rapidly as possible with good care.

All the root crops are planted in rows from eleven to fourteen inches apart. Flat culture is the accepted practice in the East, but during recent years commercial gardeners have tried out the so-called double-row system, used exclusively for this type of vegetable in the West. The double row is really a raised bed with two rows, one drilled on each shoulder. Cultivation, fertilization and irrigation are applied in the furrows between.

In the garden this system can be worked out by drawing furrows with the hoe, about ten inches deep, twelve inches wide and about thirty inches apart, center to center. The ridge between becomes the double row and the two rows that it carries will be twelve inches apart. Early maturity, because of a better utilization of the limited sunshine of early spring and an ideal drainage situation, makes this system of planting of interest, especially to the gardener who has an extremely heavy soil.

Though the root crops are not temperamental as to their requirements, they all have their little idiosyncrasies. Carrots, for instance, favor a deep, well-prepared seed bed, and are rather balky when a crust is allowed to form over the row before the seedlings appear. The moisture supply of the seed bed should be above average for garden beets, as the thick spongy covering of the seed takes up a great deal in germination. They like a rich soil, too, for rapid development. The turnip is amenable to ordinary garden conditions and does not give much trouble. The same is true of radishes. Parsnips are like carrots; they require a deep, mellow, well-worked seed bed, but the soil must not be overly rich.

How to Plant

AS A GENERAL rule planting depths for small seeds vary with the season and type of soil. One should plant rather shallow in heavy soils and during the cooler seasons of the year, but in the summer, with light soil, seeds must go in the full required depth.

Carrots are covered from a quarter to half an inch deep; beets have a half to three-quarters of an inch; turnips, an eighth of an inch; radishes a quarter of an inch, and parsnips about three-eighths of an inch.

Sowing small seeds at a uniform depth and in straight rows often presents a real problem. Some years ago the writer made up a little garden tool that has proved well adapted to this type of planting. Take a piece of hardwood twelve inches long, five inches wide and one inch thick, and point one end and bevel the point, just as in making a toy boat. Then put on a "keel"—a strip of wood about a quarter of an inch square, running the entire length of the larger piece. If the soil is in good tilth one can run this little "planter" along a garden line and leave a straight seed row, uniformly a quarter of an inch deep. With the use of dowel pins, keels of all depths can be had.

The Chantenay is perhaps the best carrot for the home garden, while the Crosby's Egyptian and Detroit Dark Red will supply the best garden beets. When planting turnips, mix half and half the Purple Top White Globe and the Early Snowball. The latter variety will mature first and the Globes will follow soon after. Only one crop should be planted in the spring. Scarlet Turnip White Tip radish is a

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popular sort, as is the White Icicle. And as for parsnips, the Hollow Crown is best.

The root crops should be thinned out when the seedlings are about an inch high. It is most economical, however, when the soil is in good tilth, to sow sparingly, and begin to use these vegetables when quite young—thinning by use, in other words. Beets may be transplanted, but others in this group cannot.

Cabbage and cauliflower can also go in right on Jack Frost's heels, or around March fifteenth. Dates given throughout this articles are for the latitude of Philadelphia and St. Louis. Generally the plants for first crop are raised in hotbeds or cold frames, and although growing plants under cover is fun, it requires added equipment and experience. For this reason it is suggested that the novice and the gardener with limited space purchase most of their plant needs for the earliest planting from a commercial plantsman. Cauliflower does not favor warm weather; if plants cannot be set before the middle of March, planting should be delayed until about July fifteenth.

Root Crops

VEGETABLES in this group are gross feeders, and so they should be given a fairly rich soil. Set early cabbage in rows thirty inches apart, the plants spaced about eighteen inches in the row; cauliflower must have a bit more room to develop. In planting, take the trowel and dig a hole deep enough so that when the roots are placed in the bottom the first leaves of the plant are even with the surface of the soil. Put about an inch of soil around the roots, firm them, then pour a cupful of water in the basin that is left so as better to establish the roots and give them sufficient moisture for a quick start.

Brussels sprouts are planted in much the same way as cabbage and cauliflower, although the plants should be spaced two feet apart in rows thirty inches across. And it is best to set them not earlier than May. Contrary to the usual belief, kohlrabi is not the poor relation of the cabbage family, but a real worthwhile addition to any vegetable garden. Drill seed in rows about eighteen inches apart, covering it half an inch deep, then thin out the seedlings to stand about five inches apart in the row.

As to desirable varieties in this group, the following are suggestions: Golden Acre cabbage; Early Snowball cauliflower; Half-Dwarf Improved kohlrabi, and the Smooth White Vienna kohlrabi.

Garden peas is another first crop for the spring garden. For best results work the soil as deeply as possible; one cannot overdo it in the case of peas. Before planting, however, ascertain that the soil is just a bit on the dry side, rather than too moist. The round-seeded varieties such as Alaska can go in very early, but many gardeners prefer to wait until about April first, and then plant such varieties as Hundredfold and Laxtonian—dwarf sorts well adapted to home-garden culture. Scatter the seed sparingly in the bottom of a wide, shallow furrow made the full width of the hoe and spaced two feet apart. Peas should be covered about an inch deep.

We must not forget the queen of salad crops—lettuce—which is also among the earliest crops to be planted in the spring. Some soil enrichment, preferably well-rotted stable manure, should be incorporated for lettuce. The seed is sown in rows fourteen inches across, and the seedlings thinned out to stand twelve inches apart in the rows. The thinnings can be used for transplanting too. The double-row system, outlined above, is admirably suited to this crop. Of the varieties, Big Boston and New York are desirable heading sorts, and Black Seeded Simpson is a popular leaf variety.

Spring sowings of spinach must be made just as early as possible; it will not do well in warm weather. Sow the seed sparingly in rows twelve inches apart and begin to use the plants quite young so that thinning will not be necessary. Never sow spinach later than May twentieth for the first crop, but delay further planting until autumn.

Onions conclude the list of vegetables that fall into the first early class. A fairly rich soil should be chosen for them, and once the seedlings are above the ground, growth should never be checked. Sow the seed in the open ground, in rows twelve inches apart, covering it about half an inch deep. Thinning will not be necessary until the plants are large enough for salad purposes if one is not too prodigal with the seed. The Southport White Globe is a good dual-purpose variety, being equally desirable as a green or dry onion.

Perhaps no other crop planted in the garden performs as consistently and in such a satisfactory manner as do the various types of string beans. They are not particular as to soil; a medium rich, light soil is to be selected rather than one which is inclined to be overrich. When planting, however, the seed bed must be quite warm, and the moisture content a bit below average, as the seed rots easily. Plant the drawf types, such as Burpee's Stringless and California Rustproof—a wax—in rows two feet across, covering the seed not over an inch deep early in the season. Of the pole beans, which are spaced three feet apart, the Kentucky Wonder is without equal. String beans are thinned so that the plants are about two inches apart in the row.

Lima beans differ from string beans in that they require a rich soil and will do well in medium-heavy types. Plantings are usually delayed until late in May, and spacing is more liberal than with other types of beans. It is suggested that the gardener try the Henderson Bush lima, growing them as a border around the garden plots.

It is a well-known fact that it is only in home-grown sweet corn that the real flavor is found. Golden Bantam, Golden Giant and Bantam Evergreen are early, medium and late sorts that should be planted in succession. For best results sweet corn must be planted in blocks of three or four rows, spaced three feet apart. The seed is dropped in hills, in a furrow about six inches deep, and covered with an inch of soil. Space between hills is generally two feet. When the plants are about six inches high, the hills should be thinned down to two or three stalks, then the soil brought up around them. Removal of the suckers, or side growths, as they appear, will make a big difference in yields.

Tomatoes

TOMATOES, peppers and eggplant are essentially warm-season vegetables and are seldom set out before May fifteenth. Plants can be started in boxes during the last week of March or in the open late in April. Though all require a warm, sunny spot for best development, they differ widely in soil likes and dislikes. Tomatoes will misbehave on an overrich soil, but eggplant will thrive under such conditions. Peppers are not particular as to fertility, but the soil must be kept open and friable by constant hoeing.

Tomatoes in the small home garden should be trellised, the plants being set about three feet apart in the rows. There are many good varieties, with the Bonny Best or Livingston's Globe recommended. But a few plants of peppers and eggplant are required for the average garden, and the accepted spacing is two and a half feet apart. The Ruby King bell pepper and New York Improved eggplant are generally selected for the home garden.

In setting plants of the tomato, pepper and eggplant, follow the practice outlined for cabbage. Shade should be provided, however, and this is best afforded by placing a shingle at an angle on the south side of the plant.

With the early-vegetable plantings made, every care should be taken that steady growth is sustained through to maturity, as most vegetables are of poor quality if their development is checked at any time.

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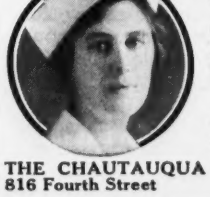

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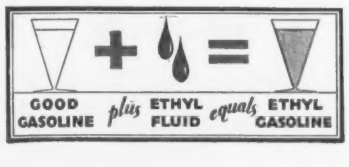

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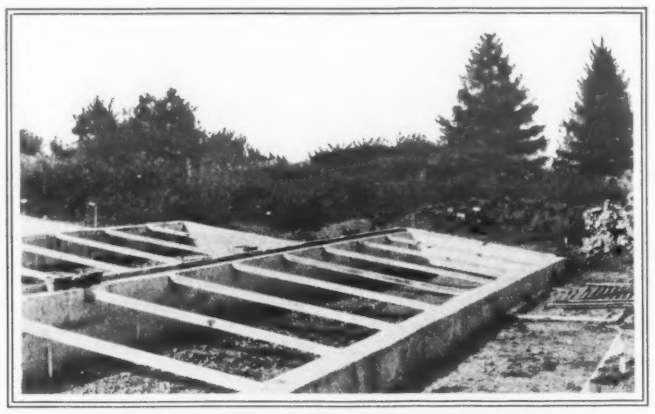


Commercial-type cold frames are usually constructed of concrete.

How to Use Cold Frames

By Louise Bush-Brown

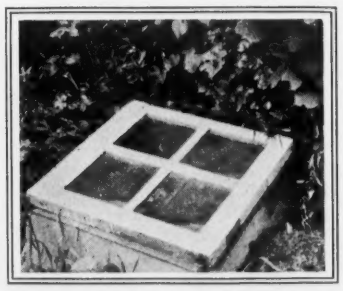
THERE seems to be a very general idea that cold frames are useful only for the protection of plants during the winter months and that at other times of the year they lie idle. Winter protection is, however, but one of the many uses to which cold frames may be put. Indeed, a really enterprising gardener will find that his frames are quite indispensable during every month of the year; that there is never a time from one season's end to another when they lie fallow. In early spring, as soon as the plants which have been wintered over in the frames have been planted out in the garden, the seeds of some of the hardy and half-hardy annuals may be sown. Four or five weeks later these lusty little annuals, which grow so quickly if given half a chance, will be ready to be set out, and some of the biennials and perennials may then be started.

The construction of a cold frame is a very simple undertaking and it involves no great outlay of time or money. A sheltered spot should be chosen for its location, preferably a gentle slope with a southern or southeastern exposure. Whenever possible it is well to place the frame on the southern side of a wall or hedge, which will afford protection against winter winds. If a sheltered spot is not available, however, one will find that a cold frame even in an exposed location is certainly better than no cold frame at all. One has a wide choice of materials to be used in the construction of the frame. Wood is undoubtedly the cheapest material, and if a good grade of cypress is selected it will last for many years. Cypress will resist decay better than almost any other wood, and it is particularly well adapted for this purpose where it will be exposed to weather and to dampness.

Important Details

IT IS poor economy to use cheap grades of lumber which will have to be replaced after a very few years. Cold frames may also be constructed of brick, hollow tile, cinder blocks and solid concrete. Though these materials are more expensive than wood, they are more durable, and will last for many, many years. Sometimes in old Colonial gardens one will come upon ancient cold frames built of brick a century or more ago and still doing duty as shelter for young seedlings.

The frames should be so constructed that the back is about five inches higher than the front. This will permit the water to drain easily from the sash and will also offer the maximum amount of surface for the penetration of sunlight. The standard size for cold-frame sash, used by most commercial growers, is three feet six inches by six feet. For the average home garden a smaller size is usually more convenient. I have found that a small sash measuring two and a half feet by three feet is a most satisfactory size. These small sash are much lighter and easier to handle than the larger sizes, and the entire area within the frame may be reached from the front with ease. If the frames are placed against a building the sash may be hinged at the back and tilted up against the wall when raised, which is a great convenience.



A convenient "baby" frame.

Management

THERE are a few general rules which should be followed in the management of cold frames. In early spring, when the plants which have been wintered over in the frames are starting into growth and when young seedlings are coming on, considerable attention must be given to ventilation and watering. On clear, sunny days the sash should be partially raised or, if the weather is warm, removed entirely for several hours during the middle of the day. When the weather is cold and windy the sash should be raised only slightly for a few moments in order to secure a change of air. At this time of the year watering should also be done with care. It is an accepted rule among gardeners that plants under glass—in frames or in greenhouses—should be watered when the temperature is rising rather than when it is falling and that care should be taken to have the foliage of the plants dry at night. It is therefore best to do the watering in the middle of the morning. In cold, cloudy weather water should be withheld as much as possible in order to avoid trouble with fungus diseases. It is advisable also to give a thorough watering when necessary rather than to give frequent light waterings.

There are a number of pests which sometimes prove troublesome in cold frames, such as cutworms, mice, moles and wood lice.

CUTWORMS burrow down into the soil during the day and do their deadly work under the cover of darkness. One of the best methods of control is the use of poison bait. A mash may be made of one tablespoonful of molasses, one tablespoonful of arsenate of lead powder or Paris green and one cupful of wheat bran. This should be mixed well together and a spoonful placed here and there on the surface.

La Belle Chocolatiere—the Symbol of Quality since 1780

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82%

Domestic science teachers select

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In a recent test, the following authorities say that the finest cocoa is *Walter Baker's*.

78% Professional Nurses
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for nourishment · for enjoyment

Cymbal No. 5 sounds each quarter hour with double notes of different tone, melodious as silver bells high in the tower of an old Cathedral. Two strokes mark the quarter, four the half, six the third. The hour is struck in the usual manner. This friendly clock is encased in mahogany, exquisitely inlaid with contrasting woods. The price, $20, is surprisingly moderate! Write to 19 West 44th St., New York, for booklet showing other Seth Thomas Clocks.

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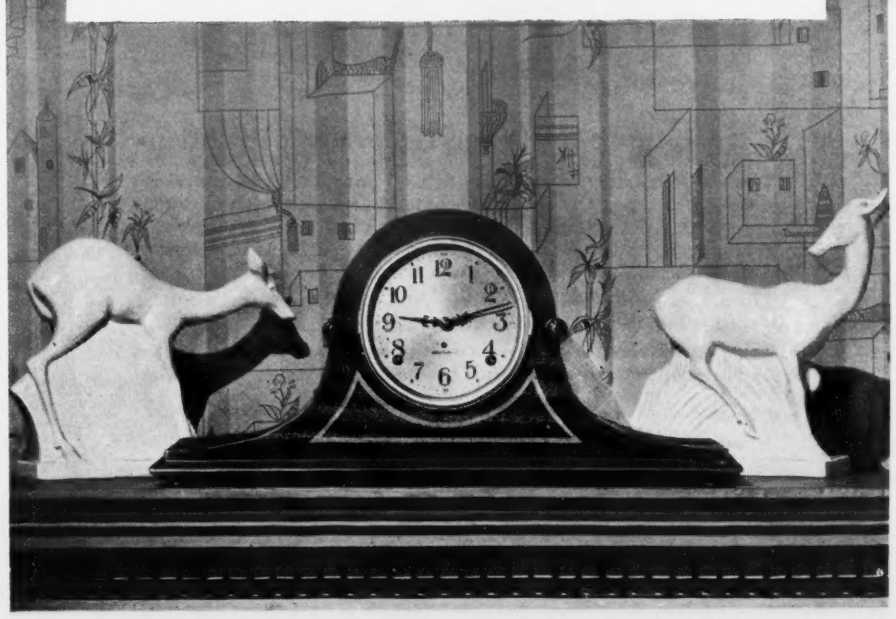

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Armand Cold Cream Powder may be purchased at all leading toilet goods counters—$1. Armand, Des Moines.

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Des Moines, Iowa
I enclose 10c, for which please send me "The Ten Minute a Day Beauty Treatment," including the four essential preparations.
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Address
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Send 10c *for the new "Armand Ten Minute a Day Beauty Treatment." It is simple, but effective and complete. It contains:*

1 copy Armand's new "Ten Minutes a Day" beauty treatment.
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Let Sanitas Solve Your Decorating Problems

With this modern decorative fabric, you can have the richness of brocades, the simplicity of pastel shades or the colorful charm of figured and floral patterns, plus these unique advantages:—Sanitas will not fade, crack or peel. Plaster cracks, due to shrinkage, will not break through Sanitas.

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Samples and literature will be sent on request.

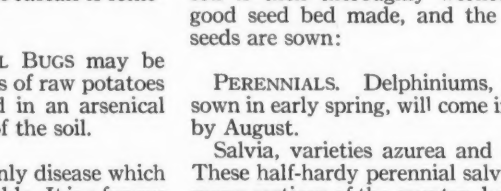
The Standard Textile Products Company
320 Broadway, Dept. 1, New York

MICE. Field mice are very destructive if they decide to take up an abode within the precincts of one's frames. One of the most satisfactory measures of control is the use of poisoned sweet potatoes. Raw potatoes should be cut into small cubes and coated with a mixture of equal parts strychnine and bicarbonate of soda. The dice should be inserted directly into the runs.

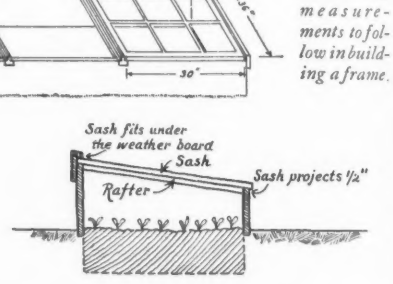
MOLES may be driven away by scattering naphthalene flakes in their tunnels. There are various mole traps on the market, but to catch the little rascals is sometimes a difficult task.

WOOD LICE AND PILL BUGS may be trapped by placing pieces of raw potatoes which have been soaked in an arsenical solution on the surface of the soil.

DAMPING-OFF is the only disease which is likely to give much trouble. It is a fungus disease which usually attacks young seedlings, causing them to wilt and die. Some soils are entirely free from the disease, whereas other soils are badly infected. The spores are usually very prevalent in soil which contains a large percentage of leaf mold. Flowers of sulphur dusted on the surface of the soil and around the young plants is sometimes effective in checking the disease in its early stages. It is a case, however, where an ounce of prevention is worth many pounds of cure, and it is a wise precaution to sterilize the soil in the frames before seed sowing. Formaldehyde is one of the most effective agencies for soil sterilization and it may be purchased from any drug store. A solution of one part to fifty parts of water should be prepared and the soil in the seed bed throughly saturated with it. After twenty-four hours the soil should be forked up in order that it may be properly aerated, and several days should elapse before the actual sowing of the seed. Fungus diseases always seem to thrive the best in moist, warm situations such as are likely to be present in wet cold frames improperly ventilated. The utmost care in preparing the soil and in handling the frames during the early stages of plant growth is imperative. Within the past few years two new remedies have been put on the market which have proved valuable in preventing the disease. They are both mercurial preparations, one called Uspulin and one called Semesan. They should preferably be used to disinfect the seed bed before sowing.



Details and measurements to follow in building a frame.



Planting Schedule for the Year

DURING the past few years I have followed a definite schedule of planting which has worked out very satisfactorily, and it has enabled me to get the maximum returns from my small frames.

OUTLINE. Six frames measuring two and a half feet by three feet. Total area, forty-five square feet.

WINTER SCHEDULE. Frame No. 1, foxgloves; Frame No. 2, half devoted to wallflowers, half to forget-me-nots; Frame No. 3, Canterbury bells; Frame No. 4, half violets, half pansy plants; Frame No. 5, bulbs which need winter protection, French anemones, dwarf gladiolus, Spanish and Dutch iris; Frame No. 6, used for storing potted bulbs which are to be forced.

EARLY SPRING SCHEDULE. In the spring the foxgloves, forget-me-nots, Canterbury bells and wallflowers are planted out in the garden as soon as the weather permits. This releases four frames—including the one from which the potted bulbs have been removed during the winter months. The soil is then thoroughly worked over, a good seed bed made, and the following seeds are sown:

PERENNIALS. Delphiniums, which, if sown in early spring, will come into flower by August.

Salvia, varieties azurea and farinacea. These half-hardy perennial salvias are, in many sections of the country, best treated as annuals and will bloom luxuriantly from August on through the autumn if started in the frames.

ANNUALS. Ageratum, antirrhinum, asters, *Cynoglossum amabile*, marigolds, petunias, *Phlox drummondi*, salpiglossis, scabiosas, zinnias.

This list of annuals would, of course, vary considerably according to one's personal likes and dislikes. Some of those listed could be sown directly in the garden later on, but by starting them in the frames it is possible to gain several weeks of extra bloom and they can be planted out in the garden just as the bulbs are dying down.

The time required for germination will vary considerably according to weather conditions. During a warm, sunny spell germination will be surprisingly rapid, but in cold, dull weather the seeds will often lie dormant for several weeks.

As soon as the seedlings have attained sufficient size they should either be thinned out in the drill or transplanted so that they stand from three to four inches apart. It is poor practice to let the seedlings become stunted and spindly because of overcrowding.

LATE SPRING AND SUMMER SCHEDULE. As soon as the annual seedlings have been planted out in the garden additional perennial seeds and many of the biennials may be sown. One frequently hears the theory advanced that perennial seeds should be sown in August. If this practice is followed the plants will be but small, delicate seedlings when winter sets in and in most cases will give scant, if any, bloom the following year. If, however, seeds of such perennials as columbines (Aquilegia), the peachleaf bellflower *(Campanula persicifolia)* and perennial flax *(Linum perenne)* are sown in April or May the plants will have several months of good growing weather, and by fall these sturdy little seedlings may be set out either directly in the garden or in nursery beds, where they will winter quite happily, and bloom freely the following spring. Therefore,

A sheltered frame against a foundation.

One dessert *they'll all enjoy!*

no eggs--no cooking

Junket is a family favorite. So tempting to eat and attractive to look at, you'd never dream it takes but a minute to make! Always delicious served *ice-cold* without toppings, or you may vary junket endlessly by adding sliced fruit, jelly, or whipped cream.

Flavored Junket—even easier and quicker than Junket Tablets—is sweetened, and may be had in 6 tempting flavors:

Vanilla Orange
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DELICIOUS DESSERTS

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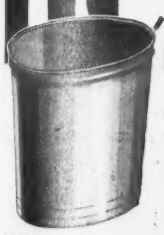

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FREE SAMPLES: 100 VISITING CARDS $1.00
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by sowing the seed a few months earlier one is able to gain nearly a year of bloom.

PERENNIALS. The perennials to be sown at this time will depend largely upon the definite needs of the garden. The following varieties may be easily grown from seed and when once established most of them will bloom on for many years: Arabis, delphiniums, lupines, *Campanula carpatica, Campanula rotundifolia, Campanula persicifolia* and other members of the campanula family, *Cerastium tomentosum*, and the like. A few perennials are considered short-lived and either die out entirely or begin to deteriorate after the first few years. In this class we have our lovely columbines, perennial flax, and the little Iceland poppies which are so gay and dainty when in flower. It is well, therefore, to make a practice of starting a few new perennial seedlings every year in order to have reënforcements at hand whenever they are needed.

BIENNIALS. Biennials are plants which are sown one year and flower, bear seed and die the following year. In this group we have some of our most popular garden favorites such as the Canterbury bells, foxgloves, wallflowers and English daisies. Many other plants, such as some of the forget-me-nots, are best treated as biennials. The same rule which we have cited for the sowing of perennial seeds holds true for the sowing of biennials. If the seeds are sown early enough the plants will be strong and vigorous by fall and will give far better results the following year than little, spindly seedlings which were sown later in the season. Foxgloves and Canterbury bells should be sown during the latter part of May or in early June. English daisies, wallflowers, pansies and forget-me-nots, which do not require a long season, should be sown in early July.

These perennial and biennial seedlings should be thinned out or transplanted as soon as they are large enough. When the foxgloves have reached sufficient size I transplant them to the frame in which they will be carried over the winter, spacing them six inches by six inches apart. In alternating rows with the foxgloves I transplant my little columbines. By the time the foxgloves have grown enough to require all the space allotted them the columbine seedlings are large enough to set out in the garden or nursery beds, where they will winter quite happily.

CUTTINGS. At this season of the year I use one small section of my frames for a propagating case. Some of our loveliest perennials and rock plants, such as *Phlox divaricata* and viola jersey Gem, may be easily propagated by cuttings, which should be made soon after their flowering period is over. It is a great convenience to have some odd corner of the frames ready for such a purpose. Clean, sharp sand should be used and the cuttings should be kept shaded and well watered.

FALL SCHEDULE. By fall the perennial seedlings are all safely in their permanent places in the garden or in the nursery beds and the frames are made ready for the winter. In some sections of the country foxgloves and forget-me-nots will winter in the open, but in the latitude of Philadelphia and northward one can generally count on greater success by carrying them over in the frames. Canterbury bells and wallflowers are far more tender and will not endure winter conditions except in the South, and so they also join the ranks of my cold-frame inhabitants.

One frame I always set aside for storing potted bulbs such as narcissus and tulips. I plunge the pots in the frame, covering them first with a light layer of straw in order to protect any delicate shoots which may poke through. A six or eight inch layer of coal ashes should then be added and the bulbs left in the frame during their required period of storage.

After the fall schedule, the winter schedule follows on and thus the cycle of the year brings one around to spring again.

Makes Life Sweeter

Children's stomachs sour, and need an anti-acid. Keep their systems sweet with Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

When tongue or breath tells of acid condition, it's time for Phillips Milk of Magnesia. Most men and women have been comforted by this universal sweetener—more mothers should invoke its aid for their children. It is a pleasant thing to take, yet neutralizes more acid than the harsher things too often employed for the purpose.

Phillips is the genuine, prescriptional product physicians endorse for general use. The name Phillips is important; don't buy a less perfect product and expect it to have the same perfect results.

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Devant du corsage - Frente de la blusa
Lengthwise of goods
Center front
Pour l'ourlet, plier en dedans ici
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You will get the effect of a Paris Gown if you use McCall Patterns.

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Cuts-Burns-Bruises

Use *at once*—before the army of germs lying in wait, gets a chance to attack!

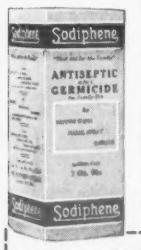
Sodiphene actually kills germs wholesale. Yet Sodiphene is perfectly safe. Does not injure delicate tissues.

While killing the germs, Sodiphene soothes the pain so quickly you'll wonder where it went.

Used and recommended by Physicians and Dentists everywhere, for teeth, mouth and throat infections.

Try Sodiphene at our expense. Send coupon for *Free Bottle*.

See your dentist twice yearly. Between times, use Sodiphene.



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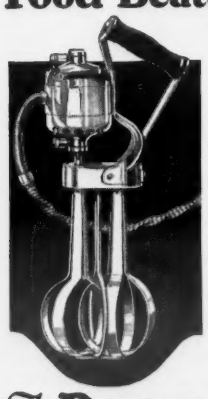
Labor-Saving Electric Food Beater *and* Mixer



The Dormeyer "Electric" will do your beating, mixing, whipping, stirring of foods in 1/10 the time—do it more thoroughly, meaning lighter, smoother, more appetizing foods—without aching arms, numbed wrists or bruised hands. You merely snap a switch; the Dormeyer does the work.

Beats, Whips, Stirs, Mixes.

Cakes, Waffles, Frostings, Mayonnaise, Sauces, Pie Fillings, Custards, Candies

The Dormeyer Electric BEATER *and* MIXER

saves untold hours of drudgery. Mayonnaise, for example, requires vigorous beating as oil is added drop by drop. The Dormeyer mixes it marvelously smooth in 1/10 the time. Another example, sponge cake, requires at least 3 thorough mixings. An exhausting job by hand; a failure if energy relaxes; a quicker, surer success with the Dormeyer.

Has Uses Every Meal—Pays for Self

A Dormeyer will help you prepare every meal; improve griddle cakes, waffles, omelets—puddings, custards, souffles, mashed potatoes. Make ingredients go further, by beating in more air. Improve your best recipes.

The Dormeyer is sturdily built and heavily nickeled for a lifetime's use. Easily cleaned and sanitary. Endorsed by leading test kitchens. Guaranteed perfect electrically and mechanically. If your electrical store can't supply, mail coupon for prices and complete descriptive folder.

The MacLeod Mfg. Co., Dept. D-1
2640 Greenview Avenue, Chicago
Please send Dormeyer prices and descriptive folder.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Little Frog, Big Puddle

(Continued from Page 13)

Henry thought it was a cheesy assignment. He thought it still more cheesy after he had tackled a citizen or two.

The first customer, an old codger with white chop whiskers, rapped him indignantly on the legs with a gold-headed umbrella.

The next, a self-possessed young lady, called a policeman. The policeman only laughed when he heard Henry's explanation. But there was no laughter in Henry.

The next candidate, pink cheeked and red heeled, suggested that she was open to luncheon engagements.

THE fourth, a gentleman in horn rims, said "Huh?" and when Henry repeated his question, replied stolidly, "I don't think anything about it."

The Inquiring Reporter was vastly disgusted and a bit uneasy. Five answers had he to obtain to this immortal question and it began to look as if that were just five too many for his hitherto superior talents.

Then Henry, glooming, saw across the street in a thick tangle of coats and faces and hats a familiar, dark, glowing countenance. The photographer hurtled after him as he darted through the traffic.

Bill saw him come into the shop, a shabby, wistful, ridiculous figure, and he felt a sudden pang of pity for the poor green kid. "Well?" he said.

"I got 'em," said Henry.

"Bat it out," said Bill. "Three hundred words."

Henry went to a desk in the corner, batted it out, then brought his sheets over. Bill took them with a large hand.

"You might have a bite of lunch," said Bill. "You can do rewrite this afternoon."

"All right," said Henry.

"Wait a minute!" spoke Bill suddenly. He was scowling at the neatly written pages. "Is this"—he asked—"is this by any ridiculous chance *the* Mr. Douglas Fairbanks?"

"Yes, sir."

"You saw him and he gave you a statement—no funny business?"

"Yes, sir. He was going to the bank, I guess. He was awful nice."

Henry walked away.

Said Bill carelessly across the desk to his assistant, "The young man just turns in a statement from Douglas Fairbanks on movie censorship. Guess I won't fire him today, after all."

BUT Henry did not like to inquire reportorially. He thought it no career for a man of his prospects. So he got another job, at thirty-five dollars a week, on the Morning Star.

The Morning Star was a conservative, dignified journal with traditions. And traditions were what Henry was looking for, after four weeks of daily inquiring.

He was given a desk between the City Hall man and a dazzling, black-browed sob sister. Yet sob sister is hardly the word for Miss Carmelita Mendoza, of the Morning Star, whose Spanish ancestry had bequeathed her nothing if not a granite indifference to the softer of the human emotions. Miss Mendoza had, at thirty, been twice married and twice divorced; she had seen her brother killed in the Havana moonlight by an impetuous Cuban over some trifling affair of the heart; she had watched her mother's spirit break slowly and surely throughout the years at the capers of the handsome, faithless and completely irresistible Mr. Mendoza; and if these events had produced disillusionment in the breast of Miss Mendoza, nobody, not even herself, knew it.

She was the first female Henry had ever stood in awe of, and that was partially because her jetty brows, her jewel-green eyes, her dashing costumes and strange Oriental perfume were all the first of their kind Henry had ever encountered. But more intimidating still, Miss Mendoza was by way of being a celebrity in the office of the Morning Star. It was she who in glittering, sharp phrases reported all the important murder trials, the picturesque suicides, the last hours in the death house, the pompful funerals, that even the Star, for all its high principles, had to recognize as good, legitimate newspaper fare. Crime and death were Miss Mendoza's specialties, and she served them brilliantly.

HENRY admired her extravagantly and feared her. He feared her because he knew that, under all her jaunty, ostentatious friendliness to him, she was furtively laughing at him, at his clothes, his ignorance, his youth, his poverty.

The Morning Star had no inquiring reporter, but among all its other inherited practices was one which was calculated to no other end than to keep aspiring young men in their places. This, in short, was the convention of the cub reporter. The Star believed passionately that a cub reporter is, after all is said and done, still but a cub reporter.

Henry was the present cub. During his first three months of service on the Star he received, among other stints, the following choice bits of New York history to record:

One cat show.

One meeting of the American Association of Wholesale Flower, Feather and Fur Manufacturers.

Two fires in two lofts, which were put out before he got there.

One convention of Northern Baptists.

One convention of Presbyterians.

Three lost children, all of whom, it so turned out, were not lost at all—merely strayed.

One returned missionary, who asked him for a dollar for the heathen.

Six meetings of the school board, on alternate Mondays at four.

One interview with one middle-aged lady who was going out to Chicago to reform it.

One Tammany ball.

One luncheon in honor of a movie lady, given by the same.

One poultry show.

One Girl Scout convention.

One lecture on Albania.

One lecture on Estonia.

Three automobile accidents in which nobody was hurt.

One graduation ceremony at the school for the deaf and dumb.

One runaway wife whose name the Travelers' Aid churlishly refused to divulge.

One runaway schoolboy who came home at the end of twelve hours.

But it was not the inferior quality of these daily duties that discouraged the future owner and publisher of the New York Times. He believed in apprenticeship and was willing to serve his time at it. The thing that really discouraged Henry was that once his pieces were written, that was the end of them.

EVERY morning he would awaken—far too early for a morning newspaperman—thinking, "I wonder if it's in. I bet it is this morning." He would run to the door in his bare feet, seize his fresh new five-star edition from the sill. He would thumb through its crackling pages, breathlessly rake the columns for the tiny inch or two of type which would be his; his small, humble, but thrilling part of that imposing sheaf of pages. Sometimes there it would be, striking out at him as in letters of fire; his own facts that only he had rounded up, his own words.

(Continued on Page 223)

Send for this Sample!

Cut out the coupon now

See how this amazing home-tested marshmallow cream brings the caterer's touch of delicacy and deliciousness to everyday menus. Know what it is and what it does. A score of uses—they add thrilling charm and variety to all dessert, salad, sauce and cake making.

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ICE CREAM TOPPING
SHORTCAKES
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In Place of Whipped Cream ✓

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Marshmallow Creme

THE HIP-O-LITE COMPANY, 200 MARKET ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.
ENCLOSED, PLEASE FIND 10c TO COVER POSTAGE FOR YOUR LIBERAL SAMPLE OF HIP-O-LITE AND PETITE RECIPE BOOK.

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K stands for KANSAS

THE NATIONAL CLEANSING POWDER

Shines up the Nickeled parts of your car—QUICK!

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STEAKS

are at their best when served with Lea & Perrins' Sauce. Have a bottle on the table; everyone will want it. Serve with a dressing of 3 parts hot melted butter, and 1 part

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

Write for free recipe booklet. Lea & Perrins, 210 West St., N. Y.

Pictures Cling to Walls

Moore Push-less Hangers

THE HANGER WITH THE TWIST

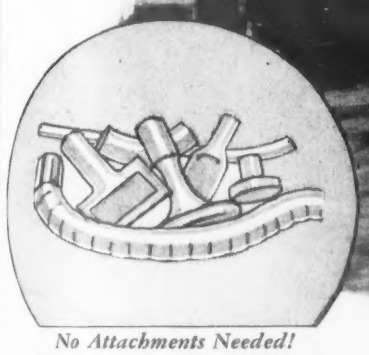
10c Pkts. *Snugly hold the wires unexposed* Everywhere

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Phila.

For Photos and light decorations, use Moore Push-Pins.

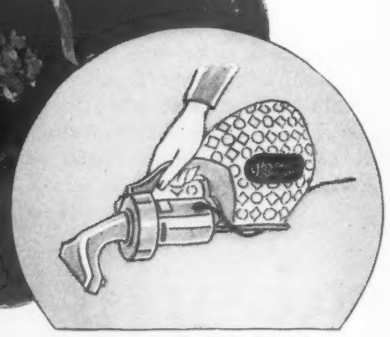
Now—Two electric cleaners for the price of one!

.... A cleaner for the rugs and carpets and a special new-type cleaner to do the work of seldom-used attachments.



No Attachments Needed!

Why take out the big electric cleaner to do the little cleaning jobs? Here's an easier, faster way, without attachments.



Now... the Spic-Span!

A handy electric cleaner that does the work of attachments . . . and does it faster and better. Works independently—with its own sturdy little motor.

Speed!... this new Premier idea saves *hours* in electric cleaning

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The Spic-Span may be purchased separately for $14.50 or in one of the combinations listed below. Phone or visit your nearest Premier dealer today and arrange for a private demonstration. No obligation.

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Shampooing

done properly . . adds loveliness to

Your Hair

Why Ordinary Washing . . fails to clean properly, thus preventing the . . . Real Beauty . . . Lustre, Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of your hair . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value . . . beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product, not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Just Notice the Difference

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will be so delightfully soft and silky.

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The next time you wash your hair, try Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo and just see how . . . really beautiful . . . your hair will look. It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, . . . anywhere in the world. A 4-oz. bottle should last for months.

For Your Protection

Ordinary Cocoanut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

(Continued from Page 220)

But more often, whatever pieces Henry wrote, those were the pieces that did not appear in the Morning Star, at least in the last edition, which was the only edition that mattered. And this was very disheartening to Henry.

He began to understand the sensations of a small, small frog in the largest puddle in the world.

But every day, after that first early-morning shock of finding himself not printed, he would again set his face forward, new hope would again fill his being. Today he would get a good assignment. Tomorrow he would make the front page. For surely something would have to happen in this town before long, something besides cat shows and Girl Scout conventions. At such times he dwelt lovingly on disaster—floods, earthquakes, strikes, wars. He pictured himself riding out to sea to record another Titanic. He saw America in revolution, and himself in the thick of it, a hero of reporters. He conjured up a raging fire that swept New York from the Battery to the Bronx, himself pounding out classic copy for all the world to read. He cherished the thought of the fire most of all. Fires started so easily. Look at what Mrs. O'Leary's cow had done. Ah, there was a cow after a newspaperman's heart! Surely another historic bovine would some day kick over another bucket.

YES, he would wait. He could afford to wait. His chance would come sometime.

And then when he got to the office he would again be exalted, as always he had been exalted, by the sheer glory of what it was to be a newspaperman.

On the third day of the cat show—it was not enough bitterness to be sent to the cat show once, but he must needs be sent to the thing every day—Henry met Francine Fisher of The Graphic News.

Miss Fisher had been employed by that estimable tabloid because of her name, and because she was the prettiest thing that had ever applied for a job in all the history of New York journalism.

She approached Henry, who was gloomily surveying a white Angora.

"Do you know anything about cats?" asked Miss Fisher.

Henry emphatically shook his head. "Nor want to."

"Have you got your stuff?"

"Yes," said Henry.

"Let's go out and have tea, then."

Henry hesitated.

"I have money," she added.

"So have I!" Henry flushed. "Plenty of it."

"All right, then, come on."

THEY had tea in a white-painted tea shop, Mr. Gribble of the Morning Star and Miss Fisher of the Graphic News. Mr. Gribble had never taken a lady to tea before and he hated tea, but he hated cats worse and Miss Fisher was so pretty.

"Do you really like newspaper work?" Miss Fisher asked as they sipped.

"Like it?" asked Henry, staring.

"Yes. Like it."

"Well—but of course!"

"I don't—much," said Miss Fisher, biting a macaroon. She crunched appreciatively, then spoke again:

"I'd rather be married."

"Good Lord!" said Henry.

"Yes," said Miss Fisher.

"But I can't imagine not liking newspaper work," Henry was saying. "I'd rather be a good reporter than—than—anything in the world."

Miss Fisher nodded.

"I know. One can see that all over you. I'll bet you are a good one too."

"I am," replied Henry. He scowled darkly. "But I get such lousy assignments."

"They'll get better," said Miss Fisher consolingly. "I've only been at it since Christmas and I get swell ones usually. Only I don't know—I think it's sort of silly, rushing around town all the time. I'd rather cook and sew—and things."

"What a crazy girl!" marveled Henry. Then as she smiled, a blue-eyed, red-lipped smile, all merry sweetness, Henry suddenly wished he could be near that smile the rest of his life. It would help him, he thought, to be a great man.

HENRY took Miss Fisher to dinner the next night, and they ate spaghetti and talked about life. They found themselves in beautiful agreement on the major aspects of life.

He told her his plans. She doubted that the New York Times was for sale, but voted his ambition a laudable one. She was glad he did not drink and he was glad, too, then. She agreed that city editors can be most unappreciative churls. He said that he would rather be a big frog in a big puddle than a big frog in a little puddle. She said she didn't blame him. He said that was the reason he had left Sagawanny. She said she was awfully glad he had left Sagawanny. He said suddenly, "Gosh." She thought a woman first ought to be a good wife. He concurred. She wanted four children, two of each sex. He considered that a happy combination. He pointed out that a man, much as he would like to, cannot marry a woman on thirty-five dollars a week. She was afraid thirty-five dollars a week was a little skimpy. He said love was a spur, though. She thought love a spur too.

Then they went home, Henry now spurred as even he had never been before. He was so spurred he could hardly go to sleep. But he did finally, and as he drifted off he clenched his fists. If some cow didn't kick over some bucket or other tomorrow he'd set fire to the town himself.

THE morrow brought no such bovine and no such conflagration, however. Instead Henry was sent to a toothbrush drill in Public School Number 89.

He was sitting at his typewriter when Carmelita stopped by his desk.

"Hello," she said. "Getting along all right?" Her jeweled eyes glinted mischievously.

"Yes," he said, "I'm all right."

"You're not in love with that little Fisher thing by any chance, are you? She's an awful sap, you know."

His eyes flared angrily and Carmelita laughed.

"Oh, all right. Only you've got a long row to hoe, you know. You'd better keep clear of entangling —— Oh, I should worry."

She moved off. Henry thumped his typewriter savagely. "I'll show her," he kept saying. "I'll show her. I'll show everybody."

But not tonight could he show anybody. No man can make himself famous over a toothbrush drill.

He did not quite understand Carmelita either. She laughed at him, yet one night she packed him off to dinner to her own corner in her own favorite French restaurant; and although he was wretched under her glittering, mocking eyes, yet she fed him royally and somehow, for all her amusement at him, made him feel she liked him a little after all.

"You're so darn solemn," she said once, her glance quizzical through her cigarette smoke. "Do you have to be?"

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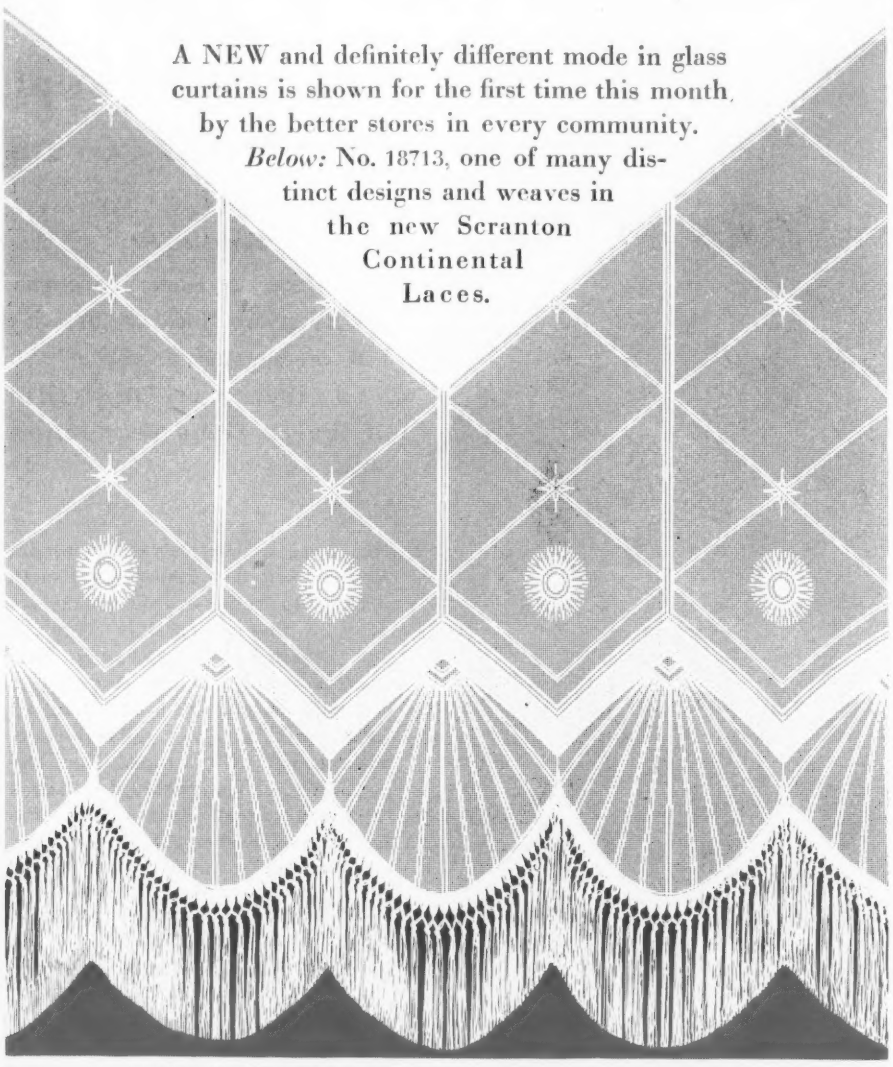

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"Yes, I do," he said stubbornly.

"M-m-m. Why?"

"I've got to get ahead."

She blew a neat ring, watching him.

"Just hell-bent to be a great man, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well!" She shrugged. "I hope you make the grade."

"I will," he said grimly.

"You may, at that," said Carmelita. "I wouldn't put it past you at all. But don't get married and all cluttered up with a lot of kids. It would cramp your style like the devil."

Henry reddened, then spoke: "I'm going to marry Francine some day."

She raised her jetty brows and smiled. "I see. All right, young one. It's your funeral."

After that she let him alone. Henry was not sorry. He was lonely in the office—nobody bothered much about him there—but it was not Carmelita and her derisive chaff that he craved. Besides, he had Francine.

OR, AT least, he hoped he had her. But even of that he could not be sure. For Francine, blue-eyed incompetent that she was, was moving steadily along up the ladder of The Graphic News. Henry never met her on assignments any more; she had gone far and away beyond cat shows and toothbrush drills. Just how this was Henry could not fathom. The woman neither liked newspaper work nor, he knew now, was she especially apt at it, and she couldn't write for sour apples. But she smiled her blue-eyed way into and out of the hardest places; she could get interviews that seasoned men reporters might beat their brains out trying to get; she could make anybody say anything; she walked serenely through doors hitherto bolted and barred impregnably against the Fourth Estate. And all because of nothing more than a soft, red-lipped, blue-eyed helplessness that apparently was irresistible.

It puzzled Henry and enraged him too. He loved the girl, but he knew she was a rotten reporter, and rotten reporters, he held out, have no business to be on newspapers. Yet Francine was having her name signed these days. She was getting sixty dollars a week. All this was incredible, fantastic, but it was true.

Then Francine was sent to Montreal to cover the Prince of Wales.

She told Henry about it gloomily. The prospect did not cheer her because, she said, she hated to ride on sleepers. She was also extremely apologetic, for she knew how stung Henry would be.

"Henry, I do wish it were you." She looked at him sweetly. "You'd be thrilled, wouldn't you?"

"I'd die," he said simply.

THE next night there were goings-on in the office of the Graphic News.

Two full columns had been saved for the Fisher Prince-of-Wales story, yet on the dummy of the next day's Graphic-News those columns gaped empty and blank.

Where was the Fisher opus?

The make-up man asked this question of the city editor, the city editor put the question to the telegraph desk, the telegraph desk queried Montreal, Montreal replied that no such opus had been filed.

Where was the opus? And where was Miss Fisher?

The make-up man tore his scanty hair. The city editor swore. The telegraph desk queried Montreal again. No opus.

"Did she," asked the assistant city editor acidly, "know she was supposed to send a piece?"

The city editor swore again.

"Or did she," pursued the assistant, "think that this was a pleasure junket?"

They telegraphed to Miss Fisher at the hotel. No reply.

They telephoned Miss Fisher at the ball. She could not be found.

They telegraphed their Montreal correspondent to send the story quick. The Montreal correspondent replied coldly

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that since the Graphic News had seen fit to supersede him with a member of the New York staff, he must regretfully decline to supersede in turn said staff member. He would teach 'em, the Montreal correspondent, to send female whippersnappers into his territory.

Where was Miss Fisher?

At twelve o'clock the first edition of the Graphic News appeared on the streets *sans* a Prince-of-Wales story. True, there was a full-page likeness of the Prince on the first sheet and voluminous information about the Prince's activities all day, but of the ball there was no mention, for the reason that nobody in the entire office of the Graphic News knew anything about the ball, and that Miss Fisher, who knew all about it, presumably had vanished from the face of the earth.

At a quarter past one the city editor was drinking mugs of black coffee and about to go into apoplexy.

At a quarter of two he fired the assistant.

At two o'clock he hired him again.

And at a quarter past two the night desk got a telegram.

SORRY HAVE NOT HAD TIME TO SEND STORY STOP HAVE BEEN SO BUSY DANCING WITH PRINCE FISHER

WHEREUPON, after various fainting fits and apoplectic strokes and epileptic seizures on the part of some ten good newspapermen and true, the most talented fiction writer in the shop was given sharp orders, and in the next edition of the Graphic News appeared the two-column spread:

How it Feels to Dance with the Prince of Wales. By Francine Fisher.

Thus it was that Francine, who had been too busy dancing with the Prince to send her story, lost her job. She did not seem to mind. She had had a lovely time dancing with His Highness, she told Henry. It had flattered even her almost nonexistent vanity to be preferred by a Prince to all other women in Montreal. She said to Henry that she wanted to make some summer dresses so she guessed she wouldn't look for another job yet, but rent a little sewing machine and have herself a lot of fun sewing.

Again Henry marveled at her. If anybody ever took the cake, that crazy girl did. She had been sent to Montreal to cover the Prince of Wales, she had danced in the very arms of the Prince and she didn't know her luck even then. She had failed in her job. She had been fired. And she didn't care a bit. How perfectly crazy she was. But as he watched her sewing in her little apartment, her lovely face flushed and happy over creamy lace and rosy ribbons, he knew more than ever that what he wanted for a wife was not a crack newspaperwoman but simply this eternal female.

HIS pride was a bit lifted again too. After all, he had not been fired. He had hung on to his job, such as it was. Francine could look to him now as the worker, the wage earner, the protector. A sudden wild thought flashed at him. Could they, after all, live on thirty-five dollars a week?

"Could we, possibly, Francine? You know about food and things."

She put down her sewing at his sudden, kindling excitement.

"We could!" she cried. "Oh, I know we could. I could cook and sew. I could even wash." Her blazing face grew shy. "I'd love—to take care of you, Henry."

In that moment Henry understood her. This, not that other, was Francine's great chance. This, not reporting for a tabloid, was Francine's job, to cook and sew and to take care of him. Gosh, to think that anybody wanted nothing but to take care of him. And especially Francine.

"When," he said almost gruffly, "do you think we—could do it?"

"Are you off next Monday?"

"Yes."

"Then Monday."

"All right," said Henry.

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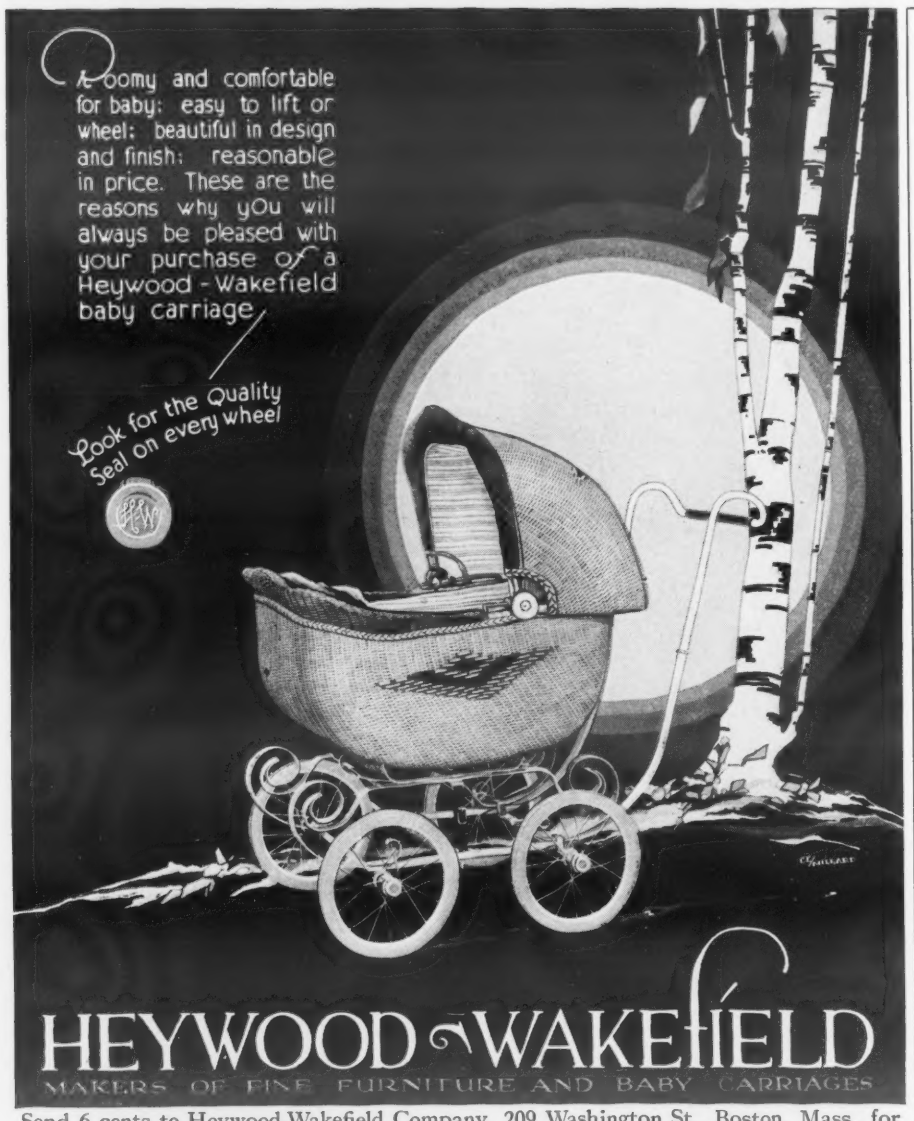
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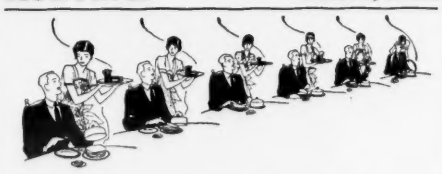

...and it certainly makes good syrup

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You'll find it so easy to make this rich golden syrup at home and so convenient. Economical, too!—Mapleine cuts your syrup bills in half.

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CRESCENT MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 3 Seattle, Washington

MAPLEINE
For syrup...for flavoring

Then the next night Henry had his great chance—and he didn't take it, did not even know it for the opportunity of his life.

"Look here," said the night city editor, "go up to this Broadway shindig. I don't know what it is, but get a list of names."

Henry went. The shindig turned out to be somebody's birthday party and was very gay. But it was also a vulgar party, Henry thought. Indeed, he was so offended at one juncture that he left abruptly and went back to the office.

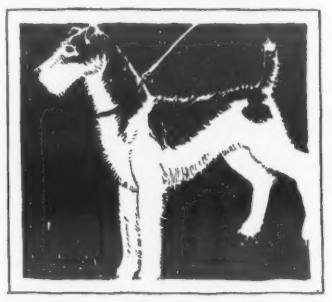
"What about it?" said the city editor. Then, "What's the matter?" For Henry's nose had mounted to heights unprecedented even for that feature.

"It was just a low party," said Henry contemptuously. "There's no story, Mr. Johnson."

"All right," said Mr. Johnson. "Just write a stick." And to himself he thought amusedly, "He must have seen some bare legs, this nice boy from Sagawanny."

If Mr. Johnson had but known ——

Henry had gotten his good night and had gone when the second edition of the yellowest sheet in town was laid on Mr. Johnson's desk.



HE PICKED it up complacently. This rag had nothing on him tonight.

Then, at a headline, he clutched his desk.

"What is it?" asked the assistant.

Mr. Johnson did not answer. He was moaning gently and clutching still.

For what he saw in screaming print was a story about one of the raciest events ever vouchsafed to New York journalism, an event that has gone down in history and is known to all peoples, one that shook the town to its very foundations and that made echoes ring around the world—the now-famous, always-to-be-remembered "bath-tub party."

That was the party Henry had walked out on—because it was too rough.

Mr. Johnson was still clutching his desk with glazed eyes when Carmelita came in, trailing a velvet evening wrap and a scent of Oriental perfume. She made straight for Mr. Johnson.

"Look," she said. "That boy with the nose left the party because it got too naughty. I'd better write it, hadn't I?"

Mr. Johnson's glazed eyes took on a look of wondering reverence. His jaws began to work.

"Now don't cry," said Carmelita. "I'm no girl wonder or anything. I just happened to be there because my first husband was scheduled to be present with his third little bride and I wanted to see what the hag looked like ——"

"Shut up," said Mr. Johnson, "and go and write that story."

"All right. Only you won't fire the kid, will you? If you could have seen his outraged morals ——"

"*Write that story*, I tell you!"

She moved off precipitately. For Mr. Johnson had picked up an inkstand and his look was that of a man who was certainly about to hurl.

ON THE way home Henry thought it would be agreeable to have a cup of coffee. There was an all-night coffee stand near Brooklyn Bridge, a mean little caravan whose kerosene lights and steaming coffee mugs heartened many a taxi driver, many a Subway digger, many a bum, many a prowler, on his nightly way. Thither Henry repaired, his dolor somewhat lightened by the pleasing prospect of coffee and crullers and following after that a good night's sleep.

A well-dressed, ruggedly made man was the only other customer. Henry nodded to him. It was the custom of the coffee stall to nod. The man started slightly at Henry's brief salutation, then nodded too.

Henry took his thick, steamy cup, helped himself to two leaden crullers. He drank greedily, felt better, mentioned to the stranger that this certainly was darn good coffee and the stranger agreed, almost curtly.

Henry grew more conversational. It had been a hideous day, he was leading a hideous life—except for Francine—yet something about this hour, and this place, still, deserted, asleep, New York all about them, still, deserted, asleep, made him feel expansive. So he talked, and at first he talked to an extremely unwilling listener. But Henry, never easily abashed, talked on. Between hearty mouthfuls of doughy crullers, between large, strong gulps of coffee, he discoursed to the stranger. And the stranger finally unbent, listened attentively, answered with a word or two.

THEY talked of New York, of Wall Street, of young men who come to New York. The man was reserved to a degree; Henry himself, for all his loquaciousness, was no brilliant maker of talk, but somehow in the smoky, yellow light of that little coffee stall with New York lying so preternaturally still all about them, the man and the boy seemed to find each other for that moment.

A liveried chauffeur appeared from the shadows, touched his cap.

"All ready, sir," he said. He had been repairing a tire. Henry had noted him idly before.

The stranger said good-by, moved off.

"Say, who is that?" Henry asked Tony, the coffee stall's proprietor.

At Tony's reply Henry's eyes leaped from their sockets. He charged down Park Place, springing with legs that seemed electrified.

When the assistant night city editor saw Henry reappear in the office he left his desk precipitately. His intention was laudable. He wished to save Henry from sudden and violent death at the hands of Mr. Johnson.

But Henry waved him off.

"I got a story!" he gasped. He had run three blocks and up seven flights of stairs. "Listen ——"

"I won't listen. You get out of here. Johnson'll kill you ——"

"But listen, Mr. McKenna ——"

"Oh, for the love of Mike," snorted the assistant and strode off. If Johnson murdered Gribble, the newspaper world would be better off, anyway.

HENRY hurried to his desk. For twenty minutes he pounded a clamorous typewriter. Then he legged it across to the city desk. He thrust a sheaf of papers under the assistant's nose. Johnson was running in neat circles around the city room and did not see him.

"Listen," said the assistant, ignoring the pages. "If anybody was in Dutch you're that guy. You go home. And I'd advise the back door."

"Read that," commanded Henry, pointing to his story.

"I don't want to read anything of which you are the author. I've got other authors I like better ——"

"Read it!" shouted Henry loudly.

The assistant let a weary eye droop down over the sheets. He straightened up. His face was suddenly suffused with red.

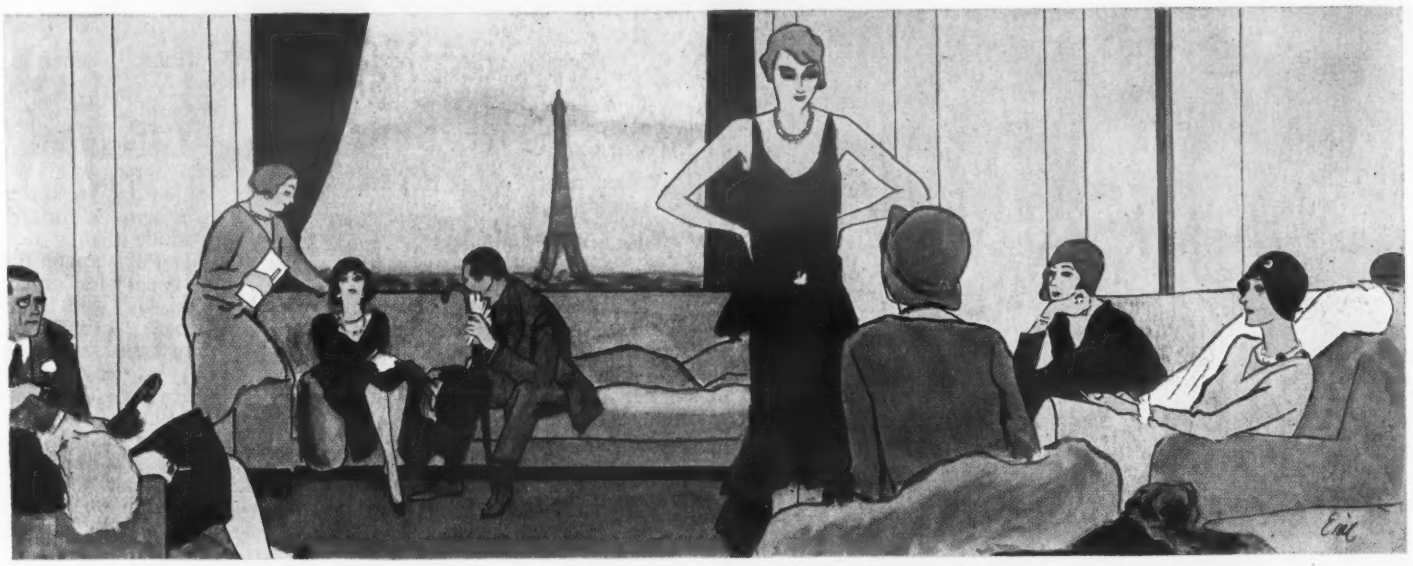
"Is this true?" he demanded.

"Sure, it's true. I met him ——"

The assistant hurtled from his desk, dashed over to Mr. Johnson.

What Henry had turned in was the first and only homely, intimate interview any newspaperman ever got with the most inscrutable financier in Wall Street.

(Continued on Page 228)



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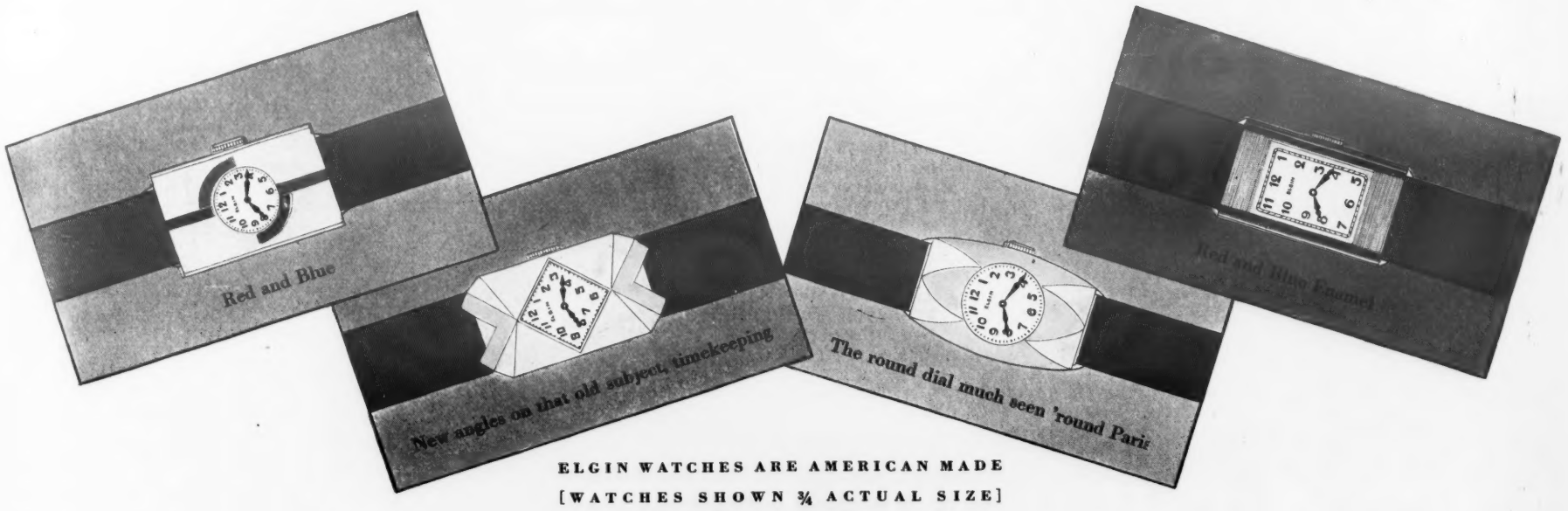

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Now Lelong puts into watches that same chic you find in a frock that bears his noted label. The same flair for style, the same air of worldly charm. And the vast efficient ELGIN factory makes a stylist's dream a reality to gleam upon your wrist.

And such versatile watches, these Lelong models. Harmoniously in the picture whether the golf course or the tea table is your background. Then, too . . . it's so simple to have extra ribbons to match the colors of your evening gowns and your Parisienne watch will give a true Parisian flair to your formal hours.

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THE PERFECT DRY CLEANER
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***Energine* removes spots—quickly, easily, completely. Leaves no ring, no clinging odor. *Energine* is pure—contains no acid, alkali or caustic to injure the most delicate skin or daintiest fabric. Constant use maintains the original appearance and prolongs the wear of garments.**

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WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE

KEN-L-RATION
THE DOG FOOD SUPREME

(Continued from Page 226)

The next morning Henry saw a double-column spread in the exact center of the front page of the Morning Star.

WALL STREET SPHINX HAS MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE AT BROOKLYN BRIDGE

TIRE BLOWS, HE DRINKS COFFEE WITH STAR REPORTER AT TONY'S COFFEE STALL

Henry read the story carefully, then tossed the paper aside. He wore a superior smile. He had also noted, in passing, that the bathtub party had been a better story than he had thought. Indeed, the bathtub story, as the morning went on, grew and flourished. In every edition it waxed and grew fat. By noon its reverberations were shaking the whole city. Headlines bawled. Citizens of the republic shouted in print. Preachers denounced. Ladies convened.

But Henry and Francine agreed that he had done the eminently proper thing.

"And then this woman got in the tub perfectly—well, without anything on——"

"But Henry! Of course, you left! You shouldn't have stayed at such a party!"

"It was awful," he said. "Imagine a woman all undressed taking a bath before all those people. Honestly, Francine, she didn't have on a thing, not a thing."

"Oh, Henry!" murmured Francine.

"Gee whiz," he went on as if to himself. "I didn't know women ever——"

HE SWAGGERED into the office that afternoon. He did not notice that some of the men snickered, he did not hear the dialogue that went on in sundry groups around the room."

"First he walks out on the biggest story of the year because it isn't nice——"

"Then he interviews J. P. at a coffee stall. At a coffee stall! Get that."

"They say Johnson was delirious when he left this morning. Gibbering."

Henry did not hear these remarks. He did not hear Carmelita defending him against five jeering, puzzled and highly amused veterans. He did not even catch the star reporter's admiring, quizzical, all but tender glance resting on him from the other side of the room.

He swaggered to his desk, sat down coolly.

"Gribble!" came the city desk's command.

"Yes, sir!" He bounded over.

"Thought you might like to see this." The assistant handed him a memorandum with a clipping of his story attached.

"This story," read the memorandum in the managing editor's chirography, "has more value than a dozen bathtub outbursts. Put through a raise for Gribble. And a twenty-five dollar bonus."

"Yes, sir," said Henry, handing back the paper. "I think he's right too."

"You would," said the assistant.

Henry shrugged. What a to-do they were making. Of course it was a good story. But they acted as if a good story were a miracle. Childish, that's what they were. He had known he was a good reporter all along, but these babes in the woods, they were just finding it out. Still wearing his lofty smile, Henry went out into the street.

ON THE strength of the bonus and the raise, Francine and Henry got married the following Monday at the Little Church Around the Corner. They had their wedding supper at their old spaghetti place, after which they were to go back to Francine's apartment to set up the house of Gribble.

Over the spaghetti Henry told Francine for the first time, strangely enough, that he loved her. He had never been able to say it before in just so many direct words. Even then he had difficulty.

"Gosh, I wish I could tell you how much, Francine. There aren't enough words."

"We'll look it up in Roget," said Francine helpfully. Then, "Darling, have you decided not to buy the Times? You haven't mentioned it lately."

Henry looked up, grinned. Then his brow darkened, his incredible nose took flight. "No!" he said fiercely, "I haven't!"

Suddenly they both laughed, for Francine was teaching Henry how to laugh just as Carmelita would have wished. They laughed long and helplessly, at each other, at themselves, at their own wishes and hopes and fears. Their laughter shook the walls of the little Italian restaurant; they laughed on and could not stop—two little frogs croaking merrily in the biggest puddle in the world.

The Lady-Killer

(Continued from Page 9)

I couldn't do it. Neither could she. That's how it is, Ken. I'm sorry you had to be the one on the short end."

For some moments neither of them said anything.

"Don't forget, boy," Eddie observed finally, "that you've got an out."

"An out?"

"In this business that I'm in," Eddie explained after an instant, "a guy has to be as well pleased at the idea of being dead as with the idea of going on living. Maybe, if I make a start here, I won't get there. Maybe I'll kick off. Then you'll be right here, won't you? Johnny-on-the-spot to be the comforter."

"Shut up!" said Ken angrily. "Don't talk like that." He scowled into the distance. "And you don't believe that's going to happen anyway."

Of course Eddie did not actually believe it. It was impossible for him to think of himself as being dead, not going on. He knew that he was going to make it, triumphantly—he could not picture any other ending.

"That might be an out for me all right," Ken said dryly. "What I'm wondering—would it be an out now for Anne?"

"You going to tell me something about women?" Eddie inquired.

"No; only about Anne. I've known her a long while. She's a dramatist. There's an Anne inside her who dramatizes the Anne that walks about and talks and does things and gives her loud applause or maybe merciless condemnation. Right now she isn't dramatizing anything. She's too busy feeling. Crazy with feeling. But when anything happens between you and her she'll dramatize it."

"I don't know what you mean."

"She might do it, if you start off tomorrow and never get heard of, or something else happens. It would be likely. Maybe you'd want her to dramatize her love for her dead hero. 'My heart's forever in the sea'—that sort of thing! Maybe you'd want her, because she's been in love with you for two weeks, to think she ought to keep on being true to you after you're gone and smash her life because of it."

"Would she do that?" Eddie inquired.

"It'd be like her."

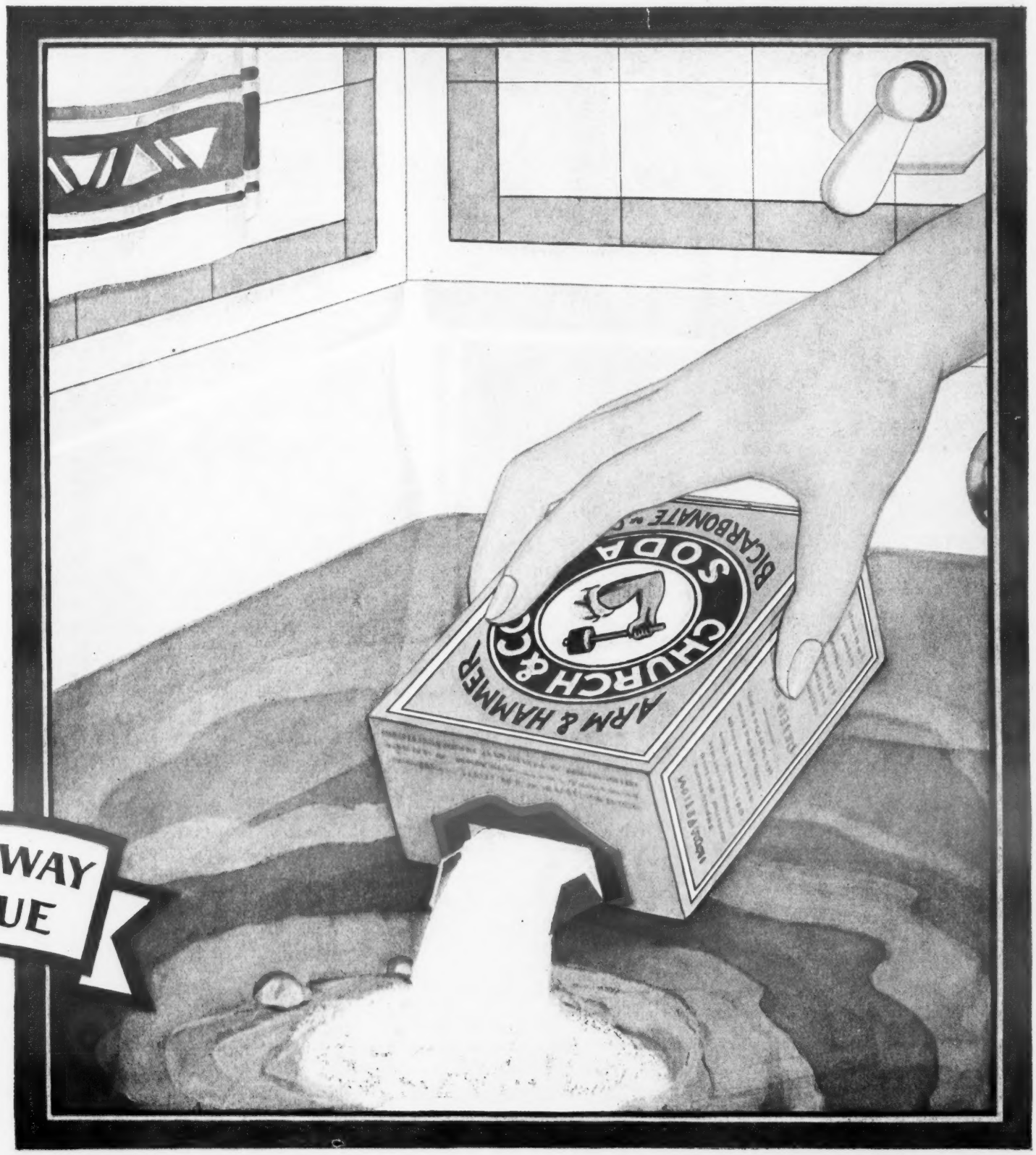
Then they saw Kelly coming.

"Fog's lifting," Kelly shouted.

They looked around and then got up and walked toward the shack, watching the fog which was rolling its hazy curtain up from ocean and sandy shore. It showed, across water swiftly changing now from gray to blue, the little town which Kelly tried to convince them was thronged with reporters—though not so many, he sadly admitted, as he wished.

It was, this affair among the three of them, Ken was reflecting, all a mess. He

(Continued on Page 230)



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No need to rub and scrub. The Baking Soda is cleansing. Just relax. Lie back and let it work. It soothes tired nerves and muscles. Washes away the oils that clog your pores. And gives your skin a chance to *breathe!*

Stay in the tub for a few minutes. Then jump out and rub dry vigorously with a rough towel. You'll feel as fresh as ever you did after a three hour nap.

Have the ingredients for this rest-bringing bath always at hand. Keep a package of Baking Soda in the bathroom. Buy it from your grocer. To be sure of the highest quality always insist on either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. Both are the same and have been made by the same company for over 80 years. Both are Bicarbonate of Soda in its purest form.

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The "Left-behinds"

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A SHORT time ago a promising young business man, happily married and the father of two children, one seven and one nine, showed unmistakable signs of failing health. His doctor suspected the cause at once. A searching examination confirmed the doctor's suspicions. Tuberculosis. He was ordered to give up his business immediately and go to a sanatorium for proper treatment and care.

An uncle of the young man was greatly shocked when he heard the report. It didn't seem possible that it could be true. He asked for the evidence. They handed him x-ray photographs which showed that his nephew's lungs were seriously affected. The uncle asked permission to show the photographs to his own doctor.

When that doctor saw the photographs he said, "The right thing was done. Your nephew will probably get well. Now, what have you done for the man's family, especially the children? Have they been examined? You have no time to lose. While tuberculosis may not have made any serious inroads on their health as yet, it is hardly conceivable that his wife and children are entirely free from infection. An appearance of ruddy health does not exclude the possibility of tuberculosis."

Every child who at any age has had prolonged exposure to tuberculosis should have an immediate, thorough physical examination, especially including the tuberculin tests and x-ray photographs, to determine whether or not active or latent disease is present. While tuberculosis usually attacks the lungs, it may attack any part of the body—eyes, ears, nose, throat, glands, joints, bones or vital organs.

It is now believed that many cases of tuberculosis in adults are the direct result of infection in childhood. The germs may have been taken into the body when the person was very young and have remained dormant for many years.

Boys and girls who are apparently healthy may have latent tuberculosis; without a sign of infection—no cough, no loss of weight, good color. But years later, when some extra strain is put upon the body, the symptoms appear — loss of weight, persistent cough, "indigestion" and fatigue.

When every child is properly fortified against the ravages of tuberculosis, the final victory over this deadly enemy will be in sight.

This year there will be a great forward step in the battle against tuberculosis. Efforts will be made to protect "the others"—the family and friends of the stricken person—even *before* the signs of tuberculosis show themselves, but while the disease may be latent.

Organizations for the prevention of tuberculosis—national, state and local—will warn people of the infection which may follow living in the same household or associating with one who has tuberculosis. Their action-inspiring slogan, "Early discovery—Early recovery," will be displayed on billboards, car cards and banners all over the country.

By checking tuberculosis in its earliest stages, before the germs have had time to destroy bone or tissue, tens of thousands of lives can be saved. Send for the Metropolitan's booklet, 49-J—"Tuberculosis". It will be mailed free on request.

HALEY FISKE, *President*.

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NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

(Continued from Page 228)

could have stood the hurt of losing Anne, he thought, if there had been assurance in it of Anne's happiness; but this could not work out to that.

Ken had never been able to understand the effect that Eddie had on women. He had never dreamed that anything could change Anne as she had changed in the two weeks since she had met Eddie. She gave him, when he was with her, the sense of being with a sleepwalker. She lived, he comprehended, only when she was with Eddie; between times she was merely waiting. There was a good deal of sanity in Ken's love for Anne, and he felt that there was not much of that in what Anne was feeling.

Anne arrived that evening. They saw her first on the seat beside the driver of the tubercular flivver, approaching out of the setting sun whose redness gave promise of good weather.

SHE was a small person, with a shock of curly red-brown hair and gray eyes that snapped with eagerness. She jumped out of the car and came quickly toward them, like someone breathlessly approaching a goal. She put out her hands to Eddie, flushed, her gaze eager and bright; and Eddie took them. They stood talking for several moments, as though Ken had not been present, and then she recollected.

"Hello, Ken," she said, without surprise at seeing him. "Didn't know you were here."

"Couldn't stay away," Ken told her.

It hurt considerably, being in love with her, to have her ignore him for someone else like that. They turned away from him, walked a little distance and sat down on the sand, and Ken went back to the shack and sat down in the doorway.

It was all true, or Eddie believed it to be true, what he had said to Ken. He had never felt like this toward any of them except Anne. He wouldn't hurt Anne—Ken was crazy, talking as he did about it! But what Ken had said quite definitely bothered Eddie.

"Look here, honey," Eddie said. "If I start off tomorrow, I'll be gone some time—a month anyway."

"I know."

"What if something made me stay away longer? If I stayed away a year?"

"I'd be waiting for you."

"More than a year?"

"I'd be waiting a hundred years."

"We'd be dead by then."

"But I'd be waiting—somewhere."

He kissed her.

From his seat in the doorway of the shack, Ken could see dimly the two figures, Anne looking smaller than she was in the dark dress she had on. They grew dimmer as the dusk deepened, then became plain again as the full moon rolled up the sky, and hills and ocean whitened. Behind him in the shack, Kelly sat playing solitaire under an unshaded electric light.

"HERE'S a swell business!" Kelly vociferated finally. "All reports show we might make a start tomorrow and instead of getting sleep the boy is sitting on a sand pile with his newest baby doll! He was over town meeting another of 'em this morning."

"Was he?" said Ken.

"Yeah. Some blonde."

That was what Ken had thought about it all along; Anne was just another one to Eddie.

Kelly got up and started to pass him.

"Let 'em alone," Ken said harshly. "She's thinking as much about what's good for him as you are."

Presently the two came in, Anne bright-eyed, silent, absorbed, unheeding anyone but Eddie. She was to spend the night at the hotel in the small town and Ken would take her there.

"You'll phone," she said to Eddie, "if you find that you're going to make a start."

"We sure will," he assured her.

Eddie walked with them to the car and Ken waited while they parted. After they

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Will send spoon FREE, to induce you to try Kitchen Bouquet -"The Chef's flavoring for home cooking." Send 10c for trial-size bottle; spoon costs nothing.

Kitchen Bouquet—famous for 50 years—adds color and savor to soups, stews, gravies. Makes an ordinary dish taste like a chef's creation! Wholesome, economical—a concentrated extract of choice vegetables.

Don't delay—we have only a limited number of spoons! Send 10c today.

KITCHEN BOUQUET, INC.
West Hoboken, New Jersey

ACT AT ONCE!

WEDDINGS

100 Engraved Wedding Announcements $10.50. 100 Imitation Engraved $5.00. Correct styles. Engraved Calling Cards. Write for samples.
Adelphia Eng. Co., 826 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

had driven a little way he started to talk to her, casually, as if there were no strain between them; but he got no answer from her. Anne had sunk back against the seat, dreamily smiling—not at him. Her eyes under the moon seemed covered with a film. The life appeared to have run out of her as soon as she parted from Eddie, and she resisted response to him as one resists an interruption to a dream.

Ken got a room at the hotel for her and another for himself. Finding that she had had no supper he sent some food up to her. Then he sat around a while, finally went to his room, undressed and got into bed. It was all a mess, he told himself again—Eddie meeting some girl that morning, in the evening meeting Anne!

In the pitch black of night the phone in Ken's room aroused him clamorously. He reached for it from the bed and found that it was Kelly's voice.

"Eddie says to tell you that we're getting ready. Everything looks jake for about five A.M."

Ken got dressed and knocked on Anne's door and her prompt answer showed him that she had not been sleeping. He went downstairs and waited and in a few moments she joined him and they went out to the car that he had sent for. Anne was absorbed, silent. They drove in the chill night along the sandy shore. They were not the only ones moving about. There were parked cars among the sand dunes, lights, small scattered groups of spectators unrecognizable in the darkness. Now and then the motor of the plane roared briefly where the mechanics were making final test of it under shifting lights. Eddie met them, eager, alert, and kissed Anne in the protection of the dark.

"Everything's grand!" he told them triumphantly. "The keenest-scented weather hounds can't find a low that's likely to cut the course. The only storm there is, is moving southward. Going to have a wonderful little trip."

HE LEFT them and went to where the mechanics moved about the plane, and Ken and Anne stood silent. Ken found himself unaccountably depressed, waiting, but Anne did not appear so. As it grew slowly light—not wholly light yet but gray, with streamers of brilliant glory in the east—Anne's small face came out beside him in a pale oval, tense but cheerful. The sea emerged from shadows in the distance, somber and gray, the sand dunes, white; the dim groups standing or sitting on the sand changed to recognizable figures.

Lights were extinguished and the plane was wheeled forward to the runway. Eddie came back to them, drew Anne into the shelter and again kissed her.

"Couldn't be better—everything," he declared exultingly. "Good-by, sweetheart."

"Good-by ——" She seemed to seek for some term of endearment and then discarded them all. "Good-by, Eddie."

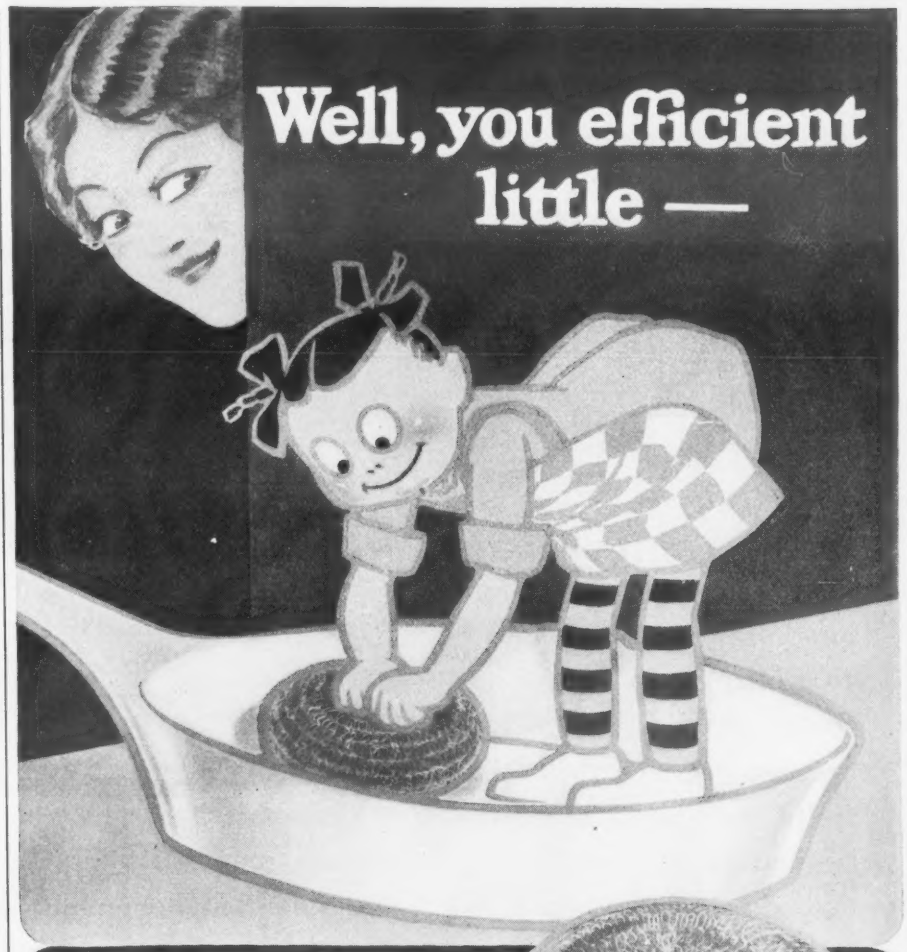
"Good-by, Ken."

Ken nodded. "Good-by, boy." His throat was dry but not, he knew, so dry as Anne's. Eddie went from them to the plane and climbed in. Anne had let him go, had not clung to him, had smiled cheerfully; but now she stood with arms raised as if she held him in them.

Now finally the motor roared continuously, throwing back clouds of sand, while Anne waved to him. It started—the question whether it could rise with its full load swallowing all other considerations, stopping Ken's breath. Like some ungainly bird it teetered along the runway, then at the end was in the air, though low and tipping perilously; circled back over them barely clearing the sand dunes but slowly rising, while they stood staring up at it, circled a second time over them, now much higher; then, while they cheered and waved handkerchiefs and hats, it straightened, flattened, headed out to sea.

They stood staring after it as from a discernible ship it became a barely distinguishable birdlike shape, then only an

(Continued on Page 233)



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THE HELPFUL CHORE GIRL
INSTANTLY CLEANS
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Strips cleaners

Because of its special construction, The Chore Girl cleans even the most difficult dishes and pots and pans quickly and easily. Knitted of soft copper, The Chore Girl cannot rust, mar aluminum or splinter. The Chore Girl is sold at Woolworth's, Kress', Kresge's, McCrory's, and all other 5 and 10's, at department and hardware stores. If you can't find it send 10c to the Metal Textile Corp., Orange, N. J., for a sample.

NURSERYLAND Free Book

It's crammed full of helpful hints on how to arrange the nursery for baby's comfort and mother's convenience. Tells all about the Kiddie-Koop, Bathinette and other Trimble furniture. Be sure to write for your copy.
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375 Jay Street, Rochester, N. Y.

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BEWARE!
Benzine, Naphtha or Gasoline may disfigure you for life or kill you outright—*then it's too late for advice.*

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UNBURNABLE & NON-EXPLOSIVE
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Without Injury to Fabric or Color
Does it Quickly and Easily

Send for free booklet "All About 'Rings' and How to Avoid Them in Removing Grease Spots."
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RUGS

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These rugs have created a sensation. Nothing like them before. Look and feel like expensive rugs. Exquisite Oriental, Modernistic, Two-tone, Hooked or Oval designs.

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Branches: New York, 'Frisco and other cities.

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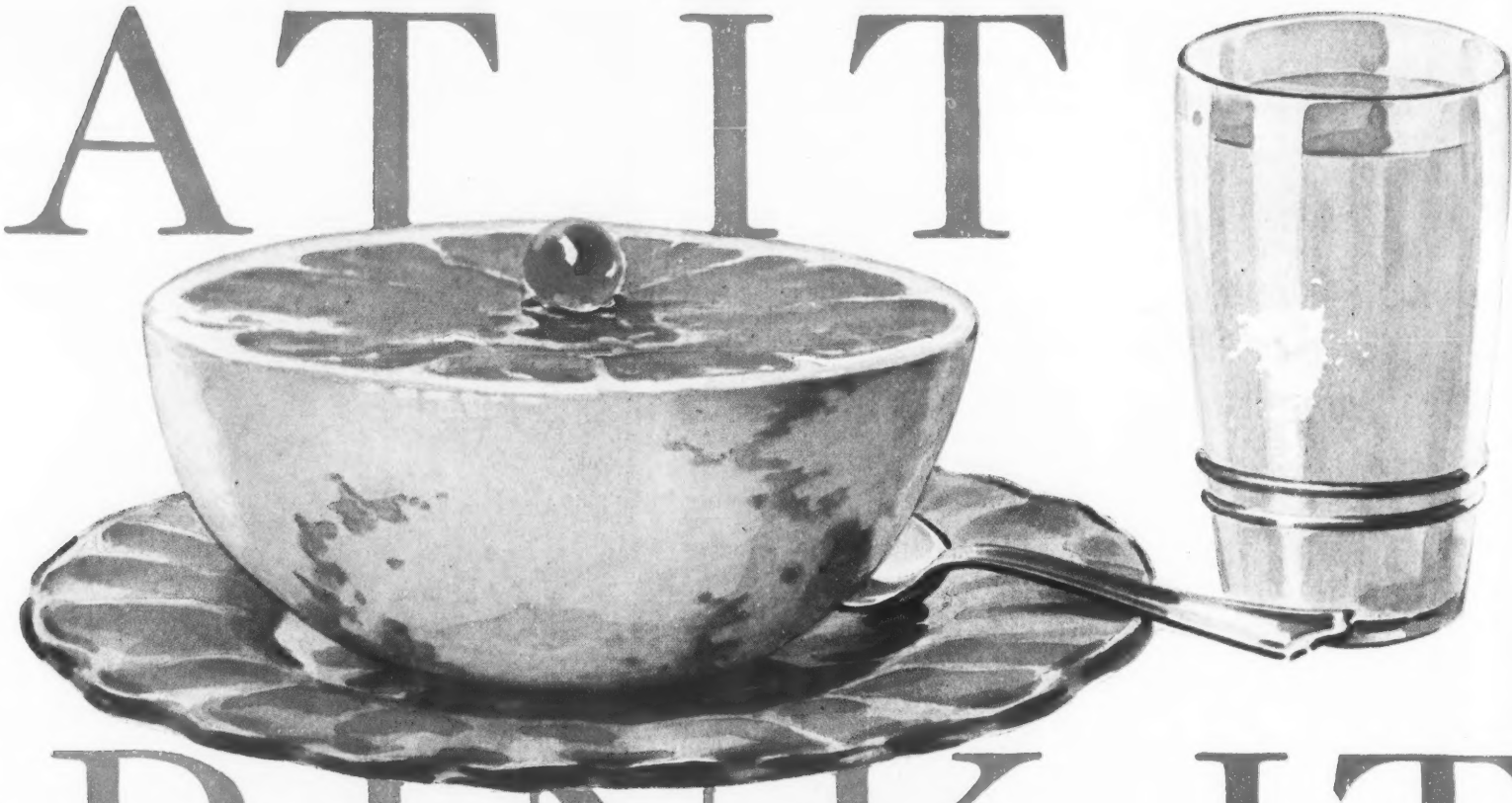
EAT IT



DRINK IT

in early Spring!

JAN	FEB	MAR	APR
MAY	JUN	JUL	AUG
	X	X	X
SEP	OCT	NOV	DEC
X	X		

[X—These are the months of vitamin-abundance—vitamins are easy now.
O—These are the months of vitamin-famine—eat and drink Florida Grapefruit daily to protect health.]

Colds, "flu", sure to increase in raw days ahead—doctors urge prevention through grapefruit—combats acidity—builds up alkaline reserve which wards off sickness—provides vitamins the body must have during low-vitamin months.

NASTY rawness in the weather in the weeks to come is inevitable—spring colds are easy to get, hard to cure. Fight them off—and the grippe and "flu" which so often follow them—by eating and drinking grapefruit liberally.

For modern medicine now has established the fact that acid-condition in the body means greater receptivity to these illnesses—and grapefruit is one of the best known ways to combat acidity by building up the alkaline reserve.

Grapefruit juice turns alkaline in the system—it counterbalances the acid-forming foods. It helps maintain the alkalinity of the body, without which true health is impossible.

And grapefruit is one of the richest known sources of essential vitamins and mineral salts. In summer it's easy to get enough of these vital food factors, for fresh vegetables are cheap, abundant. But in early Spring when they are scarce and costly, doctors warn that vitamin-famine may damage health seriously. That is why vitamin-rich grapefruit is a "health essential" for everybody!

Florida Grapefruit—richest in vitamins

The best grapefruit in the world come from Florida! Florida Grapefruit are ripened right on the tree under Florida sun until they are sparkling full of sweet, rich juice.

There are large and smaller Florida Grapefruit—with "bright", "golden", or "russet" skin. But size or skin makes absolutely no difference in the juiciness or sweetness inside!

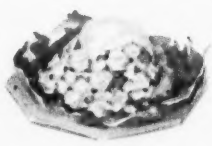
Serve Florida Grapefruit more often—

A half grapefruit for breakfast is not enough. You and your children should have Florida Grapefruit, in some form, twice or three times a day from November through May.

The newest way is Florida Grapefruit Juice! A gently tart, coolly refreshing drink—a welcome change, a delightful idea. Serve it at breakfast and lunch and between meals. There's health in every glassful . . . for the vital health properties of all citrus fruits are in the juice.

And serve Florida Grapefruit in cool-colored salads, in fruit cups for dessert, in fruit cocktails for appetizers.

But whether they eat it or drink it—every member of your family will be the better for having plenty of Florida Grapefruit. For it is a "health essential" that is vital to everyone!



GRAPEFRUIT-DATE SALAD

1 cup diced grapefruit
1½ cups chopped stoned dates
1 cup diced pineapple pulp
1 cup chopped Brazil nuts
Whipped cream mayonnaise

Mix ingredients. Add mayonnaise. Arrange on lettuce-covered plates.

This advertisement is sponsored by the Florida Citrus Growers' Clearing House Association, an organization of growers and shippers of Florida Grapefruit, Florida Oranges and Florida Tangerines. The Florida Citrus Growers' Clearing House Association, Winter Haven, Florida.

FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT

the *"health essential"*

(Continued from Page 231)

uncertain speck and finally it was definitely nothing.

"Perfect start," Kelly said behind them.

Anne turned and looked at him but did not answer. They went and got into the car. Ken saw that Anne kept her gaze continually on the sea, empty to the horizon, without a ship, dimpling blue and flecked with gold against the sun, until they turned away from it and she could no longer see it.

"He'll get there all right, Ken," she stated confidently.

"Of course he will."

They went to the hotel and got coffee, Anne almost obtrusively confident, self-possessed but silent, and a few minutes later took the train. Ken noted that since Anne had lost sight of the sea she turned her gaze continually toward that northeastern portion of the sky where, as they stood watching, the plane had disappeared. She spoke sometimes, sometimes answered Ken, sometimes merely smiled in answer, but still she kept her gaze on the sky; and the conviction came to him unhappily that if Eddie did not come back to her, through all her life Anne might be like that—always be watching that patch of sky, abstracted, oddly tense, as though she and that lucent vault had some great secret between them.

At Wilmington, Philadelphia, and last at Newark before they reached New York, Ken bought newspapers. The news was reassuring; the yellow plane was being sighted all along the coast. It had passed to the south of New York City—in sight of vessels in the harbor—between seven and eight o'clock, and had been seen from Block Island, a little more than an hour after that.

THE succeeding afternoon papers, when they reached the Pennsylvania Station in the early afternoon, gave nothing more than they had already seen. Ken took Anne home and went to his office. Several times during the afternoon he sent a boy down or went down himself to buy papers, but the later editions only reprinted the messages which had been printed before. But when, after calling Anne up before leaving the office, he descended to the street about six o'clock, the final papers showed new headlines which sent him hurrying to the nearest phone to call her up again.

The Norwegian steamer Skalta had sighted the yellow plane a short distance to the southwest of Cape Sable, Nova Scotia, about half-past twelve that afternoon. Eddie had circled around the steamer in signal that everything was right with him.

Ken bought all the different papers and hurried with them to Anne. They had dinner together looking over the papers, and then took a long walk. Anne, he saw, kept her gaze, quiet and tense, on the northeastern sky.

The morning papers again had news. The British freighter Liverpool Merchant, about two hundred and fifty miles east of Cape Race, Newfoundland, had heard the engine of a plane at ten o'clock the previous evening. The sound began faintly in the west, grew louder and seemed directly overhead, then had died slowly toward the east. The weather was good, the moon bright, and the crew and officers of the freighter had studied the sky eagerly, but though all on board distinctly heard the plane, no one had seen it.

THE afternoon papers had nothing more than this. Ken and Anne dined together, took a walk, and Anne kept her eyes on the sky.

The next day there was nothing.

Ken left the office early and went to her. The space in the afternoon papers which ought to have had news of Eddie was filled merely with speculations. By this time, it was agreed, his gasoline had given out; the plane must have come down—somewhere. There was a disturbing menace in the quoted opinions of experts that the plane, if it had come down in the sea, could have floated at most only some twenty minutes.

Ken was surprised to find that Anne still seemed supremely confident.

"All this in the newspapers," she said as they walked, "is a kind of nonsense. Probably he has already landed safely. Even if we have to wait days to hear from him, we mustn't feel uneasy. He must have landed somewhere on the coast where it may take days to get a message from him. Or he may have been picked up by some ship that has no wireless. If it's a slow ship on a long voyage, it might take weeks for us to hear."

"That's right," Ken agreed.

But when they got back to her home the courage ran out of her. They stood on her doorstep, Anne unwilling to go in, Ken unwilling to go away and leave her.

ANNE leaned her face upon her hands against the doorpost, swallowed chokingly and shivered.

"Oh, if he didn't get there, Ken ——"

"Don't say things like that," he adjured her hoarsely.

But he could not stop her.

"If he's—gone, Ken," she went on, shakily and shudderingly, "then I'm gone too—I mean, that is the end of me. I'll be his widow—always that—keeping myself for him on the chance that people say there maybe is, that someday—somewhere—I'll perhaps find him again."

It was the day following that the Colonia, of the Baltic-American Line, picked up in mid-Atlantic the floating piece of yellow wing—the bit of wing and the message that Eddie had written on it. The headlines were in the early afternoon newspapers. Ken saw them on his way back to the office after lunch. He could read at first no farther than the headlines. He was gone—Eddie, that bright, self-confident figure!

Then his gaze fell to the message and he started. He read, re-read it, and stood blindly staring, while unseen traffic roared past him and people passed him who were only misty shapes with pale blobs for their unrecognizable faces.

As soon as he came to himself he grabbed a taxicab and went to Anne.

She was at home and herself opened the door for him. He knew at once that she had seen the message. She had not been crying. She was like someone stunned, dazed, incredibly and intolerably hurt. Her eyes looked hard and glazed, as if with a bright shell over them. She clutched at his sleeve and coat.

"Oh, Ken," she cried. "Oh, Ken, it's—horrible!"

"I know," he told her.

SHE clutched him closer and now she began to cry, shaking with her sobs. There was nothing he could do, but he attempted to comfort her.

"Oh, Ken," she sobbed. "I never would have believed it! No matter who told me. But he wrote it himself. There was someone else. Oh, Ken!"

"I know," he repeated. It would do no good to tell her that he had known all along what kind of person Eddie was.

She held him from her, staring up at him as though she wanted him to deny the things that she herself was saying; but already he could see in her, her sense of wrong done her, her hurt pride and the rebellion of her outraged spirit struggling against her grief.

How fortunate, he was realizing, that in those last swift-passing moments, Eddie, caught in the pitiless sea under an empty sky, had written what he had done! How fortunate that that loosened bit of wing had floated and been picked up. It was the only thing that could have set Anne free—free to love someone else. There had been no other way it could have been done.

Ken never would forget the wording of that lucky message:

Down 6:33 A.M. G. T. Busted oil line. Plane breaking up in waves. Good-by, Carlotta.

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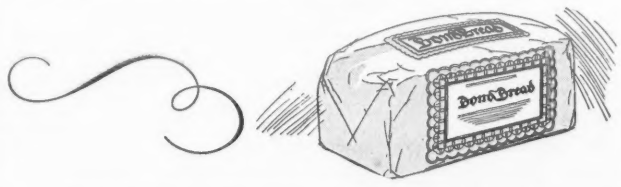
BECAUSE the ingredients that give Bond Bread its tempting flavor contain elements necessary to healthy growth—vital elements that sustain physical and mental energy. Bond Bread brings to your child the finest quality of these food materials, the kind you would use if you baked at home. The bond on the wrapper of each loaf assures you of that; the inviting look, firm texture, and homelike flavor prove it.

And children like Bond Bread—all of it, plain or toasted—for children choose by flavor. It's the taste and firm texture of Bond that allure them to hearty, joyous eating. Good digestion, health, better disposition follow. Boys and girls don't know why. But more than a million mothers know!



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Kroehler Hidden Qualities

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This good-looking love seat provides a comfortable guest bed whenever needed—as illustrated—$135

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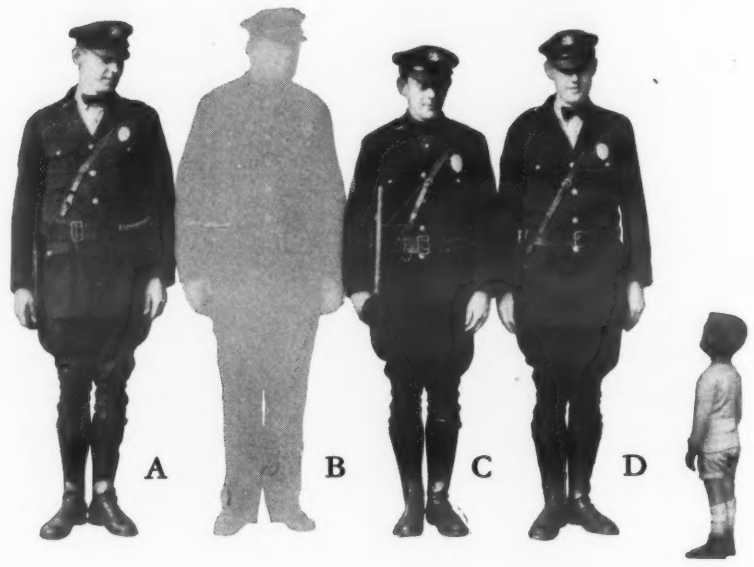
While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

If even ONE is missing from the Health Squad . . . **Your Child is *Sure to Suffer***



THE vitamins are policemen who protect our bodies. Each has a particular job to do. Deprive your child of any one of them and you weaken his resistance against disease.

Today you can be sure that your child's diet contains each of the four vitamins so essential to his health. A famous biological chemist (name and copies of his report furnished on request) reported that a simple food-combination, made by adding Maltine With Cod Liver Oil to orange juice, contained the four vitamins—A, B, C and D in adequate quantity for health.

Thirty per cent of Maltine With Cod Liver Oil is pure vitamin-tested cod liver oil. But cod liver oil, by itself, is not enough. It furnishes only Vitamins A and D. Maltine, a concentrated extract of the nourishing elements of barley, wheat and oats, supplies Vitamin B—orange juice, Vitamin C.

Maltine With Cod Liver Oil is easily administered and readily digested. Keep a bottle in the kitchen cabinet and give it to your children regularly. When taken in adequate dosage, with orange juice, it is certain insurance against a deficiency of Vitamins A, B, C and D.

Write for "The Doctor Talks about Vitamins"

Medical men acclaim this brilliantly written booklet a valuable contribution to the literature of vitamins. Its every-day language is interesting as well as authoritative. May we send you a free copy? The Maltine Company, Brooklyn, N. Y. Established 1875.

Here is a new food-combination which contains all 4 vitamins

The A B C's of vitamins

A "OFFICER A" *is essential to normal growth and helps protect against certain infections, especially those that attack the respiratory system. Cod liver oil is the recognized richest available source of Vitamin A.*

B "OFFICER B" *is also necessary for growth and health. Lack of Vitamin B results in loss of appetite, a cessation of growth, and the appearance of certain nervous disorders. Vitamin B is found in whole wheat grains.*

C "OFFICER C" *prevents scurvy. Orange juice is everywhere recognized as very rich in Vitamin C. That's why we recommend this policeman.*

D "OFFICER D" *enables the body to use the minerals contained in food. A deficiency of Vitamin D causes rickets, that weakener of child bones. This factor is meager or lacking in all our ordinary foods. Cod liver oil is nature's gift of rich Vitamin D.*

Maltine

WITH COD LIVER OIL

Accepted by the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association

THE OFFICE DOG

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION

2240 Lbs. to the Pun

JONES *(wrathfully):* You told me there wouldn't be a bit of slate in this month's coal.

COAL DEALER: April fuel!

Rejected

NURSE *(beaming):* And here's the son and heir, Mr. Blitwits.

GREAT PRODUCER *(absently):* Sorry. Not quite the type.

The Modernist

FIRST GANGSTER: Joe the Penman is doing another stretch at Sing Sing. That's what he gets for trying to keep up with the times.

SECOND DITTO: What did he do now?

"Forged an indorsement."

"Check?"

"Nope. Cigarettes."

"I SAY, I JUST DROPPED A DIME DOWN THERE; WOULD YOU MIND PICKING IT UP?"

"DOESN'T THIS SMELL 'ZACKLY LIKE COLD CREAM?"

"WHAT'S THE IDEA, GEORGE? ARE YOU TRYING TO BE FUNNY?"

In Loco Parentis

MOTHER *(indolently):* Roger, you've been a naughty boy. Go to the vibrator and give yourself a good shaking!

Long to be Remembered

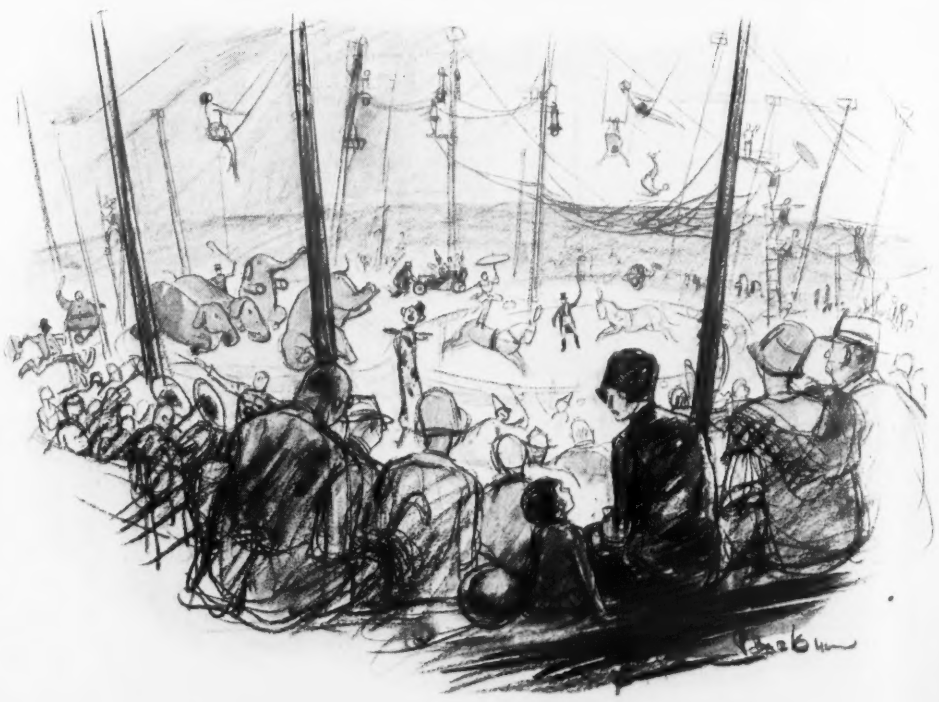
JUDGE: Your wife complains that you never worked. How about it, Rastus?

RASTUS: Dat woman's crazy. Ask her what ah was doin' de second Tuesday ob last August.

Perverted

DOCTOR *(totally exasperated):* Septic poison, nothing! I've removed your appendix and your gallstones, taken out your tonsils and pulled all your teeth. If you still have rheumatism after all that, well you're just plain stubborn!

"HOW'S THE BACK TIRE, SON?"
"KINDA FLAT ON THE BOTTOM, BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT ON TOP!"



"MUMMY, PLEASE SING ME THE THREE BLIND MICE!"

IN YOUR OWN DRAMA YOU ARE THE STAR

FROM chubby babyhood on, you play hero or heroine in many acts of the drama called "you." The years move swiftly. Yet, for all who love you, the person you are at any given moment can live a reasonable "forever."

Photographs, true likenesses of those intriguing persons we all are, carry down the years the very essence of each of life's fleeting aspects.

The art of your photographer

The sensitive camera of the professional photographer records not just a man or woman on a certain day and moment, but that most subtle spirit of your personality which is yours alone. A few seconds caught as on the wing, and there are "you"—your character, your own sparkling personality, your very heart and soul.

A gift that is a bit of "you"

There could be no gift more gracious, more personal, because it is you and no one but you can give it. With it you give your real image, the recollection of some high, joyous moment. Your loyal friends deserve and will truly treasure your photograph. Give photographs freely.

Glimpses of childhood's country

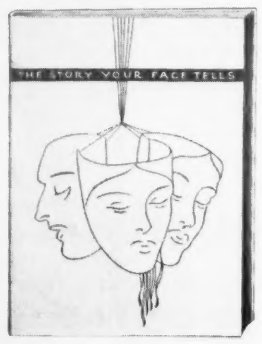
You cannot stop the march of the years; and the little ones grow up so fast! But with the modern photographer at hand, you can keep memories very fresh, securely treasure their quaint little ways of today. You can tenderly follow each step of the journey through the years with imperishable photographs. The delightful thing about photographs is that they live far beyond Childhood's day, becoming increasingly precious with each passing year.

For the perfection of his art, science has brought its highest achievement to the professional photographer; but above all, this man is trained to understand the human character. For you and yours, his work can accurately mirror life's happy moments through all the coming years.

When did you last visit your photographer?

Free—"The Story Your Face Tells"

A famous psychologist has written for us a delightful little book, "The Story Your Face Tells." This study is fascinating thousands. Send for your copy. It is free. Photographers Association of America, 2258 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

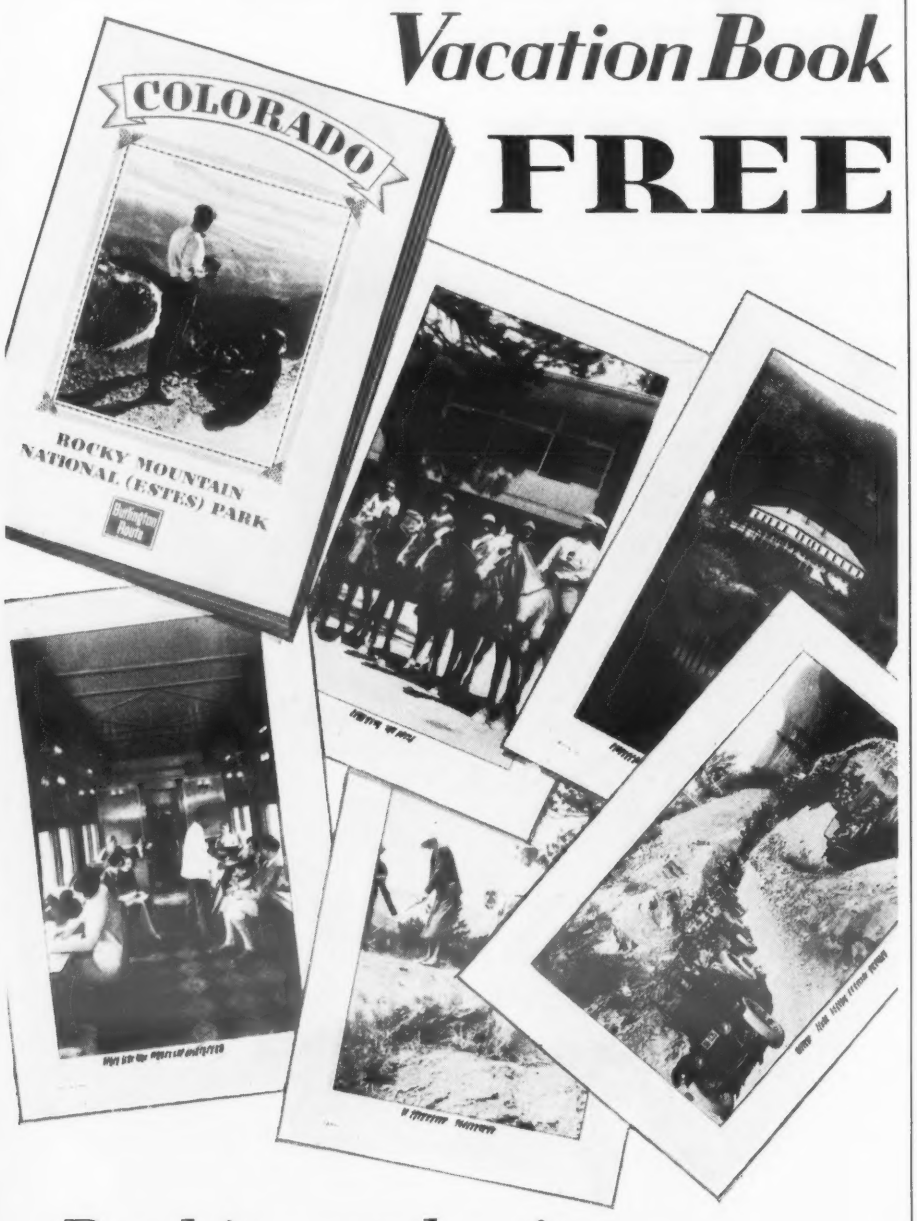


The Master Photographer catches the real spirit of you

PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA MEMBER

PHOTOGRAPHS LIVE FOREVER

COLORADO Vacation Book FREE



Read it—*and write your own vacation ticket!*

You will find this a fascinating book!

It will make you think *in new terms* of your vacation. It will change your ideas of *cost* and *time* required for a Colorado vacation.

It describes a vacation realm of endless variety—a glorious Skyland where you can do the things you enjoy most *at their best*. Golf, fishing, riding, hiking, camera-hunting—numberless recreation possibilities! And one of the most enjoyable experiences of all—your trip on a de luxe Burlington train!

Read it and plan your vacation after your own heart. Write your own vacation ticket. And then figure how little it will cost you!

If you have two weeks, that is ample time for a glorious vacation; if you have more, plan to stay the limit. You'll enjoy the last day as much as the first!

The cost is no greater than a vacation near home. The book tells you what each dollar of your vacation money will buy—how every day of your time can be spent.

Send the coupon now for this absorbing, richly illustrated story of the Colorado Playland. Clip it now—before you forget!

(Another booklet about Burlington All Expense Escorted Tours of the Rockies is free for the asking. Just mark the coupon.)

BARGAIN VACATION FARES—DE LUXE TRAINS

Burlington Route

Burlington Travel Bureau, Dept. LH-2
547 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your free illustrated book about Colorado Vacations.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

☐ Mark an X here if you wish the book on Burlington Escorted Tours.

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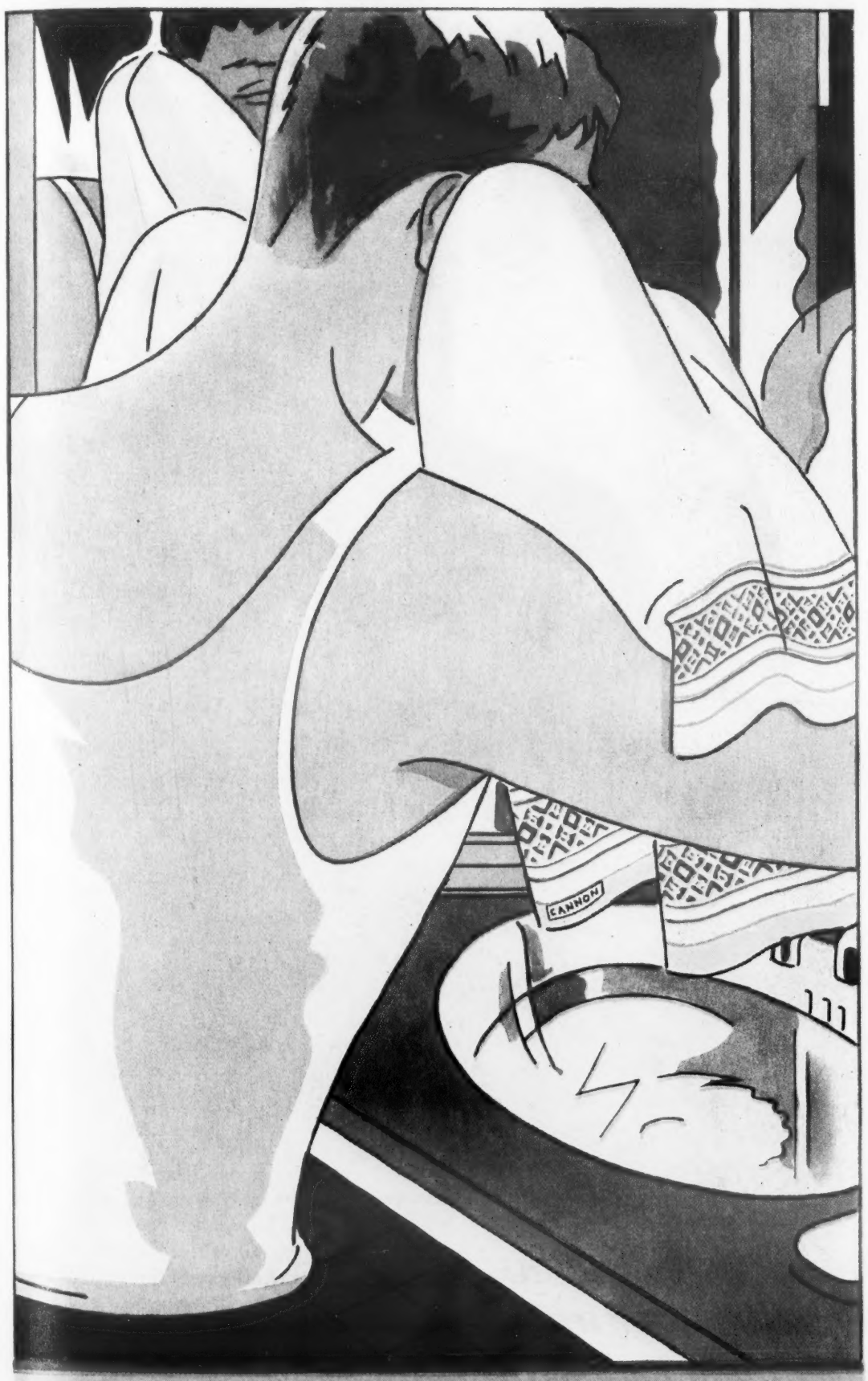
The male of the species IS HARDER ON TOWELS



CANNON TOWELS

TRADE MARK CANNON REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

He *is* a problem, isn't he, with his demands on the towel supply? Briskly he rubs his towel across his back, stretching and straining every last thread. Roughly he massages his face; tiny slashes maybe with his razor blade—hard usage for any towel. But he never worries. Not he!

An able assistant is his son. He can snap a towel so it sounds like a circus-whip, bringing frazzled ends in time. Soap and water are, to him, merely a means to loosen grime. The heavy excavating is done with the towel. Just gaze at the limp and dusky object he slings across the towel rack.

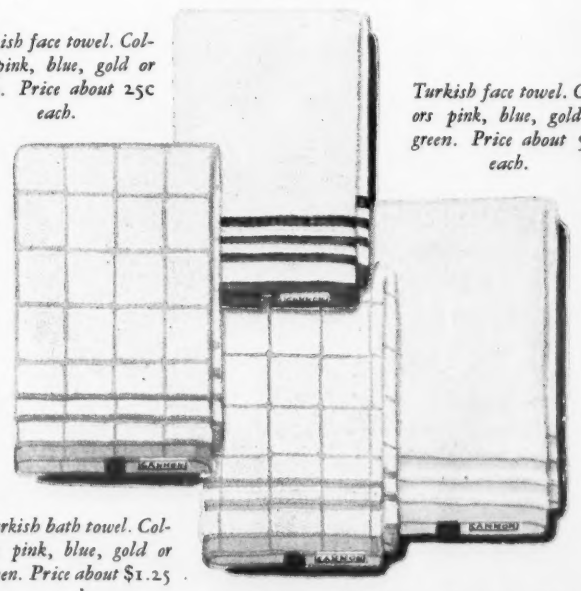
Any home that shelters men has a towel problem. They joyously wallow in two or three clean towels after a bath—healthfully, rightfully so. Yet it need not be a worry to you. Having and maintaining an abundant supply of towels is not expensive if you take advantage of the wonderfully low price and extra long wear of Cannon towels.

You can buy them for as little as 25 cents, and at any price higher you wish to pay even to $3.50. Good-looking towels, good quality towels, at every price, even at the lowest. For they're made in the largest towel mills in the world in the most efficient and economical way. Thus you can save money with Cannon towels; you can have towels you're proud to own, heaps and heaps of them, for a very small outlay indeed. Bath towels, turkish face towels, huck towels, bath mats, wash cloths. The better department and dry goods stores always have them. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

Hotels know the ways of men from long experience. They have found they can please their guests and save money at the same time by furnishing Cannon towels. A large majority of America's hotels use them.

Turkish face towel. Colors pink, blue, gold or green. Price about 25c each.

Turkish face towel. Colors pink, blue, gold or green. Price about 50c each.



Turkish bath towel. Colors pink, blue, gold or green. Price about $1.25 each.

Turkish bath towel. Colors rose, sapphire, turquoise, orchid, jade, peach or maize. Price about 75c each.

You can obtain the same outstanding values in sheets as in towels by buying Cannon sheets which are now being displayed by the leading department and dry goods stores. Cannon sheets offer Cannon values in three grades of sheets: these are named Cannon Lavender Lawn—the finest sheet in the world; Cannon Lineen and Cannon Fine Muslin.

This soft deceptive Food

It is harming your gums, endangering your teeth... protect them both with

IPANA Tooth Paste

THERE are fads and fashions in foods as well as in gowns, and the present generation is committed, by custom and the mode, to serving soft, delicious meals—without fibre, without roughage!

Which is precisely why the American nation, the most advanced in dental science, has the greatest burden of gum troubles to bear.

For the human gum needs exercise! Deprived of it by the fare of modern civilization, gums grow weak and unsound. And teeth become affected.

Watch out for "Pink Tooth Brush!"

If ever your tooth brush "shows pink" set it down as a warning that somewhere on your gum wall a soft spot has come. Unchecked, this tender spot may lead to serious trouble—gingivitis or pyorrhea.

Get after "pink tooth brush" with Ipana and massage. Gently massage your gums twice daily. Speed the flow of blood to the tiny cells of the gums—wastes are swept away promptly—depleted tissues are restored—and healthy gums are yours!

Ipana Tooth Paste has a special virtue that gives it power to tone the gums: it contains ziratol—an antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by the dental profession. Thousands of dentists recommend Ipana and massage not only for the beauty that it brings to teeth, but for the health it gives to gums.

Give Ipana a full month's test!

We will gladly send you a ten-day sample of Ipana, if you will mail the coupon. Even the small sample will show you that Ipana has a delicious taste, and that it keeps the teeth clean and sparkling!

But to demonstrate all of Ipana's good effects in oral health, a longer test is needed. Buy a full-size tube (100 brushings) from your druggist. Start to use it tonight. Use it for at least one month. Then you may expect harder, healthier gums, cleaner, brighter teeth!

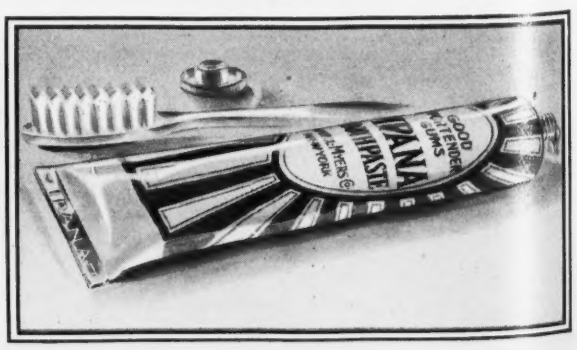
BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. S-49
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....



© 1929

A tempting dish of Libby Pickles—Dill, Sweet Sliced Dill, and Home-Made Style

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods, ask your grocer for Libby's . . . Pickles, Condiments, Fruits, Vegetables, Canned Meats, Salmon, Evaporated Milk

PARTIAL LIST OF PICKLES AND CONDIMENTS

MUSTARD · CHILI SAUCE · CATCHUP · SWEET RELISH · STUFFED OLIVES · QUEEN OLIVES
RIPE OLIVES · DILL PICKLES · SWEET PICKLES · SWEET MIXED PICKLES
SWEET MUSTARD PICKLES · HOME-MADE STYLE PICKLES · SWEET SLICED DILL PICKLES

Full of novel recipes! A brand new kind of file case bound in kitchen blue. Each recipe on a card that fits into indexed folders. 72 unusual, yet simple dishes for every course. To get case and recipes, send 50c in stamps (60c in Canada) with your name and address plainly printed, to Mary Hale Martin, Dept. A-14, Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago. Canadian Kitchens, Chatham, Ont., Canada. Write us for *FREE* recipe leaflet, "Tempting Ways to Serve Pickles and Condiments."

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY - CHICAGO

21,296 *housewives helped write this headline*

"New Soap Speeds Housework"

Nation-wide investigation shows one woman out of every three now uses Super Suds, the new bead form of soap

Because Super Suds dissolves completely, no soapy particles cling to dishes. A rinsing gives diamond-like brilliance without the help of a dish towel.

OUT hardly more than a year. Yet already one of the two largest selling package soaps in America. This is the amazing record of Super Suds, the new bead soap.

In cities where Super Suds has been on the market but six months it is used by one woman out of every three. Where it's been a year, *one woman out of every two* now uses it.

This is what we have just learned from a nation-wide survey of cities. From thousands of interviews with women who told us "We prefer Super Suds because it saves precious time in housework."

No dishwiping: Said a homemaker in Pittsburgh: "Using Super Suds, you don't need to wipe dishes. It dissolves so completely, it never sticks nor makes a soap film. Just a hot rinse and your dishes drain dry. Shinier than any dish towel could make them. I wish you would use this in your advertising."

One less rinse: In Topeka a housewife said: "Clothes rinse clear in one less rinsing with Super Suds, because there's never any undissolved bits to stick in the folds."

Dissolves instantly: In San Francisco a young housekeeper said: "Super Suds dissolves instantly. I can put clothes in the washing machine the minute I put in the soap. I can start dishwashing as soon as Super Suds touches water."

Keeps hands lovely: "Super Suds gives quick suds in cool water," said a woman in St. Paul (and hundreds of others), "and cool water keeps hands white and lovely."

Glasses sparkle without wiping

The first glass (washed with ordinary chip soap) dried streaked and filmy, after hot rinse.

The second glass (washed with Super Suds) dried clean and shining, *without wiping.*

Super Suds saves time because it's four times thinner

Super Suds is not chips, nor flakes, nor powder, but *beads*. It's made by spraying melted streams of soap from towers hundreds of feet high. As the soap cools in falling, it divides into millions of tiny beads with walls four times thinner than the thinnest machine-made chip or flake.

Because of this amazing thinness, Super Suds not only makes instant suds above. It forms a 100% solution that penetrates at once *below* the surface where there's real work to be done. Spreading to every drop of water in the pan. Cleaning . . . cleaning . . . everywhere at once . . . energetically . . . thoroughly . . . swiftly!

Whiter clothes

This is why Super Suds cleans faster than thicker forms of soap. Why it never sticks to dishes or clothes. Why it speeds housework, wherever it is used.

Try Super Suds for dishwashing. For this week's laundry. For delicate silk underthings. Only 10 cents for a big box. At any grocer's.

Super Suds

A Big Box for Only 10c